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May 1930

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

A FEW weeks ago an enraptured first-night audience in a New York theater had a new religious experience. The play was Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," based on the Negro Bible stories printed in Roark Bradford's book, "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun."

Hardly had the critics' glowing adjectives cooled in type when we wired Roark Bradford in Santa Fe to tell us in an article something about the play's background and the people who inspired it.

Next week, therefore, we shall hear the Rev. Wesley Henning, the Rev. Black Billy Sunday and other Louisiana preachers interpret the Scriptures in the everyday language of their flocks, the simple, joyous Negroes made familiar to our readers by Roark Bradford's stories. "At the Seeking Seat of Glory" is the title.

YOUR journey through this vale of tears will be brightened considerably by Hugh MacNair Kahler's serial, "Both Were Young." It's a gay novel which shows how much a wealthy and indulgent father knows about his daughter. (Not very much, if you ask us.)

The hero is a youth named Gilbert Dolliver, who handles dice too familiarly, gets into fist fights, dislikes work and follows the line of least resistance. Not a model young man. However, we may be too severe.

For the sake of your nerves we warn you that Gilly is learning to play the bassoon.

We also warn newsstand men, as is our benign custom when beginning a serial, to keep calm no matter how clamorous the crowds, and serve ladies first.

—

HOW does a girl of twenty, ruled by the heart, know what she would choose at thirty, ruled by the brain? That question, a deep one, is asked by Arthur Somers Roche, the well-known specialist in such matters. He asks it at the end of his charming love story, "Sacrifice," which leads us to believe he doesn't know the answer himself. If you had told us that Arthur didn't know the answers to all the questions we'd have jeered at you.

—

W. B. COURTNEY and William P. MacCracken, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, have written an article which we recommend to all those who have avoided ocean travel for fear of seasickness; to the air-minded and to the young-minded who are invariably strong, as we are, for the surprising things the air industry has up its sleeve. "Shrinking the Seas" is about dirigibles.

—

FRANK CONDON'S short story, "All Square Again," gives you a good idea of golf's place in our civilization; "The Battle of Gibraltar," Maxwell Anderson's short story, will please you (he, with Laurence Stallings, wrote "What Price Glory"); "Fu Manchu's Daughter" and "Reckless Cinderella," play to a full house; John B. Kennedy, Owen P. White, Grantland Rice and others make us what we are today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THIS WEEK

May 3, 1930

Cover—Revere F. Wistehuff

Page 7—Jerome Beatty

THE ONE-MAN PIGEON: Oklahoma Jack Gilligan in person.

Page 10—Winston Churchill

PANIC IN THE EAST: The mistake that saved Paris.

Page 12—Gerald Mygatt

STEEL'S THE STUFF: A love story without the usual ending.

Page 14—Sax Rohmer

FU MANCHU'S DAUGHTER, Part IX: The worst, as we feared, has happened.

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RAT TRAP: A story of gang and and vengeance.

Page 18—Wallace Irwin

ABOVE THE STARS: The Short Short Story.

Page 19—Uncle Henry

GO BROKE, YOUNG MAN: Our genial colleague deals out some advice.

Page 20—John B. Kennedy

ISIS WAS A QUEEN: A love story with radio fixings.

Page 22—Walter Davenport and Al Burgess

RELIEVING THE FARMER: Rascals of another day.

Page 24—Grantland Rice

KING OF DIAMONDS: Connie Mack, of course.

Page 25—Alexander Woollcott

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SWEET YOUNG THINGS: In Society.

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RECKLESS CINDERELLA, Part VI: A romantic novel

Page 43—Word Hunt

Page 48—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

JAMES J. AESOP: Or Davis, if you prefer.

Page 66—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

MR. M. TAI invites us to China.

"Of course," writes he, "I am inspired by your current serial, the machinations of the daughter of that dreadful Dr. Fu Manchu. I fear, dear sir, that American mothers, terrorized by Mr. Sax Rohmer's latest stories, may forbid their beautiful male offspring to visit my country lest they be ensnared and worse by our young women. This, please, would be very bad for poor China. I ask you then to spread the good news: The young women of China are kind, gentle and trustworthy, even to the unfathomable Westerner."

—

WE WERE honored last week by a visit from Mr. René Macort of St. Pierre, Miquelon. He is particularly anxious that we assist him in urging France to declare war on Newfoundland, ten or fifteen miles north of Mr. Macort's beloved but damp home islands.

"Why," wept Mr. Macort, "did our codfish industry fail with the ocean at our feet boiling with codfish? Because Newfoundland refused us the privilege of bait fishing in her shallow waters. What then did we turn to for our bread and butter? Whisky, sir, whisky. For the parched throat of America.

"And why now has this emergency industry of St. Pierre collapsed? I reply: Because that cursed Newfoundland has outnumbered us sons of France with her bandits of the sea, her pirates, her hijackers in the trawlers. I stand before you, of all ruined men the most affecting. My people, they are prostrate. I frankly weep, sir."

FOR some reason (spring perhaps) our mail has a far-flung flavor. Here's another. Mr. W. B. Bleeker of Sioux City, Iowa, informs us that recently he met Velvet Joe Hilton of Rapid City and Mobridge, South Dakota, and was rewarded with a bit of news.

Mr. Hilton, oil man, journalist and prize-fight promoter, was attacked by a ravening timber wolf near Bellefourche, South Dakota, not long ago and saved himself by stunning the wolf, as it leaped, with a cudgel which providentially lay near-by. Tossing the reduced wolf and cudgel into the back of his flivver, Mr. Hilton proceeded. Presently he was alarmed by noises of strife behind him. Both cudgel and wolf had come to life and were engaged in a death struggle. Both were killed. The cudgel was a rattlesnake which had been frozen stiff when Mr. Hilton picked it up.

—

"I DON'T know whether a greater number of young people are drinking hard liquor today," writes Mrs. B. E. Camarine of Brazil, Indiana, "but I do know that juvenile ginning is tremendously popular out this way. And I know why: The Anti-Saloon League has made drinking an adventure."

—

AND thus, we think, comes the opportunity to report that we know a big business bootlegger who will not employ a driver or solicitor who drinks.

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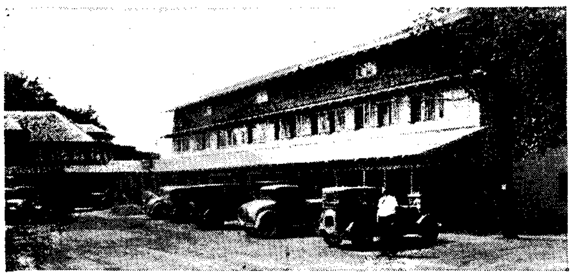

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Now you want more details of this marvelous new trouble-free, dependable gas, and we have them ready. Just fill in the coupon and we will send you all the facts—everything you want to know about Delcogas—how easily it's installed, how economically it is operated, how perfectly it is working for hundreds of users. We want you to realize that Delcogas has proved its dependability in actual use. We want you to know that there are 2200 dealers ready to install Delcogas—one of them anxious to serve you today. Back of Delcogas is the integrity, the engineering genius and the practically unlimited resources of General Motors. Write today, using the coupon.

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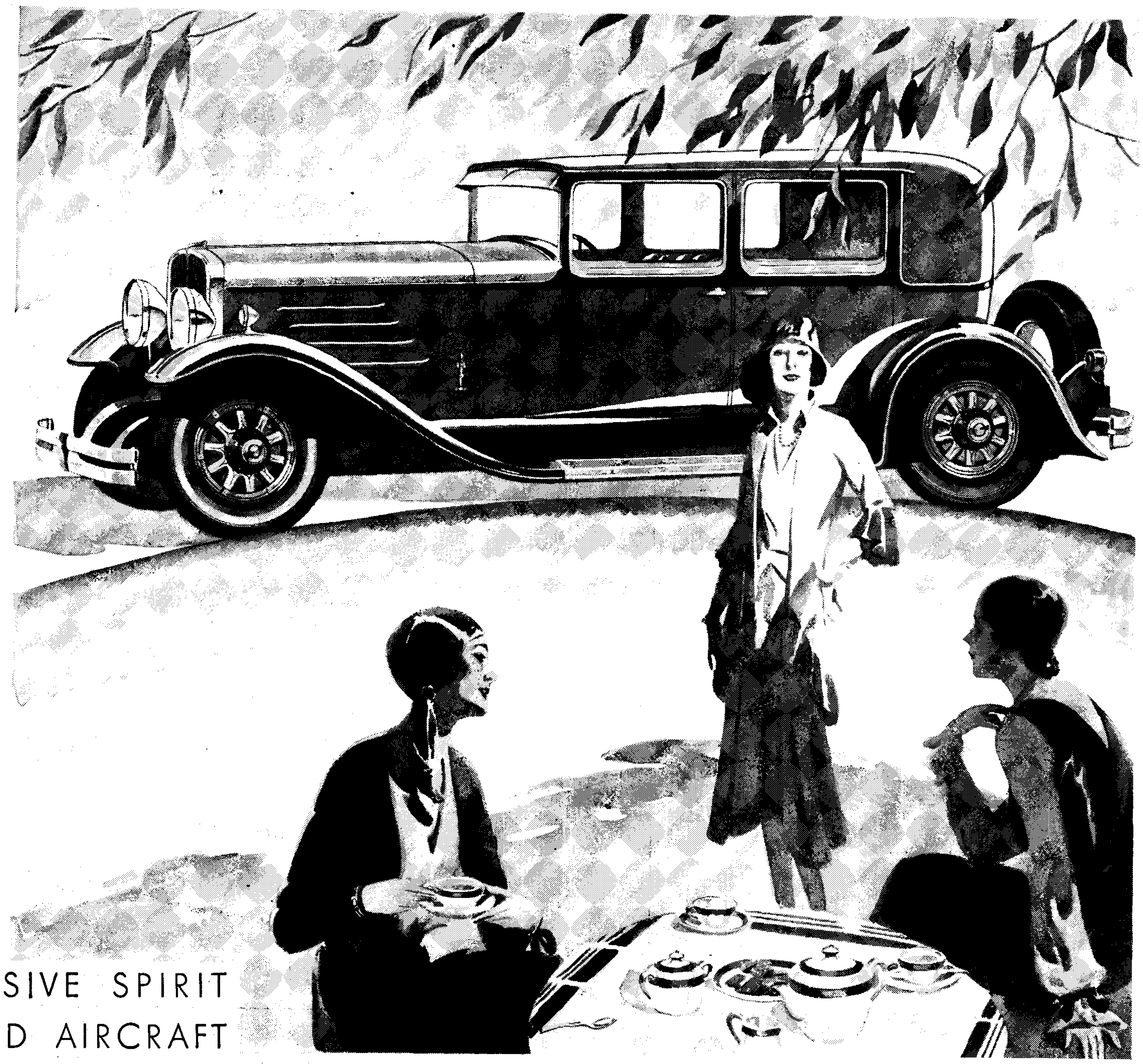

STYLE

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND AIRCRAFT ARE FASHIONED INTO THE FLEET FRANKLIN . . . . . Riding the crest of a new era of fast travel with an airplane-type engine, Franklin also presents style subtly influenced by aviation. The grace of Franklin body contours suggests the airplane fuselage—long, slender, sleek. Lines and surface blend into an expression of fleetness.

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Owning a Franklin signifies progressiveness. For air-cooling has made possible some of the greatest advances in aviation—and in Franklin is responsible for the most powerful type of motor built.

Tested IN THE AIR, as well as on land, this remarkable airplane-type engine has all the endurance, stamina and flexibility of other airplane engines—and furnishes new performance possibilities incomparable to present-day motoring experience. Its eager power whisks you away at the slightest touch of the throttle. It seems to spread out wings in the smoothness and comfort of its speed.

We invite you to see this smart Franklin—then to thrill to the AIRPLANE FEEL of its airplane power. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

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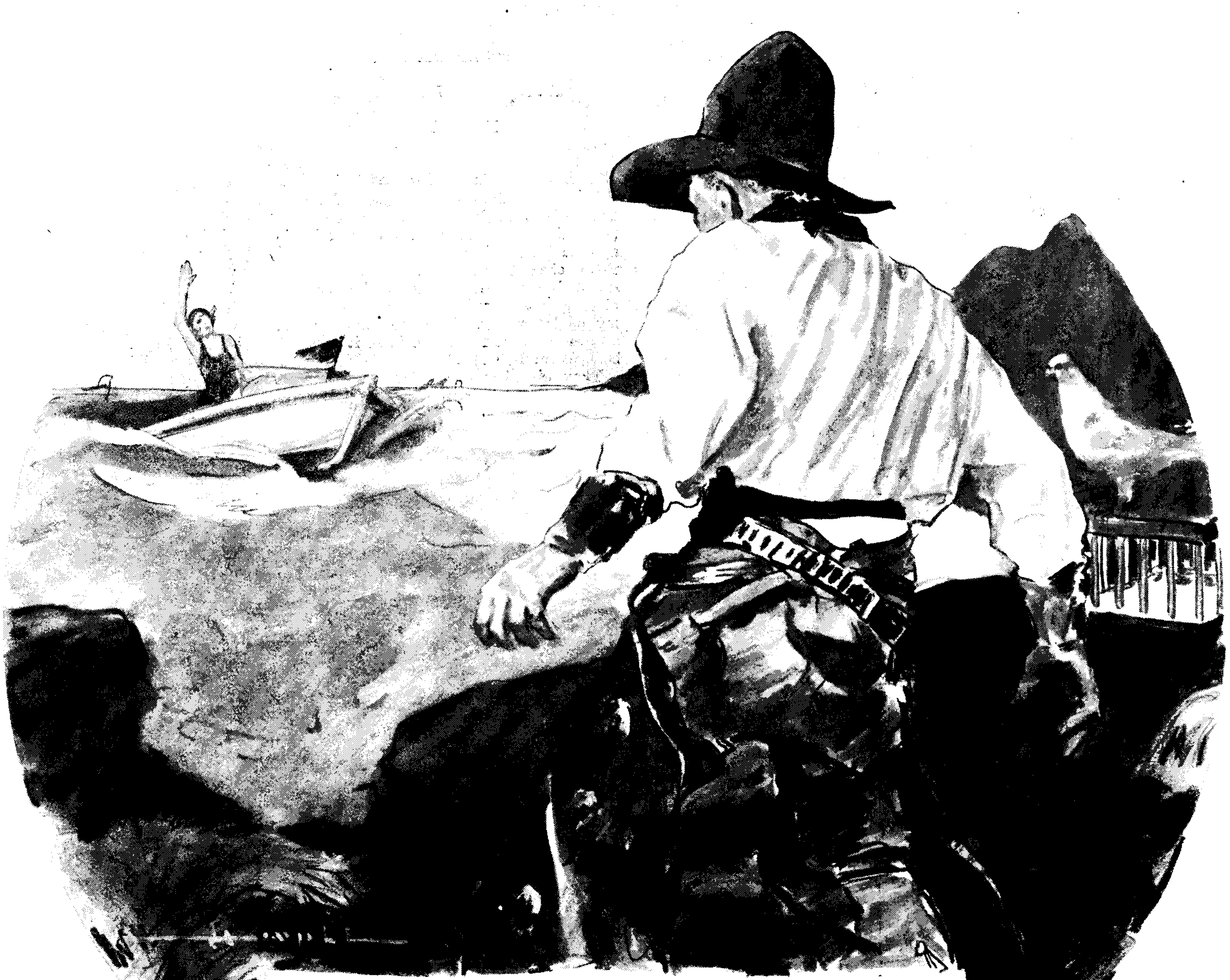


All at once I see a motor boat coming my way. A girl waves at me.

The One-Man Pigeon

Further adventures of Oklahoma Jack Gilligan, the broncho-buster, who will explain anything when provoked—which is practically always

By Jerome Beatty

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
March 4, 1930
Mrs. Bedelia R. Pentwoolder
Special Investigator
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Hollywood, California

DEAR MRS. PENTWOOLDER:
I have read your letter where you say you got a complaint against Oklahoma Jack Gilligan that I throw rocks at pigeons and if I did not cease and desist you will arrest me because there is a statue against throwing rocks at pigeons in California.

Mrs. Pentwoolder, I want to swear to you there is no kinder to animals person in California than Oklahoma Jack Gilligan, the famous Western star, holder of twenty-eight rodeo medals and cups and highly praised by press and public.

But I do not believe the public has a right to invade my private life and us big movie stars should be allowed to keep sacred the little secrets of our home life. Maude Adams and me and Lindbergh will tell you the same thing.

Throwing rocks at pigeons is a part of my private life.

Yours Resp'y
Oklahoma Jack Gilligan

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
March 12, 1930
Mrs. Bedelia R. Pentwoolder
Special Investigator
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Hollywood, California

DEAR MADAM:

I got home from the studio tonight and hear that you been looking for me with a summons to arrest me for throwing rocks at pigeons and you left word that unless you hear from me right quick you will send the wagon after me.

Now, listen, Mrs. Pentwoolder, Oklahoma Jack Gilligan is not bothering nobody but pigeons and if you knew what I know about pigeons you would pick yourself up some rocks and come along.

It is something in my private life, Mrs. Pentwoolder, that makes me this way. When I see a pigeon it comes on me sudden, like a sneeze, and I just got to throw rocks. Same as when I see a lady channel swimmer.

Maybe it would be better if you knew how I got this way and then you would not be so kind-hearted about pigeons and would not come around with summonses and patrol wagons. I will tell you about pigeons.

It begun when I shot a hot Spanish baby in a red bathing suit named Valencia Madrid. You may say that it is hard to believe but it is the honest truth, Mrs. Pentwoolder, that was her name which also was the name of two towns in Spain which is a crazy way to name a woman—even a crazy woman like Valencia. Suppose I had a daughter and named her Muskogee Oklahoma City? You would say I was nuts, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

She was a channel swimmer and never got further from France than if she had owed the life guard a thousand franks, which is what they use for money in France. But she had legs, Mrs. Pentwoolder. Maybe I should not say that, me not knowing you except through our letters back and forth and Oklahoma Jack Gilligan is always the gentleman and would not say nothing that would bring the blush of shame to the fairest cheek but when she wore her two-piece bathing suit—a piece here and a piece there—the photographers did not care whether she could swim across a bath tub and she got more pictures in the papers than the big shots which did not photograph so hot with all that grease.

When Ederle was out in the channel breaking the record the New York reporters was on the beach asking Valencia what she thought of American men and if it had not of been that some papers had women reporters there nobody would of heard about Ederle.

Valencia got so much publicity that she was elected Miss Europe and come over here in the International Bathing Beauty Congress of All Nations and they made her Miss Everything. If I may make a little joke, Mrs. Pentwoolder, I would say that she should have been called Miss Nothing. I mean that there was nothing she would miss. Not that Spaniard.

Amalgamated Pictures signs her for six months and when I come back from the Grand Canyon where I was making a picture she had been around for a week and Amalgamated Pictures had got a big enough load of Valencia Madrid to last them for life.

All of that I did not know when I got off the train with the rest of the troupe and came right out to the studio. I learned that and a lot more about Valencia Madrid before and after I shot her, which was that afternoon.

I had something else to worry about because my wife, that I call just My Little Wonder Girl, had not met me at the station and when I call her up and say, "Hello, darling, your Jackie is home," all she says is "I hear you made a sap of yourself with a telephone girl at the Grand Canyon."

I will not at this time, Mrs. Pentwoolder, say any more about this except to explain that the telephone girl was a perfect lady and just a good pal and there was nothing between us that anybody could complain about especially after me working all day Sunday teaching her to ride and then I finding out that she was captain of the All-Pacific Woman's Polo Team.

I said finally to My Little Wonder Girl, "I will come home at once and explain it all, it is base slander."

She said, "I have stood all of this girl stuff from you that I am going to. There was that lady bucking horse rider and that banker's daughter in Sacramento and—" She went on and named about every girl that I knew and a lot I had forgot about. She said I need not come home at all that anyway she was going to be gone all day.

WELL, I hung up very sad and went in to see Charley Stone, the studio manager.

"I do not feel like working today," I says to Charley, "I have a stommick ache."

"Nonsense," says Charley, "your set is all ready on the back lot and you only got six or seven scenes to finish the picture. We got a great story for your next one," Charley says. "It is called The Prarie Lover."

That sounded right good to me because that is my style of acting, handsome leading man stuff.

Charley says, "There is a great sequence where you are the sheriff and you find your pal has been stealing horses and you have to hang him."

"What did you say the name of this opera is?" I asks Charley.

"The Prarie Lover," he says. "Why?"

"The last time I saw that story," I says, "they called it The Virginian."

"This is different," Charley says. "There is a big scene where the Indians are attacking the block house and you ride through them to go get the United States Cavalry. It is a new twist."

That sounded all right. "But where does the Prarie Lover come in?" I want to know.

"Oh, boy!" says Charley, rolling his eyes.

"Good as that, hey?" I answers all hopped up.

"We got a swell Spanish girl for your leading lady. Wait till you see her! She's a Channel swimmer and a beauty contest winner. There's one scene where you sit in the moonlight and her hot Spanish blood surges with passion and—"

"Do I kiss her?" I asks, all eager.

Charley said I did.

Well, Mrs. Pentwoolder, you can see how I felt. Usually they pick out some dame that can ride a bucking horse to play leads in Westerns and you know what dames that can ride bucking horses look like. And although I am the ideal type to play handsome leading man parts they had never give me a chance before to show what I could do.

"Good," I says to Charley. "Now I will go out and finish up the back lot stuff."

"How is your stommick ache?" he says.

"What stommick ache?" I asks him.

On my way to my dressing-room I meet Jim Starkweather, who is Eddie Bracker's director.

"Hello, Jack," Jim says. "What's on the fire?"

"I am going to do handsome leading man stuff with a Spanish girl."

"Right now?" he asks.

"My next picture," I answers. "Her hot Spanish blood surges with passion."

"Ho, ho," he laughs. "So they're handing you the wildcat."

"What wildcat?"

"Valencia Madrid."

This, Mrs. Pentwoolder, was the first time I had heard the name of the Spanish beauty. I had never seen her. All I knew about her was what Charley Stone said.

"What about her?" I asks Jim Starkweather.

Well, Jim told me things you would never believe.

WHEN Valencia saw her first tests in the projection-room, she jumped up and yelled like she had sat down on a hot radiator and she run down the aisle and started beating up the cameraman. Then she stopped hitting him and throwed her arms around him and kissed him and says, "Oo, I am so sorry, my darleeng boy. You weel make it all again please for Valencia so it weel be bootiful like she."

They give her a part in a picture with Maybelle Morgan and after they rehearse Morgan's first scene Valencia jumps up and grabs the director by the coat and points at Morgan and says, "She ees no good, that wooman. You shall let Valencia be that part!"

When they tell her she cannot be that part she throws a vase of flowers at Morgan. Two days later, Mrs. Pentwoolder, they manage to get Morgan back to work, since Valencia has been moved to a picture Jim Starkweather is making with Eddie Bracker.

The second day in the Starkweather troupe she goes to Jim and wants to know, "How soon does Eddie kees me?"

"Eddie don't kees you," says Jim. "Not in this opera."

Valencia stamps her foot and says, "I weel not play in theese bum picture if Eddie does not kees me. I want him to kees me like a dove."

"Well, kid," says Jim, "I can't fix it so Eddie will kees you like a dove but I'll be glad to write in a swell scene where I kick you like a mule."

So she wasn't in that picture either.

"They've got her signed up and have to use her somewhere," Jim says to me. "They've tried her on everybody but you. If you're good at licking wildcats with your bare hands, take her. If you ain't, go in to Charley Stone and make a squawk. She'll ruin you."

Well, Mrs. Pentwoolder, I did not want to fight a wildcat so I went back to see Charley Stone and told him what I had heard.

"That's a lot of hooey, Jack," Charley says. "She's a nice simple country girl. She just hasn't been handled right. You've got a way with women and you can get along with her."

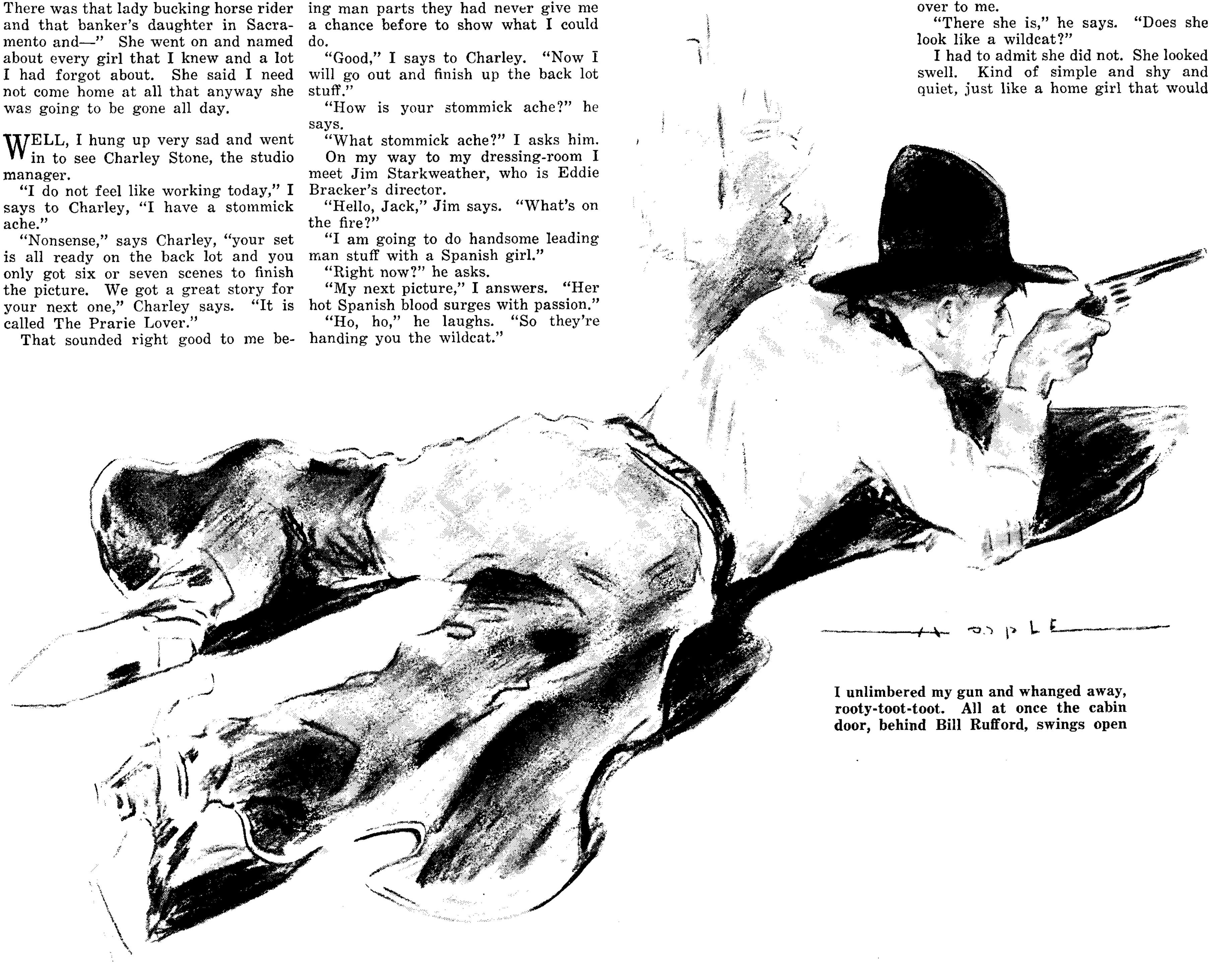
I thought about the telephone girl at the Grand Canyon and how My Little Wonder Girl was feeling.

"I do not think it would fix things so good at home, Charley," I says. "Maybe I better stick to bucking horse riders."

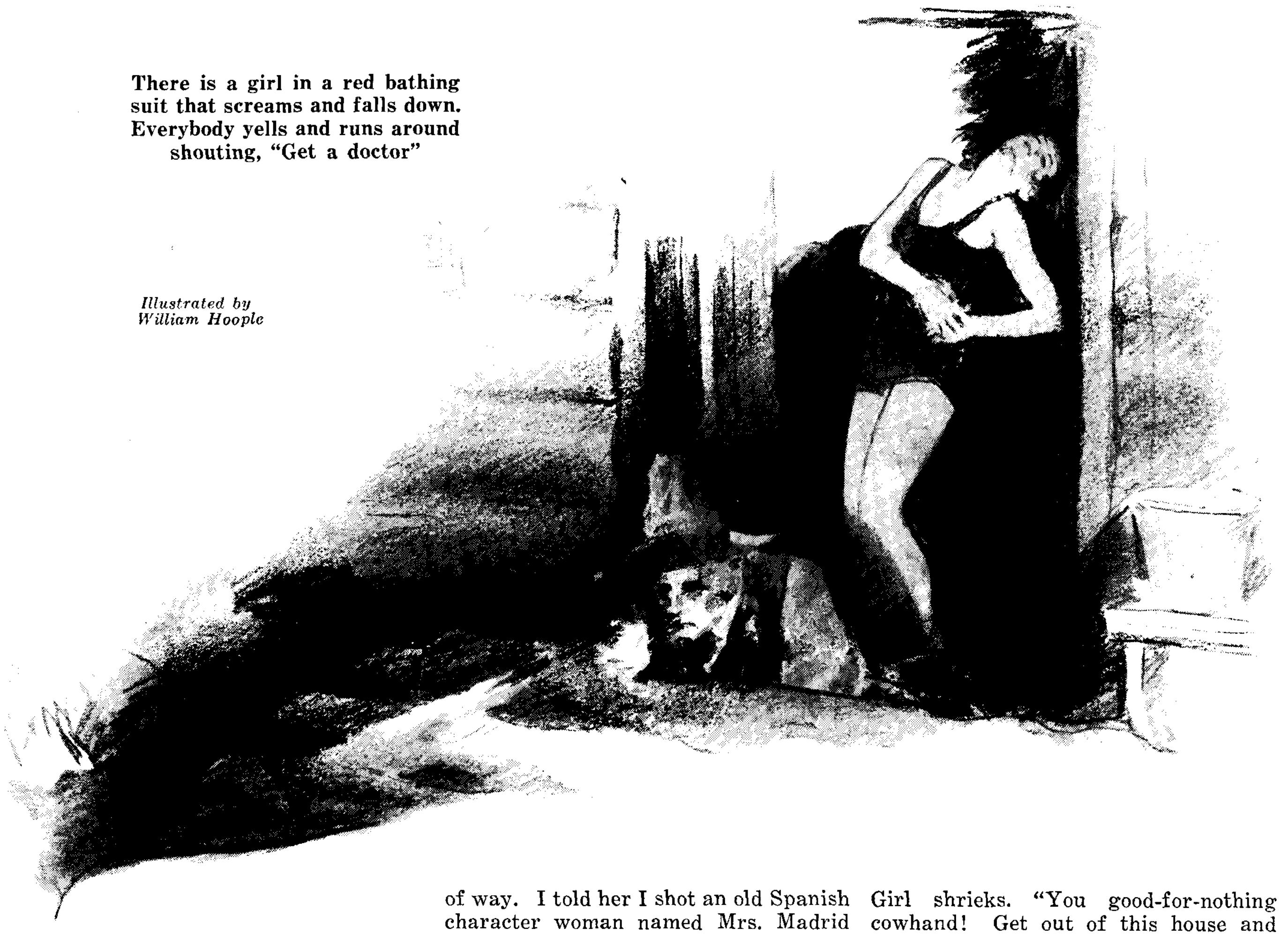
He reached in his desk and pulled out some photographs. He tossed them over to me.

"There she is," he says. "Does she look like a wildcat?"

I had to admit she did not. She looked swell. Kind of simple and shy and quiet, just like a home girl that would



I unlimbered my gun and whanged away, rooty-toot-toot. All at once the cabin door, behind Bill Rufford, swings open



There is a girl in a red bathing suit that screams and falls down. Everybody yells and runs around shouting, "Get a doctor"

Illustrated by William Hoople

rush right down and get supper if it was not that somebody had stole all her clothes.

"I'll talk to her," Charley says, "and tell her she has to behave herself."

"Nothing doing," I says. "She looks like a nice girl all right, but my wife maybe would not look at it from the same angle that I do. Get me a bucking horse rider."

"Go on and shoot your stuff," Charley says. "I'll send her over. If she can't convince you that she's all right, she's out. I'll tell her so."

THE shooting on the back lot was real shooting, Mrs. Pentwoolder. I was behind a heap of sand and about forty feet away was Bill Rufford that was playing Black Ike, the cattle rustler. He was back of a little pile of lumber in front of a log cabin. We was both good shots and the cameras was set so as to photograph the bullets that nipped the logs and the sand. You couldn't see the steel plates that we ducked behind when the other guy fired.

It was my turn to shoot and I unlimbered my gun and whanged away, rooty-toot-toot.

All at once the cabin door, behind Bill Rufford, swings open and there is a girl in a red bathing suit that screams and falls down.

Everybody yells and runs around shouting, "Get a doctor," and nobody does, wanting to stay and see what it is all about.

Maybe, Mrs. Pentwoolder, you have guessed by this time that it was Valencia Madrid, the Spanish wildcat. She had put on a red bathing suit to come over and talk me into letting her play in The Prarie Lover and dumb-like opened a door and walked right into one of my bullets. It hit her on the hip. The way she acted—rolling her eyes and moaning—you would say offhand she either was dying or imitating John Barrymore when his sweetheart says "No." It looked serious.

I pick her up and carry her to the studio hospital and run and get Charley Stone and he says, "Gee whiz, Jack, this will cost us a lot of dough. She will sue us for damages and maybe hook the company for a hundred grand."

We was standing outside the doctor's room and the doctor come out and says "Who shot this dame?"

"Me," I says.

"Come in here," he says.

I was pretty scared, Mrs. Pentwoolder. I did not know what was going to happen. Maybe she would call me a murderer and get the police.

"Is she dead?" I asks the doctor.

"No such luck," he says. "Come in here and hold this fool's hand. She won't let me touch her until you do."

SO CHARLEY and me went in. She was all laid out and moaning and the nurses were fussing around and she cries out to me, "Oo, my celestial sweetheart! My Meester Jack Gilligan. The gypsy tol' me. We are sealed in blood. You shall marry me!"

"What do you mean, marry you?" I says. It was very confusing, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

"Hold her hand," says the Doc, "and let's get busy."

So I hold her hand.

"My hoosband through the ages," she sighs.

"Look here, kid," I says, "I got a wife. What's all this hooey, anyhow?"

"The gypsy tol' me. 'You hoosband through the ages shall come through bloody warfare,' she tol' me. Your wife, it is nobody. You shall marry me."

I turn to Charley Stone and whisper, "This gal is looney. What'll I do?"

"Kid her along," he whispers. "We're in a jam."

So I squeeze her hand and she says, "Oo, you are so good and handsome," and they get her all fixed up and the Doc says take her home in an ambulance and she'll be up and around tomorrow.

"Valencia shall be the star in your picture," she says.

"Well, listen, kid," I says, scratching my head. "You know that's something—"

"Of course," says Charley Stone. "Sure you'll be the star in his picture."

I had to go along with her in the ambulance and the nurse and me we finally get her home. I start to leave and Valencia yells so you could hear her all over Hollywood.

"Hey," I says, "I gotta be going." It was about seven o'clock by that time and I knew the longer I stayed away from home the more dirty cracks My Little Wonder Girl would think up to say to me. She would be in no condition, Mrs. Pentwoolder, to be reasonable about the telephone girl at the Grand Canyon.

"You stay with Valencia forever," she says. "My hoosband through the ages."

The nurse was an old lady with a double chin and a hard mouth and she mumbles to me, "I'll do something about this," and she picks up a needle and is just about to shoot it into Valencia's arm when the maid comes in and says, "The reporters are here."

I went right on out through the back door, Mrs. Pentwoolder. That was not no time to try to get some publicity.

My Little Wonder Girl was waiting for me.

"Where have you been?" she wants to know. "With some doll baby, I suppose."

"No doll baby," I says. "I shot a woman."

She forgot all she had to say to me. She wanted to hear the news and the first thing I know, Mrs. Pentwoolder, My Little Wonder Girl was sitting on my lap and saying, "My poor, poor Jackie." It is funny about women, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

I told her about it in a general sort of way. I told her I shot an old Spanish character woman named Mrs. Madrid that had come over to get a part in my picture. I said she was a kindly old soul and after she was fixed up I took her in an ambulance to her old house to her old husband and her eight children and three grandchildren.

"That was just the thing to do," she says. "You have a kind heart. Tomorrow I will go to see Mrs. Madrid and take her some fruit and some playthings for the children."

I SAID never mind that Mrs. Madrid was not hurt much and would be back at work tomorrow but before I knew it I had told her Valencia's address and My Little Wonder Girl went to the telephone and called up a florist and had ten dollars' worth of flowers sent to Mrs. Madrid and told the florist to put in a card reading "My sincerest sympathy. Old people like you must be careful. Please do not overdo. Mrs. Jack Gilligan."

The next morning at breakfast I was eating fast figuring maybe I had better get to the studio early when the maid brought in the paper and I tried to get hold of it but My Little Wonder Girl opened it up and let out a scream and the first thing she got her hand on was a half a grapefruit which hit me on the nose. I was glad we had not got to the ham and eggs.

"So this is your Mrs. Madrid with the grandchildren!" she explodes and jumps up and shoves the paper in my face.

I hold up one arm to block any punches and read the headlines:

COWBOY SHOOTS SPANISH
BATHING BEAUTY

Studio Accident Reveals Triangle—
Oklahoma Jack Gilligan to Divorce
Wife and Marry Valencia Madrid,
Wounded Actress Declares

There was some more but I did not get a chance to read it. I was backing away into the living-room dodging things and from there into the hall, trying to get my hat. I decided, Mrs. Pentwoolder, it would be better for me to go right on to work.

"Divorce me!" My Little Wonder Girl shrieks. "You good-for-nothing cowhand! Get out of this house and if you ever show your ugly face again I will strangle you with my bear hands."

There was a great deal more that she said. She was all upset, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

"Listen, honey," I says. "I can explain everything."

"Don't honey me, you—you—"

The telephone bell begun to ring and the doorbell begun to ring and the maid come in to answer the door and My Little Wonder Girl holds up for a minute. Just for something to do I answers the telephone. It was Valencia. Of all the people I did not want to talk to right then I swear she was it, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

"What you mean your wife send me flowers saying I am old people?" Valencia yells. "I will come over and scratch her eyes out!"

"Wait a minute," I tells her. "You can't talk that way."

"She moost apologize in public or Valencia will cut her into leetle pieces. Old people, I am, so?" She was screeching. "You must come queeck, my Jackie, to see me. I am in a temper and I shall keel and keel with the stiletto and the gun and the peestol unless you come quick."

"Listen, kid," I plead. "You got me in a lot of trouble. You—"

"Is that the woman?" My Little Wonder Girl shouts and snatches the telephone and jerks it loose and throws it through a window.

Just then Charley Stone comes in the door.

"I'm glad I caught you, Jack," he says, not noticing how it was with My Little Wonder Girl. "I was just over to see Valencia. She's in a terrible rage and you got to go over there and quiet her."

"Who's going to quiet who?" My Little Wonder Girl wants to know.

I grab Charley's hand. "Listen, Charley," I beg him, "tell Lucy here how it all come about. It ain't my fault. Tell her. Please, Charley."

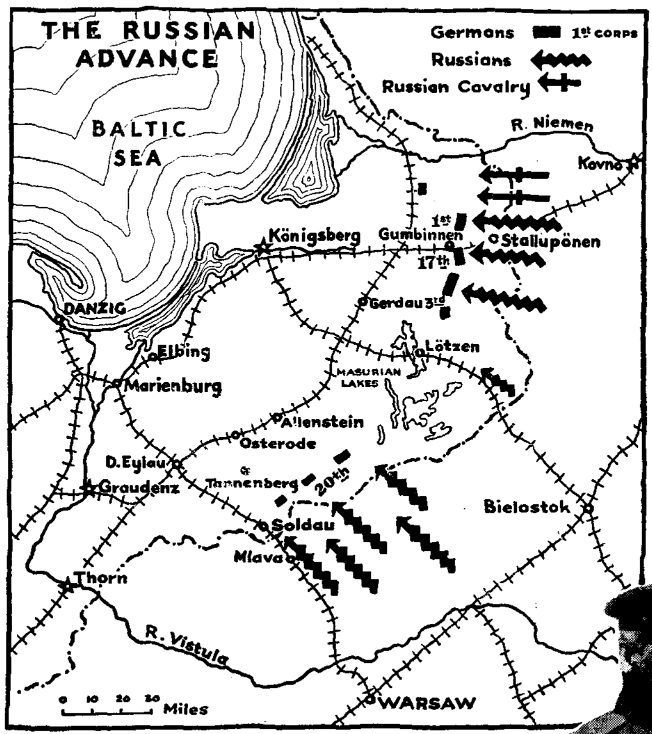
"Tell me nothing," busts out My Little Wonder Girl. "Didn't I see it all in the paper? Get out of here, both of you and you"—meaning me—"don't you ever come back and if I ever hear that

(Continued on page 74)

Panic in the East

Winston Churchill, stormy petrel of British politics, was born to fame. Son of a brilliant American woman, and a member of the great Marlborough family, he first won renown as a brilliant reporter of the Boer War. During the last twenty-five years he has been in the front rank of British statesmen. In these articles he unfolds the untold history of six great crises of the World War. Here is history by one of its makers

By Winston Churchill



The Russian troops were divided into two armies and launched about August 12th

Underwood & Underwood

General Jilinsky, in command of the Russian forces on the Russian northwest front, talking with a soldier who has won six medals

Keystone

Chosen for his energy and resolution, Rennenkampf commanded the Vilna army in the attack on East Prussia, engaging in the battle of Gumbinnen

THE World War has begun. Since the first of August the greatest armies in Europe have been mobilizing; the roads are dark with marching columns and endless processions of troop trains occupy the railways. The civilization of a hundred years has reached its summit of power and pride. It is about to plunge into the abyss. All the orders have been given. Twenty million men are on the move. And yet there is at first a strange, deadly hush. The combatants are taking up their stations with every precaution of strictest secrecy and, apart from the splutters of cannon-fire at Liège and Belgrade—in the little countries first to be attacked—and frontier bickering, profound silence reigns over Europe for the first fortnight of Armageddon.

The first main shock of the nations far surpassed in scale and intensity any other phase of the war. From the 18th of August to the middle of September all the best trained troops of the seven warring states were continuously hurled against one another in open warfare with ample ammunition and in all the ardor and warlike inexperience arising from what to most had been a generation of peace. In this awful month more divisions fought on more days and more men were killed and wounded than in any other year of the struggle.

The opening is not only the first but incomparably the greatest crisis of the war. It is in fact two crises, one in the west and one in the east, each greater and more intense than anything subsequently endured, and each reacting reciprocally upon the other. Let us begin with the east.

In accordance with the plan devised years before by Count Schlieffen, the main German effort was directed against France. More than seven eighths of the German armies were employed in the west, mostly in the right-handed wheel through Belgium and across the French northern frontier. Out of forty German army corps less than five were left to defend the eastern provinces of Germany against the enormous onslaught of the Russian Empire.

If Germany had to fight on two fronts, Russia had to fight two enemies on one wide front. The main Russian effort was launched against Austria upon a national impulse to rescue Serbia, the small Slav state which Austria was about to crush. But under arrangements concerted from 1911 onwards between the French and Russian governments, a violent irruption into Germany with the object of relieving the German pressure on France was to be made by Russia from the outset. Accordingly the Russian Generalissimo, the Grand Duke Nicholas, constituted a southwest front against Austria, and a northwest front against Germany. It is with the latter we are now concerned.

The Plan of Attack

The command of the Russian northwest front was entrusted to General Jilinsky, who, in the capacity of chief of the Russian Staff, had a year before made the final secret arrangements with the French (represented by General Joffre) for the coöperation of the two allies in such a war as had now begun.

One look at the map of East Prussia will reveal the main conditions of its attack and defense. This long strip of German territory, stretching from the Vistula nearly to the middle Niemen River, is penned between the Baltic shore and the frontiers of Russian Poland. It is exposed to attack from the east by a Russian army based on Vilna, and from the south or southeast by equally or even more important forces advancing from Warsaw or from the Warsaw-Vilna railway line. General Jilinsky divided his troops—amounting to nearly half a million men—into two practically equal armies and launched them on their course on or about August 12th.

The generals who were to lead the two armies upon what the Russian High Command in its expansive moments called a "gigantic raid" had been chosen for their reputed energy and resolution. Rennenkampf commanded the first or Vilna army and Samsonov the second or Warsaw army. Both these generals were supposed to be the pick of the Russian service. Both had distinguished themselves as dashing cavalry leaders in Manchuria. Unhappily they had been personal enemies since the Manchurian campaign, when a fierce altercation on the Mukden railway platform had occurred between them about an alleged failure of Rennenkampf to support Samsonov at a critical moment.

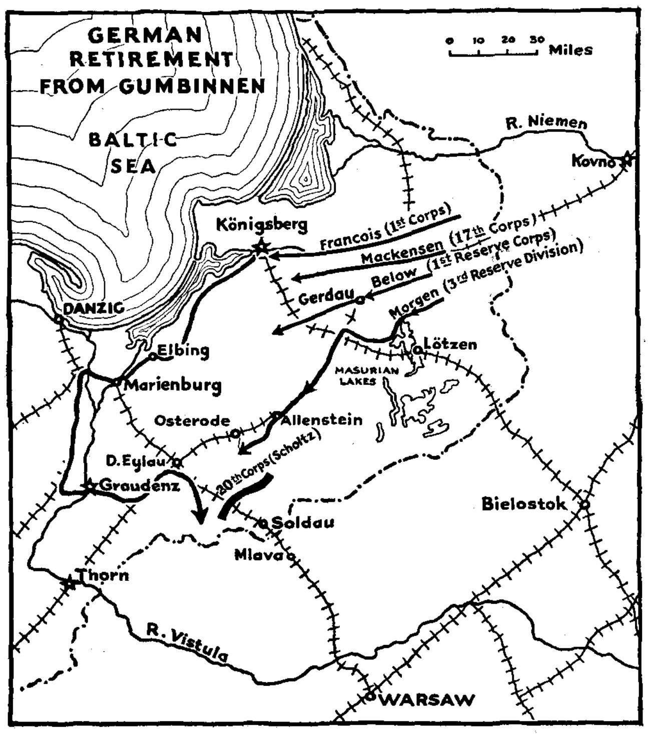
The defense of East Prussia in this grave hour was entrusted to General von Prittwitz, a cousin of Hindenburg's. He had at his disposal the 1st, 17th and 20th Corps and the 1st Reserve Corps, with one additional division and one cavalry division, and he could draw from the garrisons on the Vistula and from the fortress of Königsberg perhaps four or five detachments of partially mobile troops each equaling about a brigade. These forces constituted the Eighth German Army, which must now sustain the assaults of Russian hosts two or three times its numbers. The difficulties of Prittwitz were aggravated by the fact, obvious from the map, that whatever troops were sent to attack or arrest Rennenkampf in the north ran the risk of being cut off by the advance of Samsonov from the direction of Warsaw. But for this as for other problems the dead strategist of the German General Staff, Schlieffen, had left a plan.

Panic at Gumbinnen

At a certain stage in their advance the Russian armies must find themselves inevitably divided by the forty-mile chain of the Masurian Lakes. At this point they would have no lateral communication and would be for several days entirely separate entities. The German plan, according to Schlieffen, was to throw the whole army at this juncture at whichever of the two Russian armies came first within effective striking distance, and then, using the superbly organized railway system of East Prussia, to go round and strike the other.

Many a war game, with all its attendant railway time-tables, had been played upon this well-known theme in the years before the war. Whatever happened in these dire preliminary battles it was Prittwitz' duty not to be cut off or so mauled at or near the frontiers that he could not, if the worst came to the worst, form a continuous fighting front behind the Vistula. A situation at once delicate and momentous, requiring the highest qualities, but offering also the most brilliant opportunities to a commander in chief! The task was one in which Frederick the Great, Napoleon or the Lee-Stonewall Jackson combination would have reveled, but in which Prittwitz felt himself from the outset overweighted.

He compromised, therefore, by sending his 20th Corps to await the Warsaw army and his 1st Corps to delay Rennenkampf, while holding the rest of his forces in a more or less central position. The commander of his 1st Corps, General von François, ultimately to prove, as we shall see, the real hero of Tannenberg, was a man of independent and unruly temperament. He could not bear to yield up the sacred soil of the Fatherland to the Cossack hordes. The streams of refugees, the lines of burning villages, aroused him and his soldiers to an intense degree.



Mackensen's impetuous attack turned into a rout of his 17th Corps that disrupted the German lines

© Transocean, Berlin

The defense of East Prussia was first entrusted to General von Prittwitz, a cousin of Hindenburg's

Bain News Service

Audacious and skillful, Ludendorff was appointed by Moltke as Hindenburg's Chief Staff Officer

Bain News Service

Von Hindenburg was summoned from retirement to stem the advancing Russians when Prittwitz proved unequal to the task

He vehemently urged Prittwitz to allow him to strike Rennenkampf as soon as he had crossed the frontier and to send all the rest of the Eighth Army to his aid. There would be time afterward—just time—to get back and go for Samsonov. For this counsel he could indeed cite the letter and the spirit of the Schlieffen plan. After cruel heart-searchings Prittwitz allowed himself to be persuaded by his adventurous and half-defiant subordinate. He compromised again by leaving the 20th Corps to wait for Samsonov and allowed the other five divisions to join François for the battle.

This was not delayed. During the 17th and 18th Rennenkampf's masses poured across the frontier and after a fierce preliminary encounter at Stallupönen drew up for battle on the 20th before the town of Gumbinnen. That day was fought a battle between seven German and eight Russian divisions (a Russian division was larger than a German one, 16 battalions to 12, but had fewer field guns, 48 to 72, and no heavy guns as the German one had). This battle, though it passed almost unnoticed in the pandemonium of Europe, set in motion several chains of causation violently and even decisively affecting the whole course of the Great War. Very few people have even heard of Gumbinnen, and scarcely anyone has appreciated the astonishing part it played.

The fortunes of the day were piebald. François with his 1st Corps surprised the Russian right at dawn and beat it back for seven miles in disorder. The single German cavalry division, passing under the noses of the inert Russian cavalry corps, swept right round the broken flank and created a panic among the masses of Russian transport. General von Below's 1st Reserve Corps at the other end of the line made some progress and was hopefully expecting the arrival of an additional German division for action the next day. But General von Mackensen with the 17th Corps, encouraged by François' success, attacked in the center impetuously, frontally and without surprise and sustained a sudden and most disconcerting repulse. The Russians were intrenched. Mackensen had made little or no artillery preparation. His men were mown down; the crowds of wounded drifting to the rear were soon joined by numerous stragglers; then whole troops appeared retiring together, at first in order and presently in disorder.

The white-haired Mackensen himself, quitting his headquarters, endeavored personally to stem the rout; and thus ceased to function as a corps commander. His example was followed by his principal officers. It was in vain. The 17th Corps was afterward to fight in this same operation with the utmost courage and effect, but the German accounts of Gumbinnen contain almost without exception the insulting word "panic." This disorder entailed the arrest of the German right, and night fell upon tumultuous scenes of victory and defeat in which both armies had equally shared.

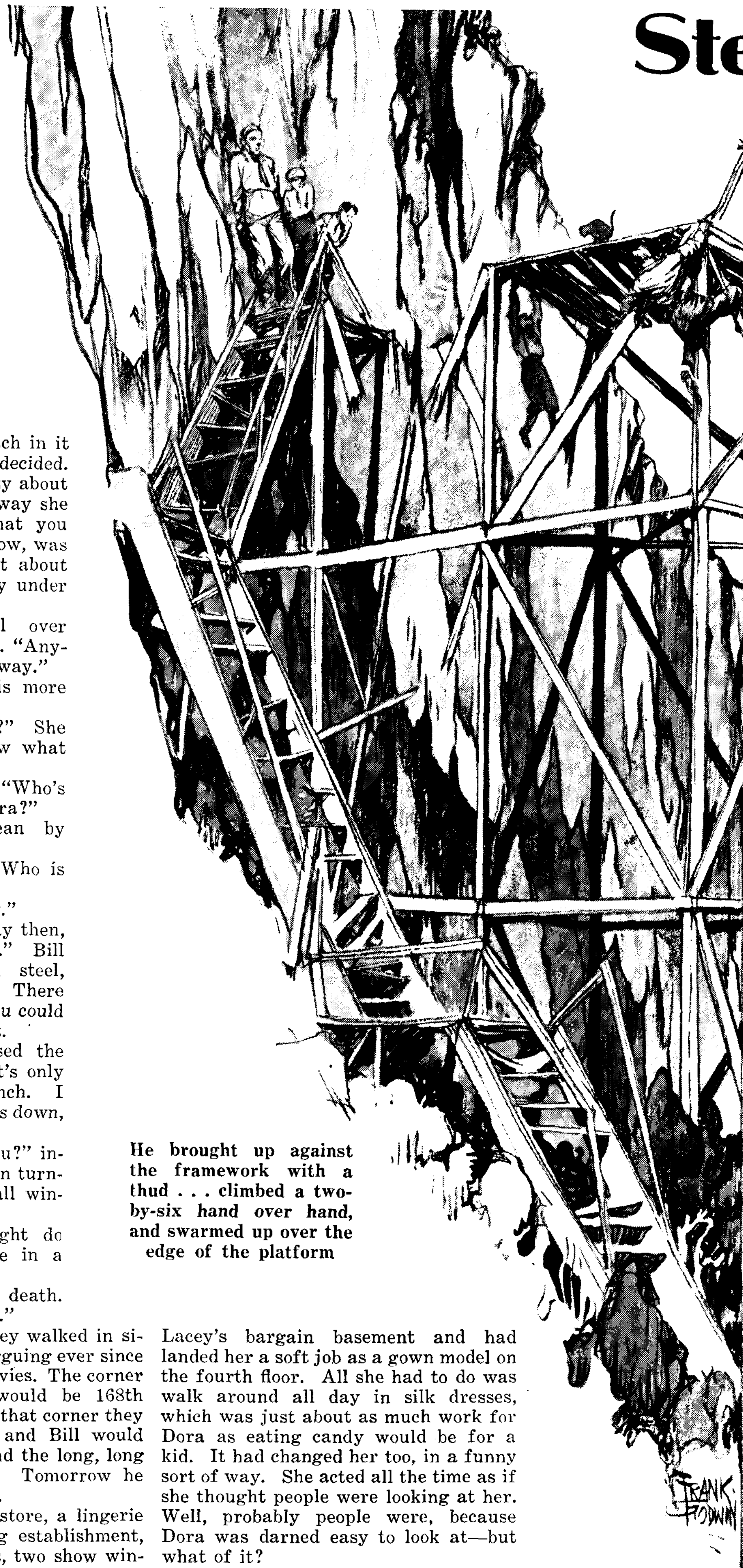
The Russian Advance

Now comes the crucial episode. General von Prittwitz had commanded this battle of only seven divisions from his headquarters at Wartenburg, nearly 75 miles away. He had awaited with great anxiety and even, we must say, nervousness the result of this first important collision with the mysterious and incalculable Russian power. The impressions which he sustained were most unfavorable. To comprehend his position we must think of a man with his left arm stretched out to its fullest possible extent and his fingers caught in grinding machinery, while his right hand (the 20th Corps) is drawn up close to his shoulder to ward off another blow which he fears is going to be struck by a new antagonist from another quarter.

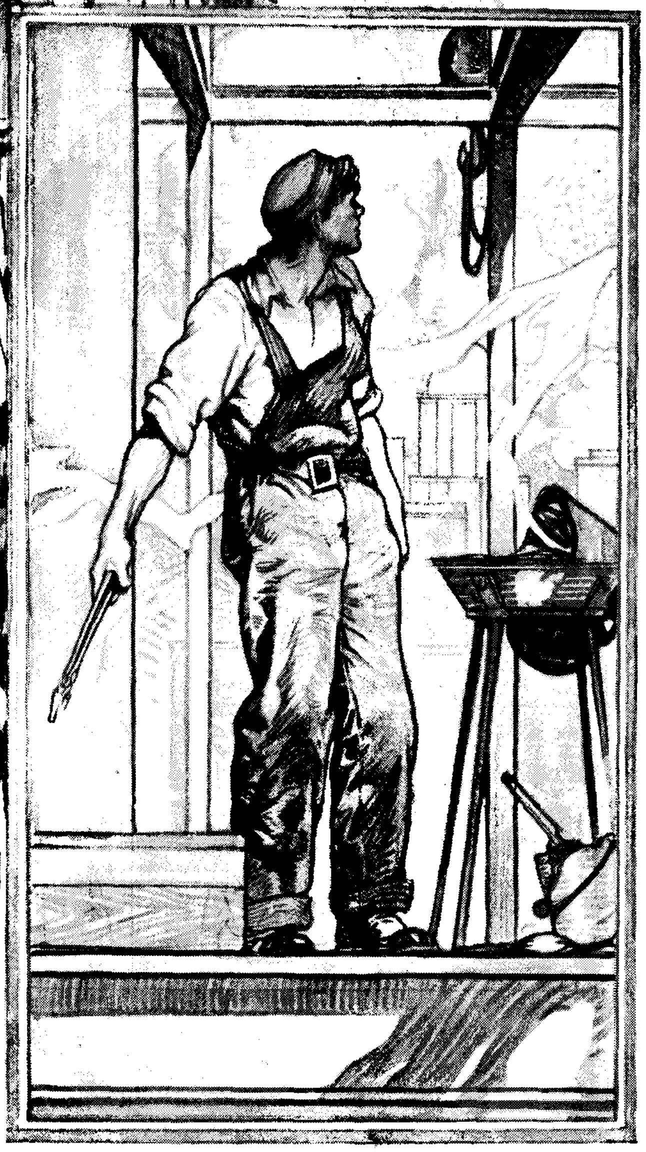
He had throughout been fearful of this great extension of his left arm. He had let himself be dragged forward by François; he dreaded that his arm might be cut off, or that he himself with his single 20th Corps might be butted into and overwhelmed by his enormous new assailant advancing from the direction of Warsaw. (*Continued on page 55*)

Steel's the Stuff

Romance may be brief—as it may endure forever. Everything depends on the stuff you build it with



He brought up against the framework with a thud . . . climbed a two-by-six hand over hand, and swarmed up over the edge of the platform



He was sure of one thing, though. He wanted Dora. "I'll get her yet," he said to the city of New York

THERE was a catch in it somewhere, Bill decided. If a girl was crazy about you in the right way she would want to do what you wanted to do. Dora, now, was too innocently insistent about this party next Sunday under the Palisades.

"But it's beautiful over there," she had argued. "Anyway I'm sick of Rockaway."

"That," said Bill, "is more like it."

"What do you mean?" She always wanted to know what he meant.

Bill said cryptically: "Who's the new boy friend, Dora?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said. Who is he?"

"There isn't anybody."

"Let's go to Rockaway then, the way we always do." Bill worked all day with steel, which was unyielding. There were only two things you could do to steel—rivet or cut.

"But, Bill, I promised the bunch," Dora said. "It's only on account of the bunch. I can't turn my old friends down, can I?"

"Since when can't you?" inquired Bill. "You've been turning 'em down for me all winter."

She said: "You might do something for me once in a while, I should think."

"Sure. Tickled to death. Take you to Rockaway."

For the next block they walked in silence. They had been arguing ever since they came out of the movies. The corner just ahead of them would be 168th Street, and just around that corner they would say good night and Bill would head for the subway and the long, long ride back to Brooklyn. Tomorrow he would be up in the sky.

They passed a drug store, a lingerie shop, a ladies' tailoring establishment, a fur store, a milliner's, two show windows full of ready-made dresses, a delicatessen, another lingerie shop, a woman's shoe shop displaying an array of high-heeled slippers, a lace and embroidery shop, and on the corner a restaurant. Without question upper Broadway was a world made for women. Perhaps all the world was made for women.

That, Bill thought dourly, was pretty nearly the case. Certainly a good-looking girl got more breaks than an ordinary human being was entitled to. And when they got the breaks they simply took them for granted. As far as he could see, it never even occurred to a good-looking girl to be thankful that she was good-looking. Take Dora, for instance. Her looks had snapped her out from behind the hardware counter in Lacey's bargain basement and had landed her a soft job as a gown model on the fourth floor. All she had to do was walk around all day in silk dresses, which was just about as much work for Dora as eating candy would be for a kid. It had changed her too, in a funny sort of way. She acted all the time as if she thought people were looking at her. Well, probably people were, because Dora was darned easy to look at—but what of it?

THEY rounded the corner and Dora said: "I think you might be nice about Sunday."

"Boloney!" Bill grunted. "Tell me his name and maybe I will be. I'm beginning to think it's about time I looked him over."

"I tell you there isn't anybody," she protested.

"I'll bet he's another highbrow," said Bill.

"But honestly, Bill—"

"Have it your own way," he said, and led her into the vestibule. There he kissed her thoroughly.

Bill rode home in the subway, thinking. But it was next morning on the job that his thinking really began to take shape. Somehow it was easier for him to ponder things out while he was working. Perhaps it was the solitude; perhaps it was the quiet—for in spite of the racket of riveting it was always quiet twenty or thirty or maybe forty floors above the street. You could look far out across the city to horizons most people never dreamed were there; the Jersey hills, the wooded parks of Long Island, the shimmering Lower Bay with the dim shadow of the Highlands hovering beyond. Or else you could look straight down through the cracks between the planks of the forge platform to where the automobiles looked like Croton bugs and the people looked like ants.

Bill didn't mind looking down. He

By Gerald Mygatt

understood that some people did, but he didn't understand why they did. It was all the same to him. After all, walking a girder three hundred feet above the street wasn't any different from walking a girder three feet above the street. It was the same girder, wasn't it? As for the job itself, it was a cinch. All it took was a steady head and a good eye, and if you had those two things you had it all.

PEOPLE down below would stand with their faces up and watch you while you swung out with your tongs and sent the red-hot rivets sizzling through the air, a hundred feet maybe, to where your helper stood catching them in his bucket. Probably they thought it was tricky or something; most likely they were waiting for you to sling one wide. As if there was any chance of that! No, the only tricky thing was to keep up with the riveting gang. And of course you had to watch the temperatures like a cat. Get 'em past cherry red and the darn little things were likely to melt out of shape. Get 'em short of cherry red and they wouldn't hammer home with a head on 'em.

Bill could understand perfectly well why Dora didn't think it was much of a job. He had tried to explain that he wanted to learn the practical end of steel. And he had tried to explain that nowadays the big companies picked their big men from the workers rather than from the clerkers. But she had told him he was kidding himself. Well, maybe she was right. He wasn't so sure of himself as he used to be.

He was sure of one thing, though. He wanted Dora. Abruptly, as he slung a smoking red rivet through space, he laughed aloud.

"I'll get her yet," he said to the city of New York. "Hurray for the Palisades!"

Now Bill had a strong feeling—he called it a hunch—that this Sunday in a strange environment and with a strange crowd was going to prove difficult. In plain English it was slated to be all wet. But that didn't matter if it was going to help to set him right with Dora.

His first confirmation of his hunch came sharply when he arrived at the ferry. Since it was Sunday he naturally had worn his Sunday clothes; blue serge suit, black shoes, a stiff white collar and a gray fedora hat. When you live six days a week in a flannel shirt and overalls it's only decent to dress up a little on Sunday. It—well, it keeps things evened up somehow. But even before he saw Dora, Bill knew that his clothes were wrong.

The open space in front of the ferry house was crowded. Not with the cars; they were just standing in two hot impatient lines. The cars were simply on their way to somewhere. The people on foot were the people Bill noticed. There were two or three troops of Boy Scouts; a troop of Girl Scouts chattering and milling just beyond them. There were young men in knickerbockers and soft shirts, young man in white flannels, young men in old sweaters and dungarees, young men in army breeches and heavy tramping boots. Among the young men, laughing and talking excitedly, were girls in white canvas trousers, girls in riding breeches, girls in every conceivable form of clothing except what Bill would have called a regular Sunday dress. Oh, there were a few, of course, but they seemed lost in the crowd. Bill was staring around him, beginning to feel uncomfortable, when Dora, in sweater and skirt, appeared from nowhere.

She said conversationally: "Oh, there you are!" and led him by the hand off to the left, past a sign that read "Boat Club—No Admittance."

Bill's second jolt was meeting the new boy friend—oh, very obviously he was the new boy friend. His name, it seemed, was Arlingham—a nice dramatic name for Dora to think about. Arlingham was tall and square-shouldered. He had crisp dark hair and level eyes with a good-natured glint in them. He was dressed in a khaki shirt and an exceedingly soiled pair of ancient flannels.

He shook Bill's hand with a firm grip and explained that the others had gone on ahead. "They've got an outboard towing the two canoes. They have the tent and the grub with them but we'll probably catch them. It's five miles, but the two of us ought to be able to burn it up with only Dora in the boat. You see, it's wilder up above Alpine. Not so many people. We have a regular place there."

Bill clambered into the canoe and took his place at the bow paddle. That left him with his back to the others; not bad engineering on Arlingham's part. Since Bill had to turn around to say anything, and since turning around rocked the canoe, he mostly kept silent. But he listened, and grudgingly he had to admit that Arlingham, whoever he might be, seemed like a regular guy. Arlingham talked buoyantly, impersonally, but always interestingly. He threw a good line. Presently—and Bill was startled—he began asking intelligent questions about steelwork. It seemed he was a draftsman in an architect's office. He was interested in steel and concrete but doubtful about specializing in the construction of tall buildings because of his fear of heights.

"I've always had it," he explained. "It's something I can't help. Do you think I could get over it?"

"Darned if I know," said Bill. Against his will he was warming to this rival of his.

Arlingham said: "Kick me out of the boat if I'm asking fool questions, but I'm only a draftsman and the office boy knows more than I do. On a big building does the architect have to go up and inspect the work?"

"I've seen 'em on the job," said Bill.

The other laughed. "I guess that lets me out. It looks as if I'd have to specialize in designing bungalows."

LITTLE by little they cattycornered across the broad river, and the sheer cliffs of the Palisades began to rise above them. Bill had never seen them so close before. The cliffs were vertical and they were high; ten to fifteen stories maybe, though it was hard to tell because the height varied and at the base there was a slanting side-hill of fallen rock. There was a little stony beach along the river, and then big old trees—mostly oaks and pines—and then the slant of raw broken rock and then the cliffs, high and silent. As they edged in toward the beach it seemed as if the top of the cliff was directly over their heads.

There were canoes along the shore and tents among the trees, and campfires, and groups of young people in outlandish costumes or bathing suits; and the groups were either cooking or shouting or singing or playing ball or romping. There were a few older people too, serious-looking people who sat quietly beside their tents or canoes and read books.

Bill almost tipped the canoe over in getting out. He stepped for a rock and missed it. As it was, he wet his feet and the bottoms of his trousers. In a fog of quick embarrassment he became aware that he was being introduced to the rest of the crowd: a girl named Margie Something, a fat blond girl named Jane, a man called Jack and another one whose last name he remembered—it was Hollister—because his first name too was Bill.

All of them were doing something, even the girls. The tent was going up. A fire was being built. Driftwood was being gathered. Cans were being opened. Food was being cooked. Somebody said: "The tide's coming in. Better pull up those canoes."

Here was something Bill could do. He jumped for the canoes, started tugging at the nearest.

A male voice yelled: "Easy there. Lift it clear and be sure the stern's floating before you pull. These rocks are sharp, and we don't want to swim home."

One of the other men said: "You'll spoil your good clothes anyway. Better let me do it."

"They're not my good clothes," lied Bill.

After lunch they sat around and sang. Dora lay with her head in the fat girl's lap, her eyes half-closed. But Bill could see that her eyes weren't entirely closed. They were shifting with a methodic regularity, first to Arlingham and then to him. Bill knew she was weighing the two of them, one against the other. And something told Bill he was licked. It saved a guy a lot of pounding to know when he was licked.

Arlingham had everything his way. He wasn't even a bird Bill could hate, because he was so decent and so regular. Good looking too, the way girls liked 'em. Right now he was sitting close beside Dora, strumming his ukulele and singing something soft.

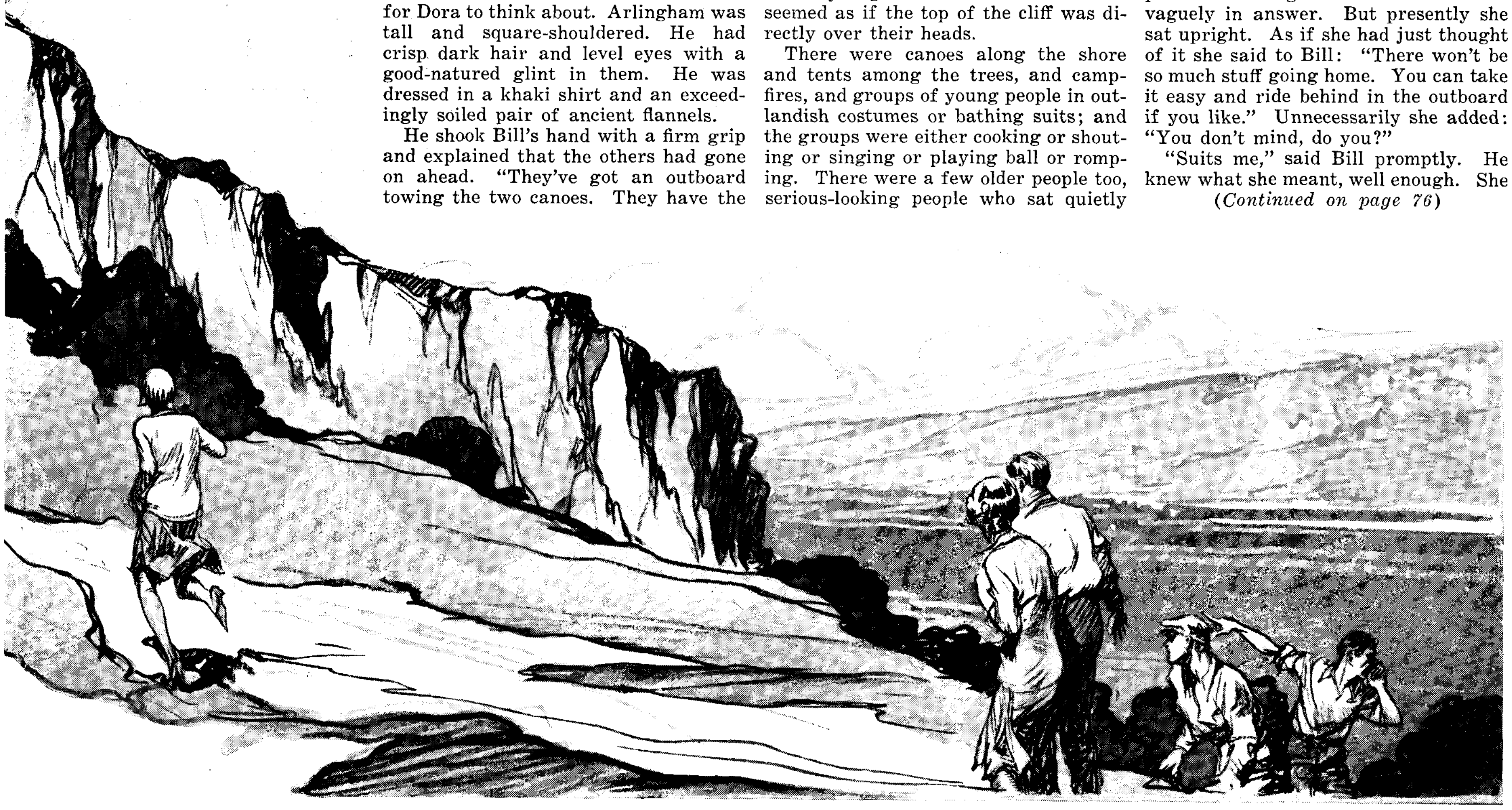
Bill eyed them stonily. Furtively he looked at his watch. Only two-thirty. Well, let the minutes go by. The quicker the better.

Arlingham leaned over and whispered something to Dora. She smiled vaguely in answer. But presently she sat upright. As if she had just thought of it she said to Bill: "There won't be so much stuff going home. You can take it easy and ride behind in the outboard if you like." Unnecessarily she added: "You don't mind, do you?"

"Suits me," said Bill promptly. He knew what she meant, well enough. She

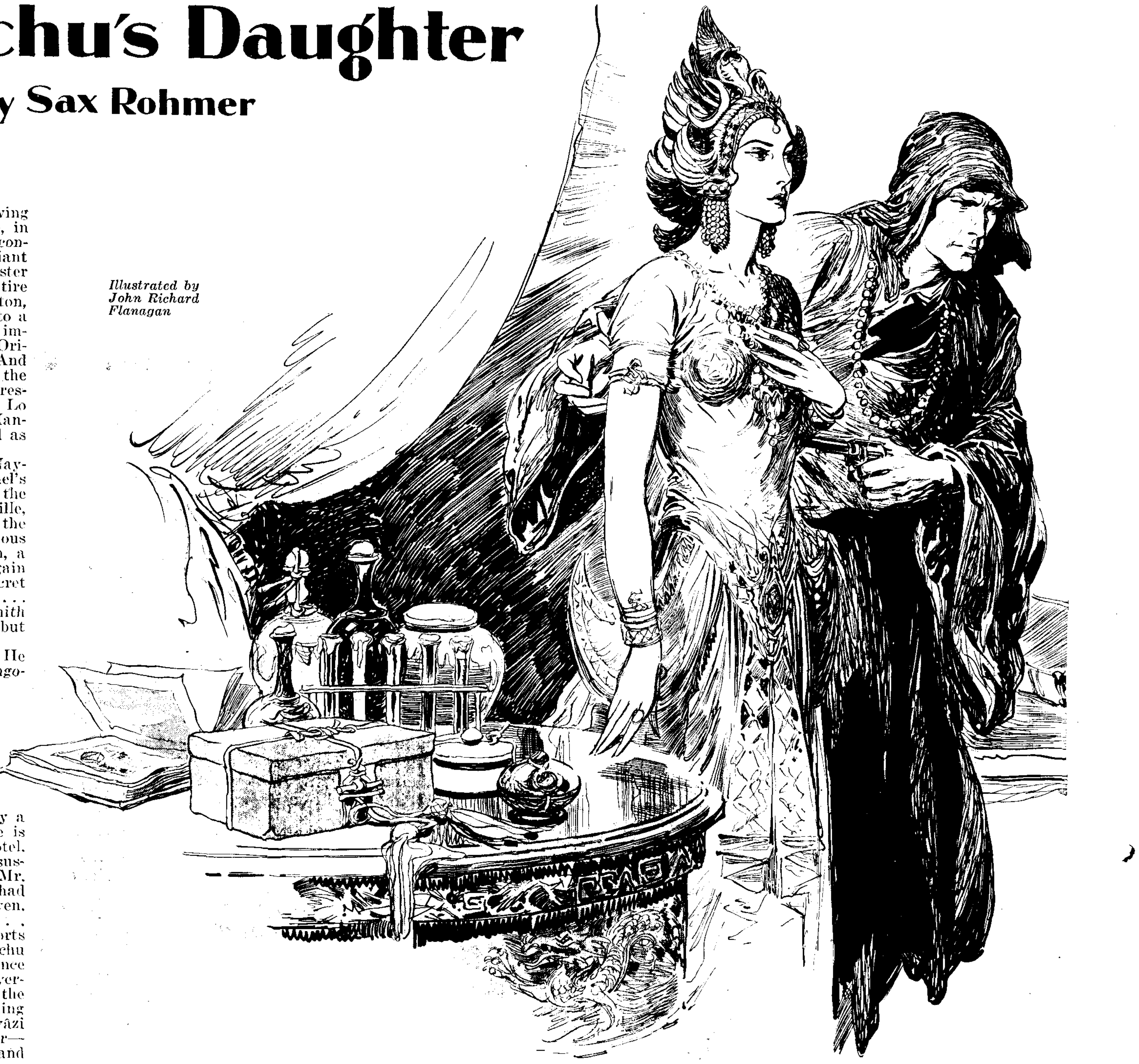
(Continued on page 76)

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer



Illustrated by
John Richard
Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

A SERIES of weird incidents, revolving about the Tomb of the Black Ape, in Egypt's somber Valley of the Kings, convinces Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant Scotland Yard operative, that a monster plot—fraught with danger for the entire world—is afoot. . . . Sir Lionel Barton, noted archæologist, has been thrown into a deep cataleptic sleep, from which it is impossible to arouse him. Mysterious Orientals hover about his little camp. And over everything lies the shadow of the malignant "Madame Ingomar," who, it presently develops, is none other than Fah Lo Suee, daughter of the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu, who, until his death, was regarded as the most dangerous man on earth!

What can it mean? To find out, Nayland Smith; Dr. Petrie, one of Sir Lionel's oldest friends; Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; and Shan Greville, who tells the story, dash by motor to the Oasis of el-Khârga, where the mysterious Council of Seven (representing Si Fan, a body of religious fanatics who plan to gain control of the world) is to hold a secret session, in the house of the Sheik Ismail. . . . *Disguised as Tibetan monks*, Nayland Smith and Greville gain access to the house, but are discovered and attacked.

Greville, drugged, loses consciousness. He *comes to in a small room.* Madame Ingomar enters. She is in love with him! She has saved his life! . . . Weymouth, heading a rescue party, breaks in. The plotters vanish. And, to his amazement, Greville learns that he is in London! He learns, also, that Nayland Smith has disappeared, and that Sir Lionel has at last been awakened through the use of a drug, sent to Dr. Petrie by a "Dr. Amber," of whose identity no one is aware! . . . Greville takes a room at a hotel. To the hotel, presently, come various suspicious characters, among them a "Mr. Solkel," of Smyrna, really a Turk who had attended the meeting of the Council of Seven. And dramatic events follow swiftly. . . . Karamanéh, Petrie's beautiful wife, reports that she has *actually seen* Dr. Fu Manchu *—but Fu Manchu is dead!* And at once Greville receives another surprise. Overhearing a whispered conversation in the hotel, he feels sure the plotters are planning to make an attempt on the life of Swâzi Pasha—*adviser to the Turkish dictator*—who stands in Madame Ingomar's way, and who has a suite just below Greville's.

Hoping to save the man, Greville hastens *to his apartment. The door opens.* He finds himself staring into the gaunt, angular face of a man he had believed dead: *Nayland Smith!*

IX

WITH one significant gesture, Nayland Smith silenced the words on my lips. He took a quick step forward into the corridor and I saw that he was barefooted. Then, his lips were close to my ear:

"Lucky I heard you," he whispered. "One ring would have ruined everything! Come in. Be silent . . . whatever happens, do nothing."

He stepped back, pointing urgently to my slippers. I removed them, and tiptoed into the lobby. Nayland Smith reclosed the front door without making a sound and led me into the principal bedroom.

Except for a faint streak of light coming through the curtains, the room was in darkness. He pushed me down into a corner near the foot of the bed and disappeared!

To say that I was astounded would be to elaborate the obvious. I actually questioned my sanity. That Nayland Smith was alive made me want to shout with joy. But what in heaven's name was he doing in Swâzi Pasha's apartments? Where had he been and why had he failed to notify us of his escape? Finally, what was it that I had nearly ruined by my unexpected appearance and for what was he waiting in the dark?

Where Smith had gone and why we were concealing ourselves, I simply couldn't imagine; but, my eyes growing used to the gloom, I peered carefully about the bedroom without moving from the position in which he had placed me. I could see no one, hear nothing.

Then all my senses became keyed up—alert. I had detected a sound of soft footsteps in the corridor outside! I waited—listening to it drawing nearer and nearer. The walker had reached the door, I thought. . . . He did not pause, but passed on. The sound of footsteps grew faint—and finally died away.

Silence fell again. The window behind those drawn curtains was open at the top and sometimes faint street noises reached my ears: the hooting of a passing taxi, the deeper note of a private car; and once the rumbling of what I judged to be a string of heavy trucks.

But in the building about me complete silence prevailed. I found myself looking across an eiderdown bedspread in the direction of the fireplace. Except that it was more ornate, it closely resembled that in my own room. The shock of meeting Smith, the present horrible mystery, keyed up my already wide-awake brain. I began to form a theory. . . .

At which moment, as if to confirm it, came a faint sound. Something was shuffling lightly behind the electric radiator!

This was backed by green tiles, or imitation tiles which I judged to be stamped on metal. The deep recess which they lined resembled a black cavity from where I crouched. I could just detect one spot of light on the metal hood of the radiator.

Following some moments of tense silence came a second sound. And this . . . I recognized.

It was the same subdued, metallic clang which had arrested my attention in the room above!

I THOUGHT that the darkness behind the radiator had grown even denser. I scarcely breathed. Fists clenched, I watched, preparing to duck if any light should come, since my discovery was clearly the last thing Nayland Smith desired.

The spot of high light on the hood moved outwards, towards me. I was afraid to trust my sight—until a very soft padding on the carpet provided an explanation of this phenomenon.

Someone had opened the back of the fireplace and now was lifting the radiator out bodily. . . .

Who, or what, had crept out into the room?

Again, nothing moved but I thought a figure stood between me and the recess. Whatever it might be, it remained motionless, so that, concentrating my gaze, it presently took shape in the dusk—but such horrible shape, that, divided only by the width of the bed from it, I shrank involuntarily.

It was a spiritual as well as a physical shrinking, such as I had experienced in that room in Limehouse, when, on the night of horror which had led to my release, a ghastly yellow dwarf had crossed my room, carrying a lantern. Of the fate of that misshapen thing I had seen bloody evidence. This figure now standing silent in the darkness—standing so near to me—was another of the malignant killers; one of those Arabian abominations attached to the Old Man of the Mountain . . . he whose blazing eyes, as he sprang up on his mattress when the Mandarin Ki Ming denounced us, formed my last memory of the Council of Seven. . . .

A sickly sweet exotic perfume stole to my nostrils. . . . I knew it!

To crouch there inactive with definite terror beginning to claim me, was next to impossible; and I wondered why Nayland Smith had imposed so appalling a task. I wondered where he was— I wondered if he had seen what *I* could see —knew what I knew!

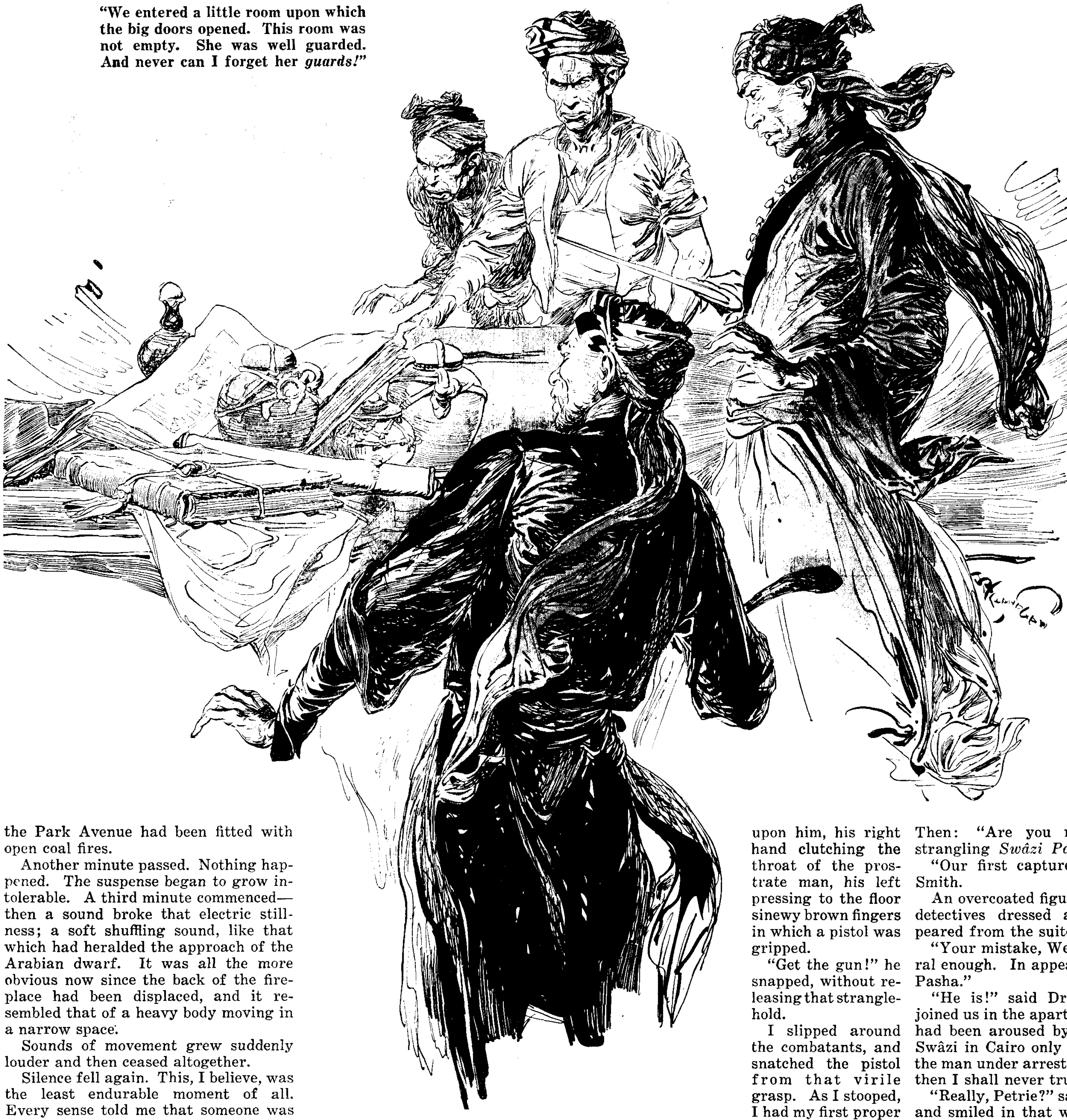
The answer came swiftly, almost silently. I heard a dull, nauseating thud, followed by a second, heavier thud on the carpet. Nayland Smith's voice came in a tense whisper:

"Don't stir, Greville."

My heart was beating like a sledgehammer.

I BEGAN to count the seconds. . . . Fully a minute passed in absolutely unbroken silence.

Nayland Smith, I realized now, had been concealed in one of two recesses flanking the projecting fireplace. This same formation occurred in my own room, and might betoken a girder or platform, or possibly a flue. Formerly, "We entered a little room upon which the big doors opened. This room was not empty. She was well guarded. And never can I forget her *guards!*"



the Park Avenue had been fitted with open coal fires.

Another minute passed. Nothing happened. The suspense began to grow intolerable. A third minute commenced—then a sound broke that electric stillness; a soft shuffling sound, like that which had heralded the approach of the Arabian dwarf. It was all the more obvious now since the back of the fireplace had been displaced, and it resembled that of a heavy body moving in a narrow space.

Sounds of movement grew suddenly louder and then ceased altogether.

Silence fell again. This, I believe, was the least endurable moment of all. Every sense told me that someone was peering out into the room. But I hadn't the slightest idea what to expect—nor, if attack were coming, what form it would take!

Soft padding. Silence.

A whispered phrase came like a hiss out of the darkness:

"*Enta raih fên?*" (Where has he gone?)

The words were Arab—but not spoken by an Arab!

Yet I gathered that the speaker, in what I judged to be a state of excitement, had abandoned his own tongue in favor of the murderous dwarf, whose absence clearly puzzled him. But I had little time for thought.

There came a rush, and a crash which shook the room . . . a shot!—a flash of dim light and the tinkle of broken glass! The bullet had shattered the window above my head. . . . Then:

"The switch, Greville!" came Nayland Smith's voice. "Over the bed!"

I sprang up as well as my cramped limbs would permit, jumped on to the bed and groped for the pendant switch.

A sound of panting and gurgling came from somewhere down on the carpet between the bed and the fireplace; loud banging on the floor. Presently, I found the switch, and was dazzled when the room became flooded with light. I jumped across to the other side of the bed. I could hear racing footsteps in the corridor outside, excited voices, movement all about. . . .

At my feet sprawled a man in pajamas, his head thrown back and his eyes staring upward, almost starting from their sockets. Nayland Smith knelt upon him, his right hand clutching the throat of the prostrate man, his left pressing to the floor sinewy brown fingers in which a pistol was gripped.

"Get the gun!" he snapped, without releasing that stranglehold.

I slipped around the combatants, and snatched the pistol from that virile grasp. As I stooped, I had my first proper view of the captive. . . .

He was the man I had seen in the corridor—Mr. Solkel!

A bell was ringing furiously. Someone was banging on the outer door.

"Open!" Smith panted.

Half under the bed lay the hideous dwarf, motionless.

Weymouth's voice was raised outside in the corridor, now.

"Hello, there!" he bellowed. "Open this door! Be quick! or we shall have to force it!"

"Open!" Smith rapped irritably.

I turned and ran to the door. . . .

ONE glance of incredulity Weymouth gave; then, followed by Fletcher and two others who wore the Park Avenue livery, he rushed past me.

"Good God!" I heard. "Sir Denis!"

Then: "Are you mad, sir? You're strangling *Swâzi Pasha!*" . . . .

"Our first captures!" said Nayland Smith.

An overcoated figure in charge of two detectives dressed as footmen disappeared from the suite.

"Your mistake, Weymouth, was natural enough. In appearance, he *is* Swâzi Pasha."

"He is!" said Dr. Petrie, who had joined us in the apartment—all the hotel had been aroused by the shot. "I met Swâzi in Cairo only a year ago; and if the man under arrest is *not* Swâzi Pasha then I shall never trust my eyes again."

"Really, Petrie?" said Nayland Smith, and smiled in that way which lent him such a boyish appearance. "Yet"—he pointed to the open fireplace—"the metal back of this recess has been removed very ingeniously. It has been reattached to the opening which it was designed to mask, but tonight, as you see, it hangs down in the ventilation shaft by reason of the fact that a stout piece of canvas has been glued to the back so as to act as a hinge!

"Can you suggest any reason why Swâzi Pasha should remove the back of his fireplace and why he should climb down a rope ladder from the apartment of a certain Mr. Solkel in the middle of the night?"

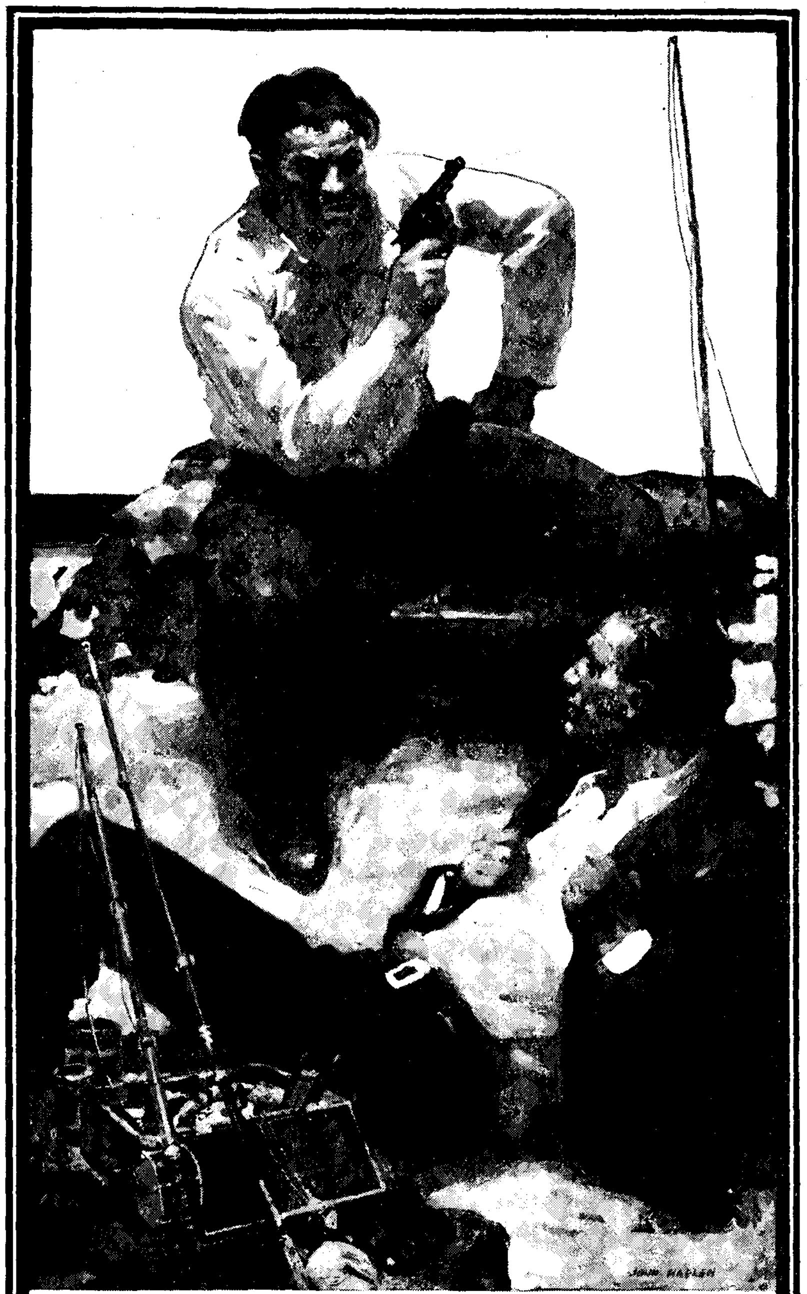
It was Weymouth who answered the question, and:

"I admit I can't, Sir Denis," he said.

"No wonder! The details of this amazing plot are only beginning to dawn

(*Continued on page 58*)

The story of a man who knew only one fear—and a man who didn't know any



Dage drew a pistol from his pocket. "Jimmie, when they tipped me off you were fishing, I thought *that* was luck enough. I didn't know we'd make friends and go fishing *together*"

Rat Trap

By David Thibault

"DID you ever hear of a man saving his life and getting his biggest break through not knowing how to swim?" There was a humorous glint in Gaulton's left eye as he leaned back against the shell-crusted boulder and stuffed his pipe. Two thirds of the man's face was a horrible scar, the puckering cicatrix of which involved and extinguished the right eye, made a caricatured slit of the mouth, and sent wheals of white and angry red spreading from the chin upward over the right cheek, to where scraggly hair grizzled above the temples.

"It usually works out the other way, doesn't it?" Gaulton's companion had draped himself into uneven places in the rocks like a limp rag, his arms, with his white fingers interlaced, girdling his flat stomach. The tide lapped in sonorously against the rocks of the tiny islet, the sun was warm, and the air had that milky softness that sea air can have, even on the New England coast. Both men, their fishing tackle cast at random about them, eyed the remnants of their lunch with complacence. Gaulton drew on his pipe with philosophical, slow puffs.

"Tide's rising, ain't it?" he asked lazily.

"Beginning to."

"I guess the sound of those little waves made me think of that story." Although his pipe was going well, Gaulton drew forth a twist of tobacco, and eyed it meditatively. "Lemme your knife."

"Haven't one—left it in my other clothes."

"One in your tackle box?"

"None there, either. Sorry."

"Oh, hell! Now I'll have to move." Gaulton got up with a grunt. "That's one way of frisking you for weapons, buddy," he laughed as he disappeared behind the point of rocks toward the boat. In five minutes he returned carrying his tin fishing-tackle box. He seated himself in the same spot he had left, and took from the box a battered hunting knife with a straight five-inch blade, such as sea fishermen carry. After slowly shaving some tobacco into his palm he laid the knife beside him on the rock. The other man had not even unlaced his fingers in pantomime search; he snuggled down more limply among the rocks, drowsy with lunch and sea air.

Gaulton spat toward the rising tide. "Yes, sir, not being able to swim, and being just plain crazy-scared of the water—hydrophobia they call it—brought Dage Salvadore his best luck."

ONLY one person besides himself knew that Dage Salvadore's leisurely descent from a suburban local at 125th Street station, New York, was an orderly retreat. The individual who shared this knowledge with the gangster was a large young man in a fawn topcoat who seemed to be reading a newspaper folded in quarters, commuter style. When Dage alighted, the young man, glancing up hurriedly, sprang up as one would who had nearly gone beyond his station.

Dage, whose knowledge of the continent's common carriers was complete, knew the train he abandoned would stand in its tracks for three minutes, while the express across the station platform would move away within half a minute. He swung aboard the other train, walked rapidly rearward the length of two coaches, pushed open a door, and sprang off as the train gathered speed. When he climbed back upon his own outbound again he had the satisfaction of knowing that the young man in the fawn topcoat was safely on his way to White Plains with no scheduled stops en route.

But Dage Salvadore stayed aboard his own train only as far as Mount Vernon. That evening he came back into the city as far as Eightieth and Broadway by taxi, tipped the driver liberally, took the subway at 79th Street, and rode to the Pennsylvania Station. Luckily—for he had urgent need of privacy—there was a drawing-room unengaged on the Birmingham Special.

On the long ride South, Dage Salvadore turned matters over in his mind, which was a good mind but one in which there were surprising flat places and tortuous channels. Right now the gangster was indulging a chronic worry which centered about Jimmie Kirk, a very efficient Chicago detective.

Jimmie usually knew where to lay hands upon men whom he wanted; Dage was wanted in Chicago for participating in the Miles and Morton pay-roll holdup. He had been recognized. Now, puzzled Dage, as the train jounced him along the less civilized roadbed below the Mason and Dixon Line, had the young man in the fawn topcoat taken up the scent on speculation, from a broadcast description, or was he acting on a tip from Jimmie Kirk? A less thoughtful rogue would not have gone back of the unpleasant fact that he had had a close scrape. But to Dage the man behind his trouble loomed with far more importance than that trouble itself; especially if the man were Jimmie Kirk.

Dage Salvadore had the reputation of being a quietly dangerous man, one quicker to think through than to shoot through a jam, but handy at both methods. In a life fairly full of assorted villainies his trail had crossed Jimmie Kirk's more than once, and Dage knew that Kirk, and only Kirk besides himself, knew who had murdered Wally Robock back in 1927.

For two months after that tragedy Dage had lain as low as only a patient, close-thinking thief can, sure that Jimmie would touch off the hue and cry. Gradually he perceived, in the way that such things are known to such men as himself, living as he lived, that Jimmie Kirk was keeping all he knew about the Robock murder to himself. There had been a half-hearted investigation of Robock's taking off—a seeming negligence of the authorities which gave only transitory comfort to Dage Salvadore, knowing as he did of Jimmie Kirk's knowledge. It wasn't humanly possible that Jimmie was either afraid or "fixed." What then?

HE GOT the answer three days later in a third-story room of the South Rampart Street dive in New Orleans where he had headquarters; it came in a burring growl from Clink Moses, whom Dage had summoned by wire from Philadelphia. They had swapped yarns over a bottle, and Dage had presented a pet scheme of his so well that it found immense favor with Clink.

"It'll work," Clink opined. "The dicks ain't as smart down here, an' they ain't as hard. An' we know the lay of the land."

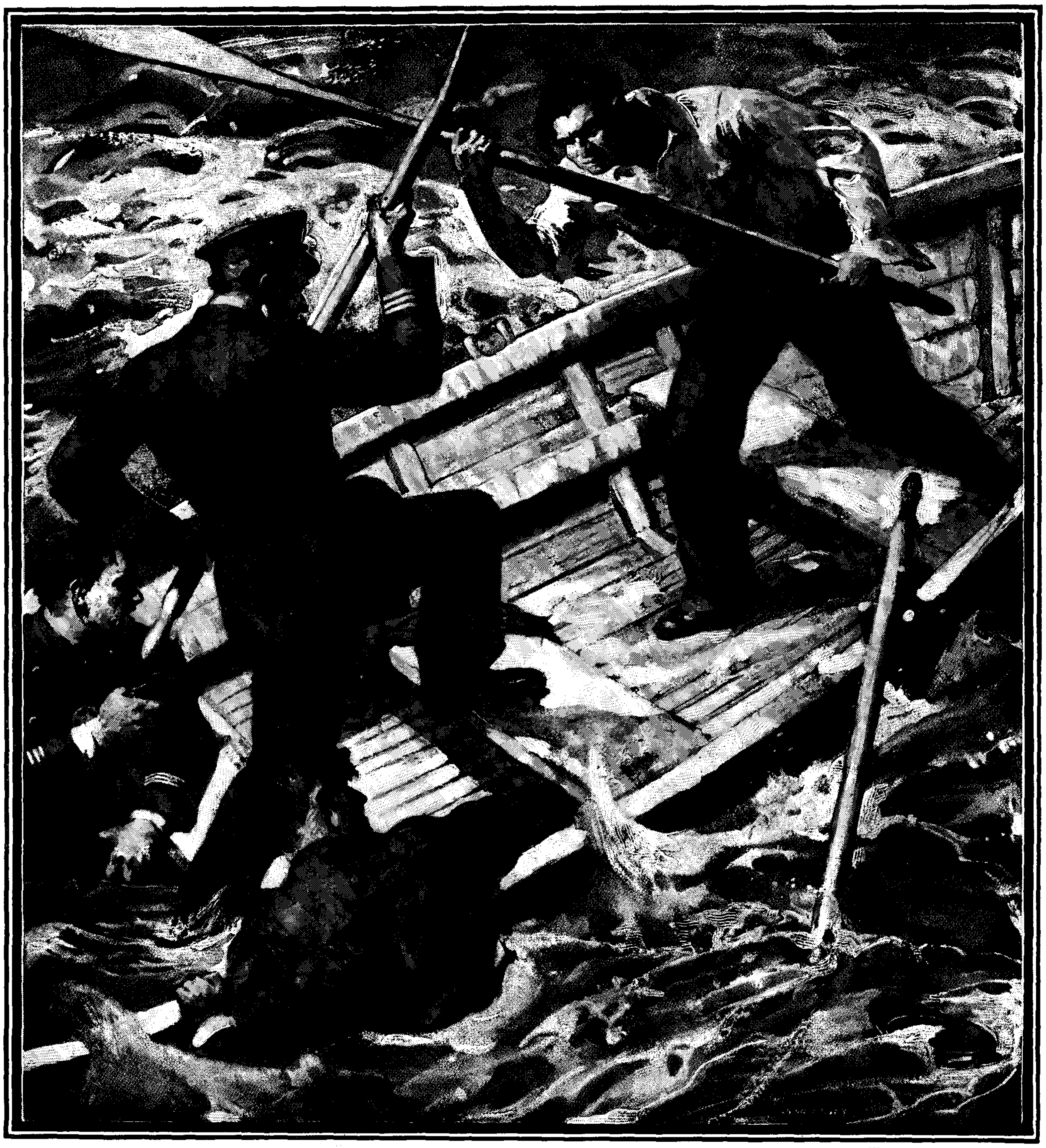
"You got me straight, now?" Dage was a careful man, who knew the cardinal faults—sloppy planning and precipitate action—of the men with whom he must work. "It ain't a straight-out rum-running racket. See? I set up here with a kind of supply house for these muskrat trappers and shrimp fishermen out on the marshes below here. See? And we sell 'em traps and groceries, and oil and gasoline for their trawling boats, and the like. All straight until we're set, and set *right*. Then we can start bringing in the gasoline drums our customers have emptied. All straight again—until we get things worked up right for moving hooch north. Then we'll start running it back from the coast in those drums. But not before everything's working like a greased adding machine."

"Then you figger on one hellatious big run, and skip?"

"*No!*" Dage swore, and fought himself for control. "Get that big-haul-and-skip notion out of your dumb head, Clink. What's to keep us from going right on forever? Won't we be running a straight business? We won't monkey with any shirt-tail full of bottles. We'll trade with the swamp-angels and wop trappers down there, and about twice a year we'll run through enough stuff to float the navy."

"All the same, skipping is sometimes mighty good," Clink grinned fatuously. "I didn't go to Philly for my health. An' you always liked Chicago until just five days ago. Say, Dage: I believe Jimmie Kirk is wise about Robock."

The look which Salvadore fastened upon his half-drunken companion was nearly a palpable thing; it reached out, it stabbed, it bound the wavering attention of Clink Moses. He said nothing. A darker light gathered back of his gray eyes, and his hands, which had been flickering from his cigar to his glass, to the bottle, and back again, lay white and utterly motionless upon the table.



"He was a lamb, until we pulled away from the island. . . . Then he went wild. Tried to murder the whole kit an' b'ilin' of us!"

Illustrated by John Haelen

"I thought—I mean—" Clink slowly pushed back his chair, his face quivering with fright. "Here it is straight, Dage! You can kill me right here if it ain't. And I ain't never spilled it to a soul." Clink was standing between his chair and the table now, dead sober, his hands extended palm outward in supplication. "Ain't you even going to listen to me?" Terror shrilled in his heavy voice.

"I don't know anything about Wally Robock. Do you?"

"Naw, I don't." Clink sank into his chair, mopping his forehead with a greasy coat sleeve. He breathed heavily like a colicky horse for perhaps half a minute. "Dage, you wanta hear what I heard Jimmie Kirk say when he thought I was knocked out? You wanta hear it?"

"Your mouth's not sewed up, is it?"

"Jimmie Kirk—" Clink stopped and moved his neck about as one does who seeks relief from a choking collar. "You ain't holdin' this against *me*, Dage? All I want is to tell you something maybe'll help you."

"Can't you *talk?*"

"THIS is straight, an' I ain't ever spilled it to a soul. Honest, Dage. When the bulls raided Andrew's place on Clark Street in April, I tried to duck, an' got a gun barrel on my head that they thought had finished me. Jimmie and another dick was on guard at Andrew's, an' I was on top of the counter with a blanket over me, ready to go to the morgue. This other dick—it was Morgan; you know him—Dink Morgan. Well, he asked Jimmie if he thought it was worth while trying to round you up in the Robock case. As a suspect, Morgan said. 'No,' Jimmie told him, 'don't try. You can't lay hands on him—I couldn't myself right now—and you couldn't hold him if you did. You'd just scare him off.' Then Jimmie Kirk said this, Dage: Jimmie sez, 'Besides, he's my meat.' Then Jimmie sez, 'I won't ever arrest Dage Salvadore but once—an' it'll be the hot seat for him when I do.' "

"You're a great little story teller," Salvadore commented ironically, flicking the ash from his cigar.

"You ain't holdin' it against me, are you, Dage?"

Salvadore was laconic: "Stop sweating, and let's talk business."

And indisputably it was business which Dage Salvadore himself talked, and thought of, and diligently applied himself to in the months that followed. This energy manifested itself concretely in setting up the Coast Trading Company, a sound commercial blind on Chartres Street, not far from the French Market.

In this dingy shop, redolent of rope, dried shrimp, and low-proof gasoline, Dage sold equipment to muskrat trappers and shrimp fishermen who wandered in from the coastal marshes below Buras. Several well-chosen articles of shrimp trawl tackle, a marine engine and other miscellany aggressively suggested a small boat chandlery business of the strictest probity. The Miles and Morton haul had supplied considerable capital.

Dage did not leave all to visual suggestion. He talked affably and fluently to neighboring small merchants. He outlined his plans for selling gasoline to the trappers and fishermen on the coastal marshes, most of whom used motor craft, and he entered into negotiations for the purchase of two power boats such as the shrimp trawlers out of Buras and Biloxi use.

These boats were put into commission hauling drums of gasoline from New Orleans. One operated down the Mississippi, through the passes, and out into Mississippi Sound, among the Chandeleur Islands. The other touched at Myrtle Grove, twenty or thirty miles below New Orleans, and served the motor boats of the tidal marsh country along the canals and grass lakes between there and Grand Island, and on out into Barataria Bay.

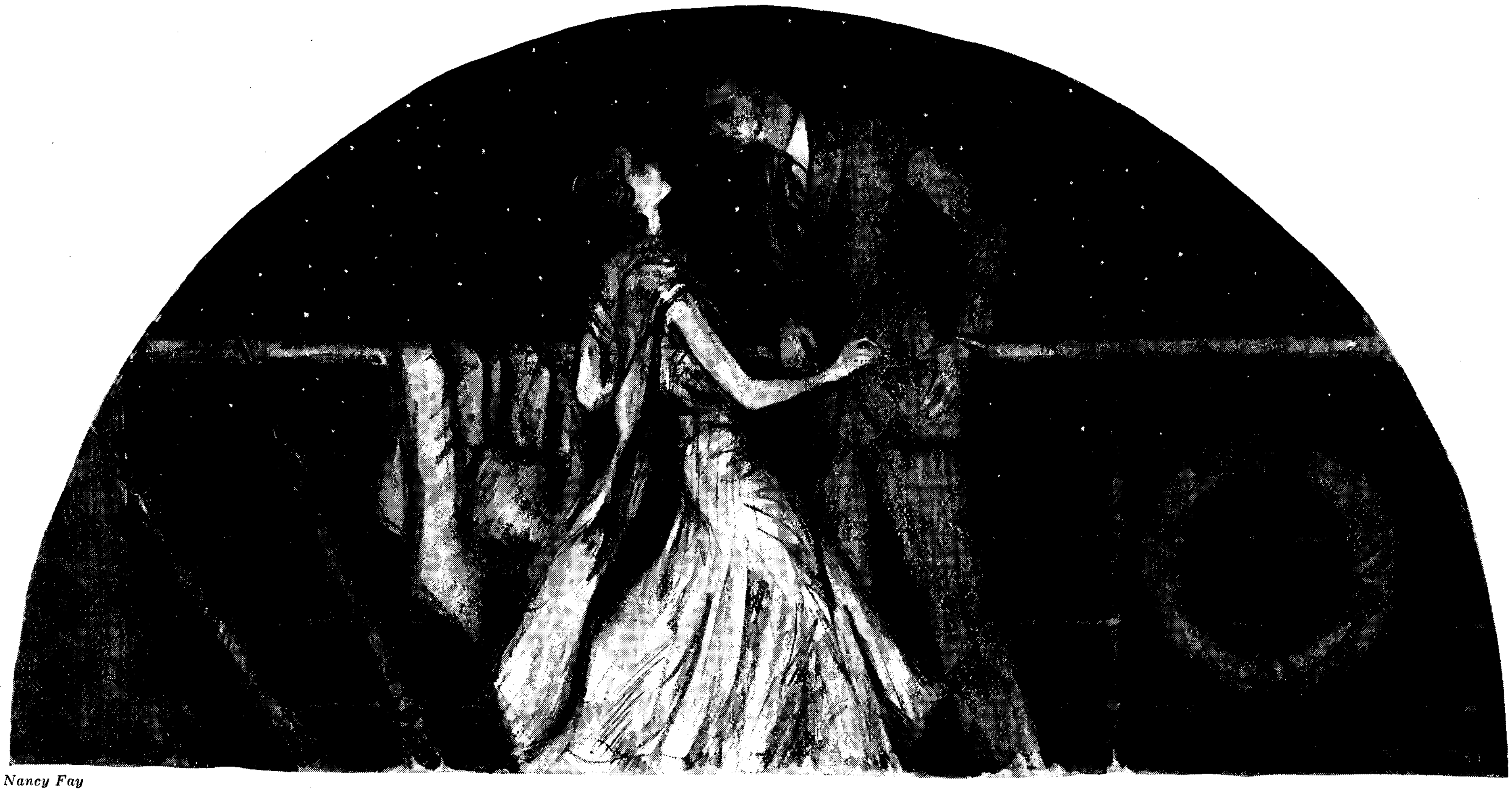
Dage picked his help carefully; but he knew better than the most learned sociologist how inherently unsound an organization of criminals must be. He lost no opportunity to impress his gang with his belief that they were in a safe, sure game, and that he meant to stay in it, with occasional incursions into wholesale hooch running of classic proportions. And while he hammered home this propaganda, he schemed for one big, quick haul, a quick get-away with no payoff, and a first-class passage to South America.

NOT that Dage had any love for the tropics; even New Orleans palled upon him. He pined for Chicago, New York, and the East, where he was known to the profession, where his talents counted, and where the things he valued most were to be had in greatest abundance. But he earnestly purposed to do what few of his persuasion ever do—abide by the dictates of his best judgment. That meant seeking residence as far as practicable from Jimmie Kirk, until a not improbable break—Dage believed he could help it to come—should remove Jimmie from the picture. How necessary Jimmie's removal was to Dage's peace and safety, only two persons could conjecture. Dage was one of them.

Meanwhile plans for the first big job rounded out rapidly. Dage had valuable connections. He was a conventional crook who paid tribute and exacted tribute as prescribed by the codes covering such matters. He knew his worth, and the relative values of others. Therefore, when he had need of help, any number of persons would come forward, sure of fair treatment and pleasant dealings. On the night set for running the first cargo of whisky through, Dage had forebodings on only one point—the staunchness of his lieutenant, Clink Moses. And of course it was too late to make substitution now.

Clink had stood by handily through tougher jobs, for smaller cuts, many times and often. But with the canny sixth sense of one continually exposed to danger, Dage sensed that something

(*Continued on page 43*)



Nancy Fay

"Phil—will you take these—give them to my mother—" She unpinned a brooch, slipped off a ring, pressed them into his hand

Above the Stars

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Wallace Irwin

THE ship lay under starlight in still Tahitian waters. Helen Bradley was about to join the last boatload of tourists, going ashore to the native dances, when impulse plucked her by the sleeve, urging her to turn back and find Phil Garnett. She and Phil were usually together in these little landing parties, and last night, as they sat out on the boat-deck, he had promised to show her what he knew of Papeete.

Where had he been keeping himself all day? she asked, hurrying along a deserted deck, and she was heavy with that responsibility which comes to some women with a knowledge of love. He had been cheerful at breakfast, but since then there had been an empty seat beside hers at the second officer's table. All day she had gone about the ship, on one pretended errand or another, furtively searching for him. He was in his cabin, playing solitaire—a steward had told her that.

Under the stars a fear got hold of Helen Bradley; the Philomena, swaying gently with the tide, seemed lonely and forlorn. Unreasonably she found herself heartsick at what he had once said—when was it?—that evening when they were steaming out of Yokohama harbor. "Louise is one thing to look forward to," he had said. "Otherwise there wouldn't be any point in keeping on with this little joke they call life."

For weeks Helen and Phil had been together intensely, as people often are inside these floating walls. Garnett had come aboard at Manila, and because the passengers on a round-the-world cruiser are a frothy lot he had been set apart as a traveler with a purpose. He was going to Panama to marry a girl he called Louise; she was the daughter of a colonel, stationed in the Canal Zone. He was taking this indirect way, touching on China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, because Louise had gone to Paris for her trousseau. He hadn't seen her for two years.

Since Helen Bradley had been a younger nurse in St. Luke's Hospital, she knew more of sick men than of well. In all Phil Garnett's fascinating, exciting talk she had sensed a troubled mind. Wasn't he sure of this girl whom he was to meet with a ring in Panama? Did he realize that two years is a long time in the calendar of love? And all these weeks Helen had been beside him, her spirit aimlessly pulled toward his under the influence of Oriental ports and of nights like this, when the stars seemed to shed a perfume of their own. . . .

AND now again she was searching the ship, urged to call his name, afraid to rouse the elfin echoes of the sea, yet eager to save him from something nameless, threatening. Then she found him on the boat-deck where a beam of light, falling across his face, showed it white as the davit under which he stood. He turned nervously when she came up to him.

"You seem to be running the ship all by yourself," she laughed rather wildly.

"Alone. Yes." Such desolation in the sound. In his look she could read the awful thing he had hinted at before. "That woman must have mauled you some way, my dearest," her heart was saying. And, "Ah, Phil, what can I do to help you?" Casually she asked, "So you decided not to go ashore?"

"There's nothing for me ashore—now." He said it quietly, but his gesture was savage as he thrust into her hand a flimsy wireless message; and under the dim light she could read, "*Married Ben today—Louise.*"

"Phil!" It was just a cry. He broke in sharply.

"You know what I told you—that night—about something to look forward to. Well, that's gone. Now I can jump, and nobody's business."

"Jump?" Dizzily she stared into the water, which had taken on the purple-black of tropic night; millions of stars strewed its surface. "We're above heaven, looking down," came her mad thought. But aloud she was arguing, "It's everybody's business, if you take your life."

"To whom does my life belong but to me?" She searched for a reply, but he went on stubbornly, "When a man's born he brings one thing into the world—his life. The only thing that's ever really his. Money, family, what-you-may-call-it—those are merely temporary loans." His face was close to hers, tense with conviction. "What becomes of my life is my affair."

"I—I can't understand you," she faltered. "Maybe because my work has taught me always to fight to save life."

"So long as a person wants his life saved, yes. But it's up to a man to decide."

"No, Phil. You owe your life to somebody—"

"Nobody. Not now."

"Suicide?" She put scorn in the word. "What a rotten dirty trick that is!"

On the shore, a mile away perhaps, lights shone on palm leaves, diamonds on black lace fans. Suddenly she looked again at the starry water. . . . "I can't swim, and neither can he," she thought.

"Whom would I cheat if I bumped off tonight?" he asked. "If a man has nothing to live for, why live? Why isn't it immoral for me to keep on with something I only hate? Why should I put it off? Why shouldn't I jump now—"

The question struck her cold, and she clamored feebly, "Phil, you know somebody'd have to interfere."

"Who'd have a right to tell me how I am to dispose of my own property?"

He snapped his cigarette through the rail; horribly the little spark whirled down, down the ship's side to join the galaxy of stars. A voice seemed to call out to her: "How can you make him want to live? How can you tell him that you love him more than the other woman ever could?"

His sudden movement toward the rail frightened her into a sort of crazy resolution:

"Phil"—her tone was curiously quiet—"you're not the only one who hasn't much to live for. Things haven't been any too easy for me. Phil—will you take these—give them to my mother—" She unpinned a brooch, slipped off a ring, pressed them into his hand.

"What for—what—Helen, what are you going to—?"

But already Helen had climbed to the top of the rail. How high it seemed—how terribly high. With one leg across, her arms over her head, she poised a second above the sheet of stars, closed her eyes. . . . It seemed an hour during which her body was falling, falling. . . .

IRON fingers had hold of her body. A broad, impatient shoulder eased her to the deck. When she opened her eyes Phil was leaning down, crazily questioning, "Helen darling, what were you trying to do? What's the matter? What in—?"

Her arms were tight around his neck and she whispered, "Kiss me first." And after that she asked, "You wouldn't let me jump, would you? You don't really think my life's my own to take—"

"Not now," he said. "It's mine. And you can't do anything foolish with it."

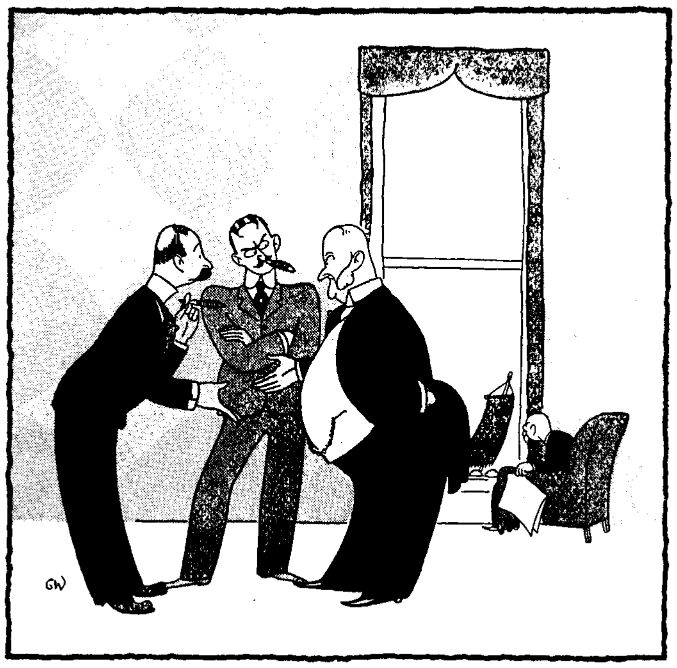
In his voice there was another note from the one she had heard when he mentioned the girl in Panama.

Go Broke, Young Man

"The least sign of capability in a candidate for public office throws a convention into such frenzy that the doctors have to be called in. A candidate's ruined who's ever earned over $15 a week or hasn't been fired five or six times for incompetence"

Uncle Henry

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams



"Durin' the equal suffrage campaigns . . . men talked about the vote in an awe-struck way . . ."

"THIS here Owen D. Young is figurin' quite a lot in the newspapers nowadays," said Mr. Stubbs. "What do you think of his chances for the Democratic nomination in 1932?"

"Hopeless," groaned Uncle Henry. "Why, 'Lonzo, the man's got a terrible record. At every point in his career he's damned by proofs of brain an' achievements. What's more, he's never been in the bankruptcy court, an' there are no mortgages an' mechanics' liens on his property. Of course, his managers might have him arrested for vagrancy, an' dig up a friendly judge who'd give him thirty days for havin' no visible means of support.

"But I'm afraid the facts of his success are too well known. Before the campaign was a week old the opposition papers would be printin' his salary, his many accomplishments an' the fact that his office didn't have a spittoon in it. Straightway the cry would rise that he was Wall Street's candidate, a Tool of the Privileged Interests, an' Democrats in the hill districts would file their teeth to a sharp edge so as to bite him good.

"William J. Bryan knew his party. When the Great Commoner brought forward any nominee other than himself, it was always some man that no tongue could possibly be raised against. As a matter of fact, oftentimes the election would come an' go without even detectives bein' able to locate Mr. Bryan's candidate or find out who he was.

No Cyclone Cellar for Him

"Owen Young's no fool, an' if they try to offer him the nomination, you're goin' to see a new world's record for the marathon. Why should he want to give up his nice comfortable home for life in a cyclone cellar, an' spend his days denyin' accusations that he takes orders from Morgan, drinks heavily, gambles in Wall Street an' finds his greatest pleasure in beatin' his missus?

"We're a funny race. Inasmuch as the people's business is many times bigger than any private business, you'd think that we'd be at pains to elect the best men to run our cities, states an' nation. On the contrary, the least sign of capability in a candidate for public office throws a convention into such frenzy that the doctors have to be called in. The ideal gubernatorial timber is dead wood. A candidate's ruined who's ever earned over $15 a week or hasn't been fired five or six times for incompetence.

"About the only chance I see for Owen Young to get more'n a handful of votes, if he's foolish enough to run for President, is his bein' turned down for the Board of Regents the other day in his own home state of New York. The Board of Regents, 'Lonzo, is a sittin' of school directors who are supposed to see that the public schools of the state are run for the benefit of the children and not the book-publishers. Anyway, the Republicans, holdin' an indignant majority in the legislature, come near swoonin' when they heard the Democrats were offerin' this man Young with all his degrees, most of which are away up above zero. So they put down this un-American plot by selectin' a gentleman from Syracuse that they never heard of. Bein' turned down for school director ought to make him thousands of votes, 'Lonzo, if he runs for President.

"The Republicans are bad enough, but Democrats actually look upon work of any kind as proper cause for turnin' a man down.

"A city like Chicago shows a larger capital investment than the Steel Trusts, but Big Bill Thompson was elected for no other reason than that he pledged himself to end Great Britain's control of Cook County's public schools, an' defeat King George's dastardly attempt to annex the Lake Front. An' look what he's done to Chicago! Even the president-elect of Mexico was afraid to go through.

"The United States is the largest corporation in the world, but when it comes to electin' congressmen, the one condition imposed is that the candidate shall have no greater business experience than negotiatin' the purchase of a five-cent cigar or buyin' a sponge for his celluloid shirt.

"No wonder that public business suffers by comparison with private business. When a big corporation starts huntin' around for a head, you don't find the executive committee holdin' oratorical competitions, an' votin' unanimously for some bull-throated gent who can tell you all about Abraham Lincoln an' Andrew Jackson, but has to have a committee lead him inside when it begins to rain.

"Henry Ford is almost as great a business genius as he thinks he is, but even stomach pumps can't get more than five words out of him at a time. As a consequence, Henry wouldn't stand a chance if he ran for office against some man whose qualification was his ability to suck all the poison out of a Fourth of July oration.

They Don't Think Now

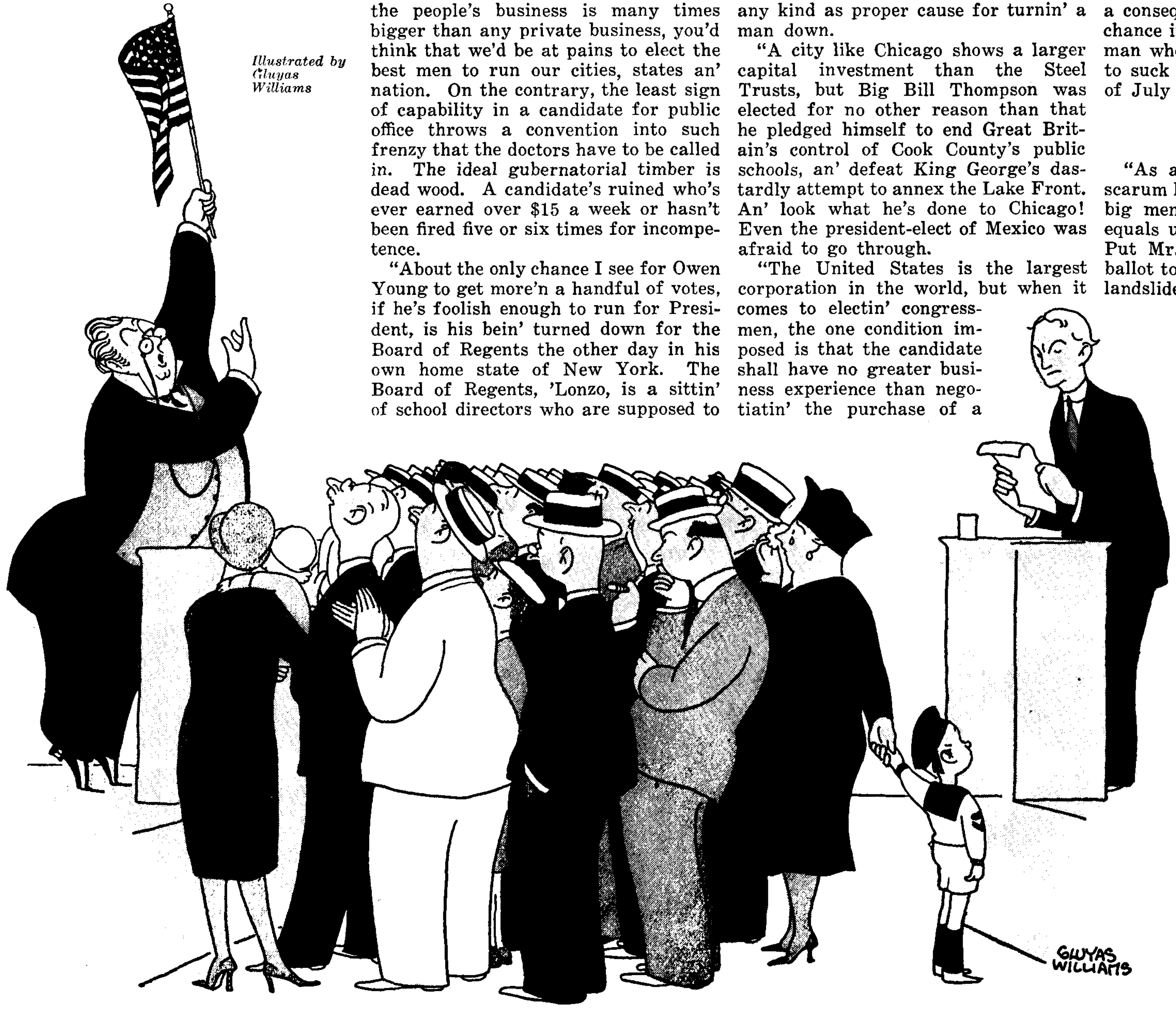
"As a usual thing, we're a harum-scarum lot, but when it comes to keepin' big men out of public office, no race equals us in grim tenacity of purpose. Put Mr. Bungle, Mutt or Jeff on the ballot tomorrow, an' I'll bet you'll see a landslide for 'em. Don't you remember when the sovereign state of Oklahoma stopped firin' governors long enough to elect Andy Gump to the legislature?

"Durin' the equal suffrage campaigns, when women were howlin' for the ballot, men talked about the vote in an awe-struck way, givin' the idea that the exercise of the franchise right called for intellectual capacity of the highest order. Females weren't fit to go to the polls because they wouldn't sit up nights makin' a profound study of the candidates an' issues.

"Well, there may have been a time when men thought about their votes, but it's a shame that's been lived down. A ballot might be one of those coupons that you get with a cake of soap or a pound of tea for all the importance we attach to it."

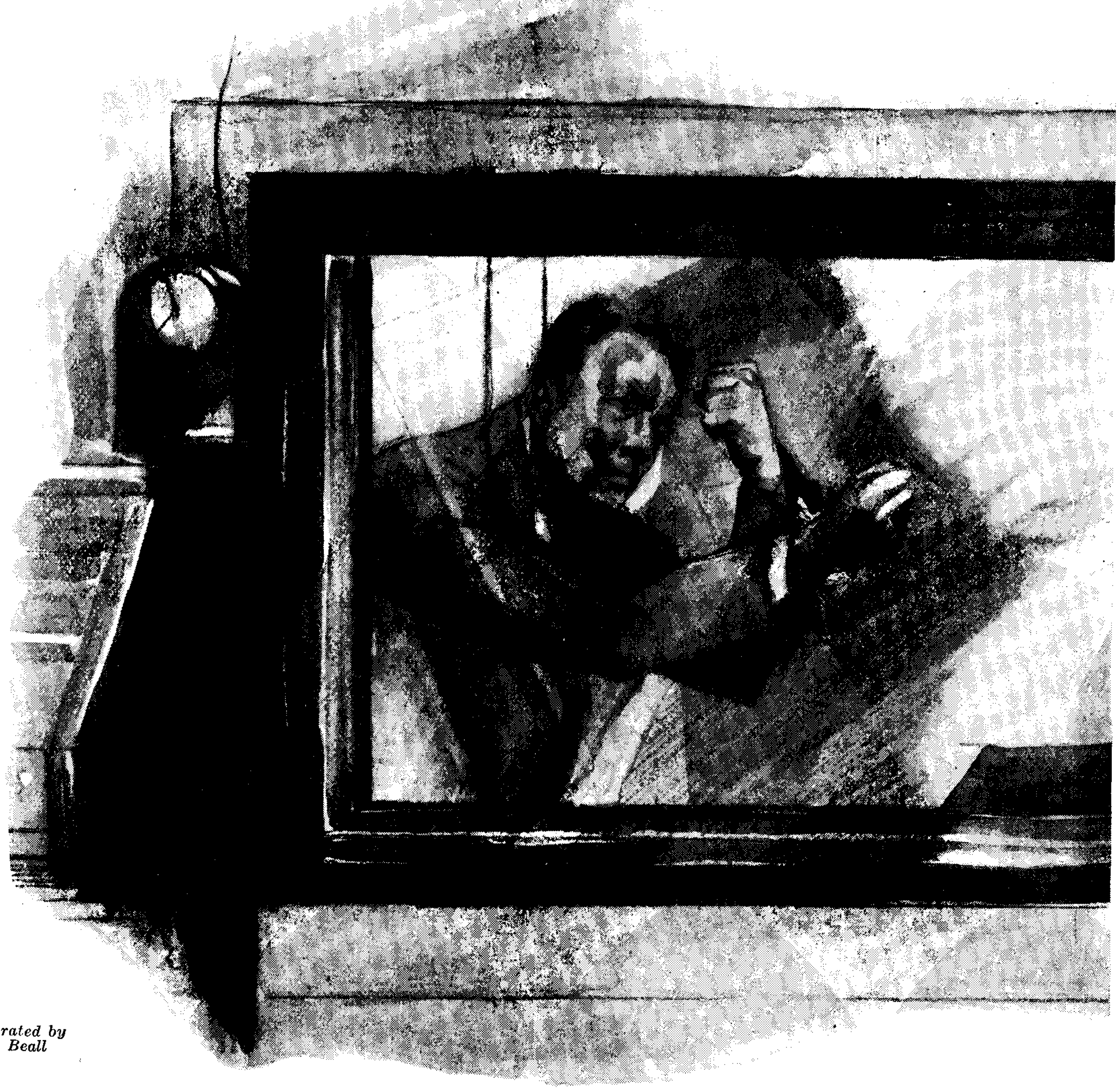
"It all comes of equal suffrage," muttered Mr. Stubbs. "That's what's played hob with us."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "where women are concerned, we act like the vote was a seat in the street car, somethin' to be given up whenever a lady enters."



"Henry wouldn't stand a chance if he ran against some man with the ability to suck all the poison from a Fourth of July oration"

Tune in on this one—
a microphonic comedy,
with love in a leading rôle



Illustrated by
C. C. Beall

Isis was a Queen

"WHY is it?" the young man with red, curly hair asked the beautiful hostess on the fourth floor. "Just why don't I get a break in some of these important hours?" The beautiful hostess patted chestnut locks into place, gazed at the sullen boyish face, her eyes coolly gray and coolly doubtful, then toyed with a brass-faced desk plate bearing her name—"Miss Morley."

"Why don't you sell yourself?" she replied, shrewdly.

"Sell myself!" the red-head exploded. He checked for a moment a torrential reply, while Miss Morley gravely nodded direction ahead to a flustered Italian cellist inquiring for Studio C.

The red-head loosed the torrent.

"How can a guy sell himself when he don't get a chance? I put on a pair of big-muscle boys in the morning and a cook-book clown for afternoon class, then all I do the rest of the time is holler local station calls like a brakeman and smack out the correct time on a gong. I don't need a voice to be an announcer. All I need is a wrist."

He paused for breath. He needed a little, for what he acquired was quickly dispelled by the next remark of the charming hostess.

"Well," she said, "calling trains can be a career."

She could see she had hurt him. The vexed smile with which she followed his gangling figure on its passage towards a black door marked "Announcers Only" implied that she meant to hurt him because he needed it.

The young man—who was known infrequently to a very scattered public of calisthenics zealots and recipe fans as "Your announcer, Jeremiah Flanagan"—sat in umbrage. The staff dressing-room was unoccupied save for Mr. Flanagan, twin lines of lockers, a mail-rack, a writing desk and a mirror-doored wardrobe. All of the holes in the mail-rack contained letters in varying numbers. Mr. Flanagan's niche contained two missives, one from a baker in Wilmington who wanted to know if the early morning athlete really did the exercises he broadcast. The other letter was an exact copy of about eleven hundred others mailed by Messrs. Zimmelbrig and Murphy, ranking tailors in the largest loft building on East Eleventh Street.

Flanagan crumpled and tossed them violently away. He stared balefully at the stacked overflow of mail awaiting the station's most popular announcer. Eyes front to a window that showed on a hustling, heedless street, he exclaimed:

"I'm as good as that bum, any day!"

"Of course you are," came a pleasant baritone crow from the door, which had opened and closed during Mr. Flanagan's meditation. The gentleman was chunky, smiling Grantham Harvey, bubbling with banter and near-wit, smartest, best liked and decidedly not the best of announcers.

Mr. Flanagan was a study in lanky confusion. Harvey, still smiling, always smiling, strode to the mail-rack, grabbed his copious supply, riffled the envelopes, sniffed the perfume of some, rapidly rejected others while Flanagan, fascinated, said nothing.

Until Harvey looked up, reached to a hip pocket, produced a staggering flask of applejack and invited:

"Take a hooker, old pal. Good for the tonsils."

"I never drink, thanks," said Flanagan.

"Never do," rattled Harvey, still smiling, "unless you get a chance to drink this. When it's apple-blossom time in Hoboken it means applejack for me. Santé!"

Harvey swigged. Automatically, perhaps guided by instinct, Jeremiah Flanagan reached a long arm and possessed the flask. He, too, took a swig.

"Attaboy," piped Grantham Harvey in his breeziest expletive. "That's the stuff they train rabbits to fight mountain lions on."

As the gentlemen discarded street attire and thrust themselves into the evening uniform of staff announcers—neatly pressed tuxedos provided by the studio and passably laundered shirts provided by themselves—the flask shuttled between them. Tying a swell bow before the full-length mirror that was hardly long enough for him, Flanagan, cheeks almost as bright as his hair, uncorked his conscience:

"That was you I was calling a bum, Grantham, when you came in."

"Not really," said Harvey, still smiling.

"Yeh, I was sore because they don't give me one of the big hours to announce and I don't get any mail—only nut letters and circulars."

"Thank 'em for those and watch it grow," said Harvey, and as he took another jovial swig the door opened for a running backfield of announcers. They seemed to be serious young men, burdened with the responsibility of projecting their personalities into millions of ears every night, every day, every minute.

"HARVEY," said one of their number, who by an extra touch of corpulence and gravity announced himself nonvocally as their supervisor, "they're after you for the Isis Hour."

"They've tried all of us—and they want you," a less imposing herald put in.

"They haven't tried me—yet," complained Mr. Flanagan.

He was rewarded with momentary interest.

"What's the job worth?" asked practical Mr. Harvey.

"Not a dime—not a dime."

Mr. Harvey laughed—not gaily, unless the laugh of Shylock finding his pound of flesh had been weighed on gyp scales by a blind man could be called gay.

"Then they can have the janitor for all I care," Harvey laughed.

But as his chunky figure moved down the corridor beside his colleague Flanagan, Miss Morley, watchful at her post, beckoned.

"You're wanted upstairs," she said.

"Who, me?" burst Flanagan—and she spotted ardor in his eyes and suspected what had caused it.

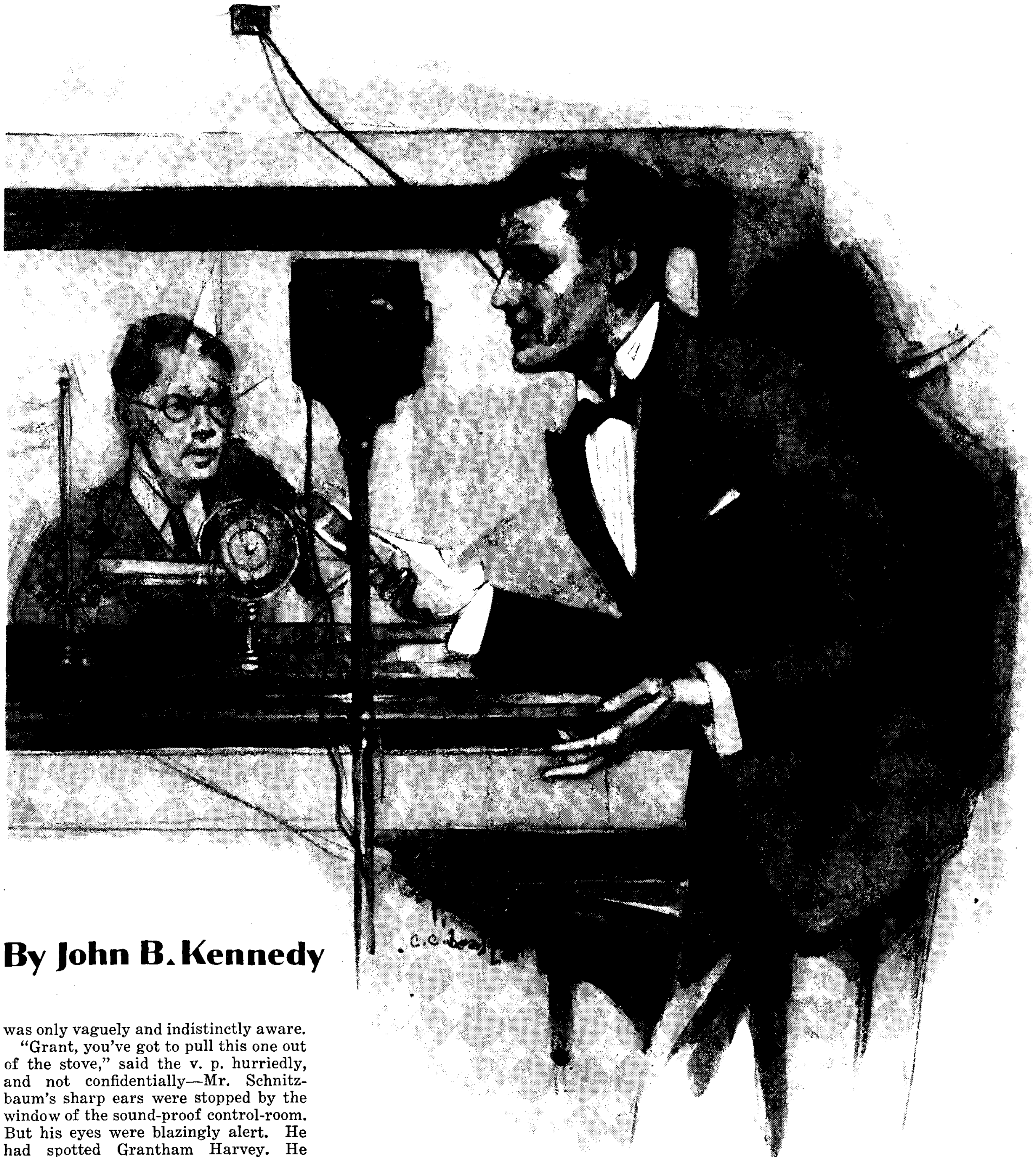
"No, Mr. Harvey," she said.

"None the less," Harvey inserted, "come along, Jerry, and I'll show you how to fool 'em."

"You bet," chirped Mr. Flanagan.

"He's improving already," Miss Morley reflected—noting particularly the resolute pound of footsteps and the lively tone of voice.

In an audition studio were packed a score of musicians, a batch of mixed vocalists and almost a score of company executives. The head of this hierarchy of contact men, account executives, production managers, continuity writers and acoustic engineers was a stout young vice-president with brisk voice and eyes. He appeared visibly worried by a shadow—separated from him by glass. The shadow was that of a paunchy, bald man, Mr. Schnitzbaum, owner and absolute master of the destinies of Isis Caramels, whose slogan—Cling to the memory, not to the teeth—had been pounded into the eardrums of radio listeners for six solid months. As this demands an explanation of the vice-president's dismay, let him explain—as he did to Grantham Harvey, beckoning him to one side; which did not please Jeremiah Flanagan, of whose presence or existence the vice-president



At the final announcement, he poured out all the beauty in his system: "Isis, golden beauty of a golden age, gives her seductive name to this famous sweetmeat. Isis . . ."

By John B. Kennedy

was only vaguely and indistinctly aware.

"Grant, you've got to pull this one out of the stove," said the v. p. hurriedly, and not confidentially—Mr. Schnitzbaum's sharp ears were stopped by the window of the sound-proof control-room. But his eyes were blazingly alert. He had spotted Grantham Harvey. He gestured.

"You've got to announce this Isis Hour, Grant," pursued the v. p. "Schnitzbaum's a tough bird. He won't stand for anybody else. He's tried 'em all."

"All but me," thrust in Mr. Flanagan, seething with cordial applejack.

"Yeh," said Harvey, brightly. "Give Jerry Flanagan a chance."

"Who's Jerry Flanagan?" asked the v. p.

"That's me," blurted Jerry ahead of Harvey's smiling nod.

"WHAT do you do here, Jerry?" asked the vice-president. It was part of his technique to call all help and all customers by their first names when he could catch them, "old man" when he couldn't.

"I put on the up-and-at-'em exercises in the morning and Mrs. Mordecai's recipes in the afternoon—and I tell the time in between."

"O. K.," said the v. p. "You can tell the time on the Isis Caramel Hour"—Flanagan glowed—"between continuity by Harvey."

Flanagan turned on his heel and stalked away in anger. On second thought, he turned again, determined to risk everything with a demand on the v. p. that he get a shot at a real hour. Upon refusal of that demand it was his intention to sock the v. p. on his cool blue jaw and hang the consequences.

But the vice-president and Grantham Harvey were already in a semaphoric huddle with Mr. Schnitzbaum, whose voice pealed in protest. Standing by, Flanagan heard, first, the vice-president assent, then Harvey. Disgusted, he quit the scene.

He was stopped at the information desk by the bright-eyed hostess.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Wouldn't you know?" he barked. "Harvey gets it, of course."

"I told you to sell yourself—why didn't you?"

Mr. Flanagan's face was a study in scarlet.

"I horned in and told 'em I was there—and that pot-bellied bird what's his name—"

"You mean Mr. Manton, the vice-president—"

"He said I should give station locals while Harvey did the announcing. For two bits I'd bounce my fist on his chin."

The fist smacked emphatically on the desk, and to Flanagan's surprise a small, cool hand covered it warningly.

A voice broke on them, the blandly breezy voice of Vice-President Manton.

"Jerry," said he, and Flanagan's anger fled as rapidly as it had arisen. "Do me a personal favor. Give the locals during the Isis hour for Grant Harvey, will you?"

Somehow Miss Morley managed to press Flanagan's fist without being observed by Mr. Manton.

"Yes, sir," said Flanagan as if from a distance.

"All set," said Mr. Manton. He beamed at Miss Morley between cigar puffs, while Mr. Flanagan leaned on the desk with dignity.

"Miss Morley," said Mr. Manton, "please notify the continuity that the Isis Hour locals will be given by Mr. Mulligan."

"Flanagan," Miss Morley corrected.

Vice-President Manton had hurried along, smiling cheerily. Flanagan stared after him and, after a few moments of frozen anger, turned blank eyes on Miss Morley.

"See!" he declaimed. "That guy puts me down as a human alarm clock, and he doesn't even know what make."

MISS MORLEY glanced carefully all about her and saw that nobody was in earshot. A knot of aggressive fans pressed against the gallery window of a studio on her floor level, listening to the bleatings of a baritone through a loud speaker. Otherwise nobody was in sight but Mr. Jeremiah Flanagan. His rawboned fist was still beneath her hand. She lifted it and in a happy minute for Mr. Flanagan she gazed steadily into his eyes.

"I've been here three months, a bit more," she said in a soft, seductive subtone.

"I thought you'd only come a week or two ago," said Mr. Flanagan.

"I'm not surprised at your thinking that," said Miss Morley. "But I don't mind."

Mr. Flanagan stared blankly. The applejack was wearing off. He was less militant, more puzzled.

"All the time I've been here," Miss Morley pursued, "I've been hoping you'd get a chance to do something big, Jerry. You've got it—now."

Instinctively suspicious that he was being kidded, Jeremiah Flanagan held up a warning hand.

"Don't string me," he growled. "This is just clock-punching, same as all my jobs around here. To hell with it."

Miss Morley did not look at him so much as examine him. Her subsequent smile was motherly, and practical.

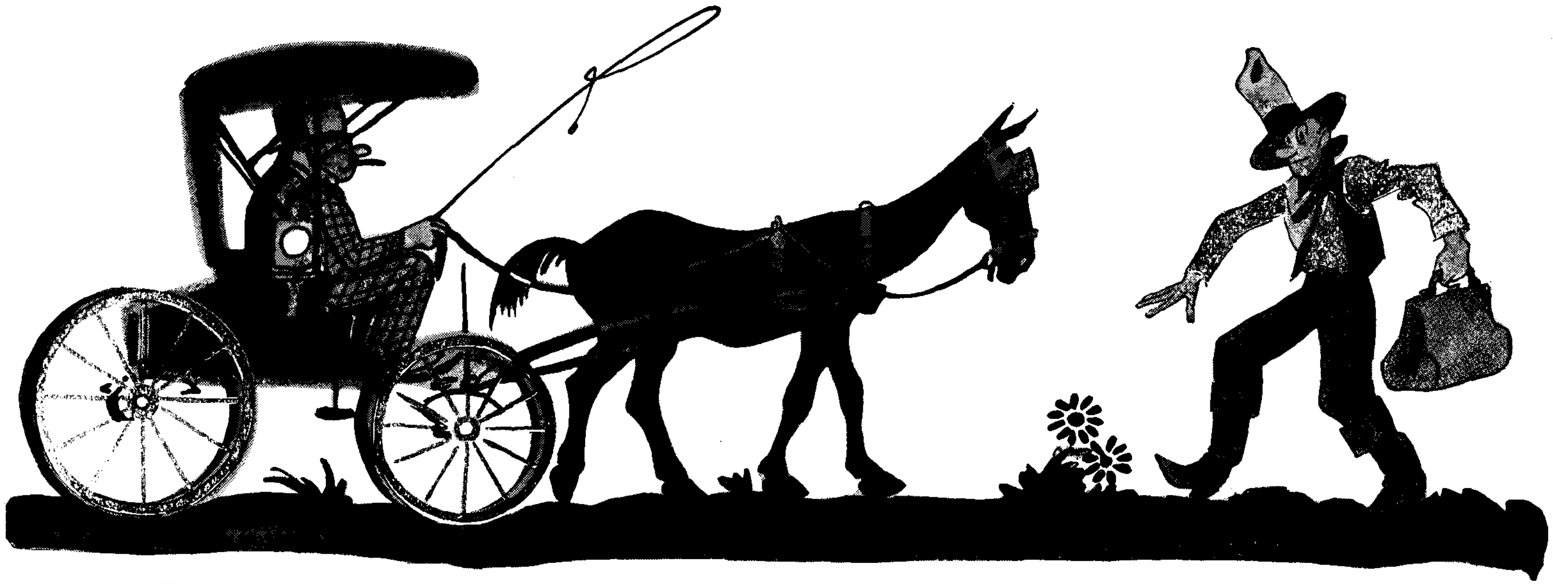
"Jerry," she said pointedly, "you couldn't get a better break. You're in an hour with Grant Harvey. Let him do his stuff any way he pleases, but you do yours better than you've done anything in your life."

Her interest aroused sparks of interest in him.

"But what is there to do besides holler the time?" he objected.

"All right—holler it with all you've got. Make everybody realize that you're doing it and nobody else."

(*Continued on page 71*)



Yessir, along comes Jim with a deep-furrow stride and a full set of Texas Panhandle clothes. He carries a satchel

Relieving the Farmer

This is how it was done. Big joint and the country send, those two important money-makers in the confidence man's bag of tricks, are here described in detail by one who for many years exercised his very considerable talents in those subtle diversions. The names, we might add, are highly fictitious

By Walter Davenport and Al Burgess

NOW that I'm setting down the facts concerning my larcenous past—which I devoted to dredging reluctant dollars out of the pockets of my countrymen by means of gold bricks, marked cards and such blood-stirring pastimes as eight-die cloth, the country send, top and bottom, and similar appeals to avarice—I take advantage of the opportunity to say a few good words for Jethro.

Not to deceive the reader, Jethro was my horse. Also he is dead. He was an elderly animal even in those late eighties when Jim Sturgiss, Elegant Ed Campbell, Greasy Bob Terry, Jethro and I were crossroading with the circus through the Middle West and selected portions of the South, arousing the greed, cupidity and rapacity of the citizenry by means of a game called "big joint."

Jethro would have anticipated this. You can't tell me that horse couldn't read. I don't guess Jim, Ed, Bob and I ever made a move intended to be cunning, that Jethro didn't have a disparaging opinion. Why, I've seen that horse let go of a smile that was almost a clap of laughter and I've seen him look as bored as a schoolboy at prayer meeting—depending on how we boys were progressing in our operations on a leading citizen. I finally had to put blinders on Jethro to keep his eyes from following and mocking us, and many's the time Jim said he was truly grateful Jethro couldn't talk. Jim didn't like Jethro although appreciating his equine talents.

"He'd have more disparagin' things to say than a defrauded preacher," Jim said. "When man or beast looks at me like that hoss does he don't need no spoken language for me to understand what he's thinkin'. That hoss figgers I'm an idjut."

Jethro got so used to big joint that he could pick a ripe customer right off the vine. I ain't exaggerating. I have driven Jethro into a country town on a morning when my spirits were so low a well-driller couldn't have touched bottom in a month, and seen that intelligent animal stop plumb in front of a sucker whilst the reins were dangling loose on his ribs. What I mean, I didn't have a thing to do with locating the customer at all—just sitting in the buggy pondering on life, and Jethro looking over the bewhiskered populace, knowing that oats cost money.

Yessir, that horse was what is known as invaluable and I hope the reward he's gone to is rich and enduring, because as a boy I learned that faithful service and attention to details ought to get paid for in the end with the fat of the land. Yessir.

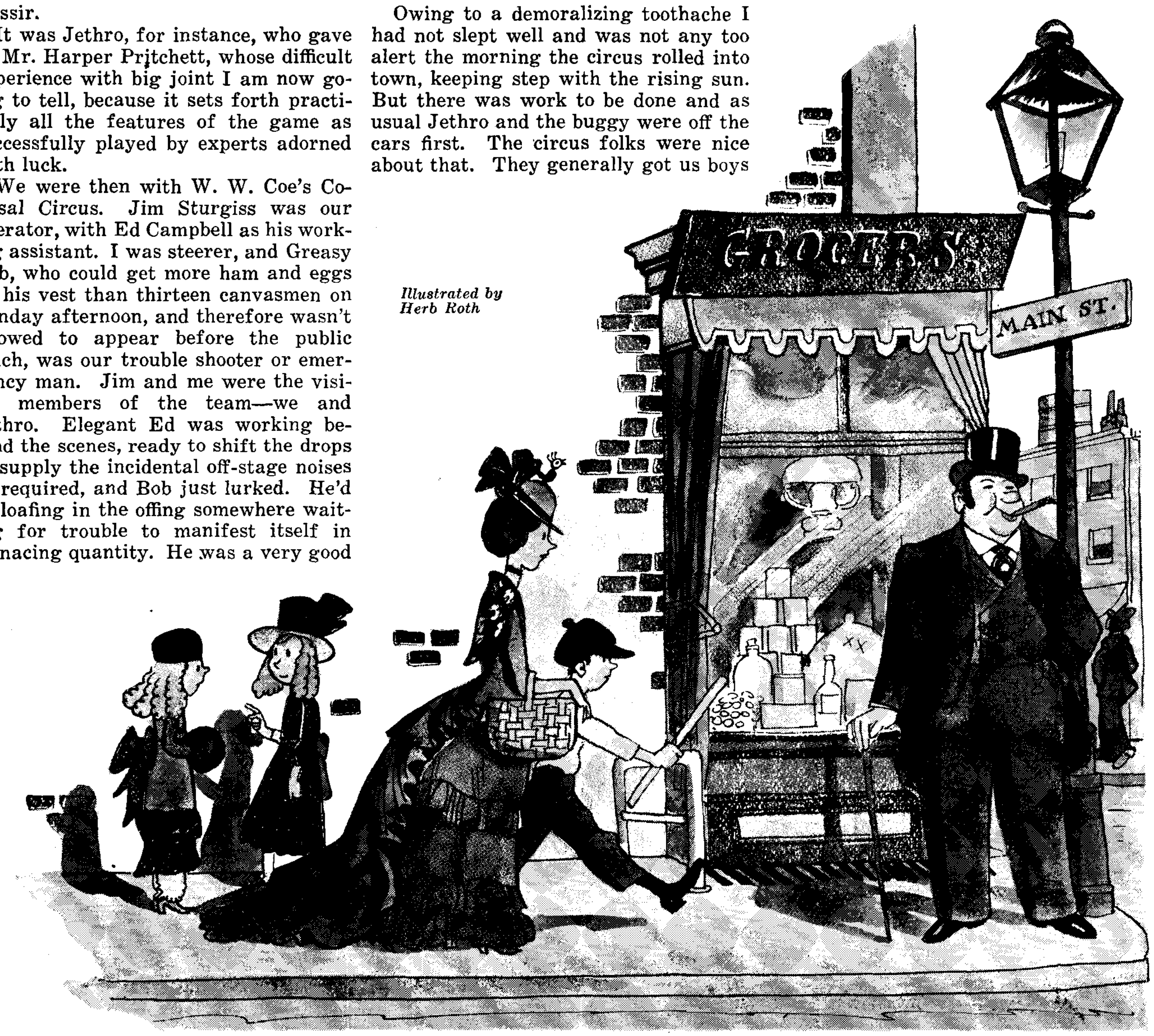
It was Jethro, for instance, who gave us Mr. Harper Pritchett, whose difficult experience with big joint I am now going to tell, because it sets forth practically all the features of the game as successfully played by experts adorned with luck.

We were then with W. W. Coe's Colossal Circus. Jim Sturgiss was our operator, with Ed Campbell as his working assistant. I was steerer, and Greasy Bob, who could get more ham and eggs on his vest than thirteen canvasmen on Sunday afternoon, and therefore wasn't allowed to appear before the public much, was our trouble shooter or emergency man. Jim and me were the visible members of the team—we and Jethro. Elegant Ed was working behind the scenes, ready to shift the drops or supply the incidental off-stage noises as required, and Bob just lurked. He'd be loafing in the offing somewhere waiting for trouble to manifest itself in menacing quantity. He was a very good man in times of strife when appearances did not count.

Owing to a demoralizing toothache I had not slept well and was not any too alert the morning the circus rolled into town, keeping step with the rising sun. But there was work to be done and as usual Jethro and the buggy were off the cars first. The circus folks were nice about that. They generally got us boys off first so's we could be about our business whilst they were raising the big top and clearing their throats. Besides they got up to thirty-five per cent of the loot, making up many's the deficit.

With my toothache well in hand, I hitched up Jethro and drove into the town, feeling as if the world and I were about to come smack to the parting of the ways. I was bound for the general neighborhood of the bank, where, experience had taught me, a community's responsible men would be likely to gather around about opening time.

But I did not get that far on this eventful morning. I don't recall just



Illustrated by Herb Roth

Old Jethro veered over toward the curb and came to a halt right in front of a what the location was but I do know that without me saying a word or taking up the slack in the reins, old Jethro veered over toward the curb and came to a halt right in front of a large gentleman in the sober garments of a merchant-elder of a prosperous church. He had a large, cultivated stomach under a horsehair vest festooned with a very large watch chain. He also wore a pair of congress gaiters stretched considerable at the tops.

It was what we know as a teetering moment. Knowing Jethro as I did, I knew the old boy had seen something that I had missed. I knew too, that a good steerer never speaks to the customer first. Let the sucker holler for it, was always my motto.

Of course I did not know this gentleman was a sucker; but there was old Jethro with his head hanging low and his eyes contemplating the lack of paving. I could see he hadn't stopped just to ease his feet. At that moment that horse was bulging with oats and guile.

"Well, Jethro," I said to him by way of interesting the gentleman on the curb, "if you have any complaint to make let's hear it. I got a lot of business to do; and if you don't feel up to it, guess I'll have to walk."

"Guess that horse of yours knows the town's sort of taking a day off," said the gentleman, who turned out to be a Mr. Harper Pritchett, a prosperous hardware dealer in that thriving town. "Animals get to know things somehow."

Throwing Out the Line

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said. "Maybe I ought to have known better than to come over to Bangor today. Can't do much business with the circus in town."

"Where you from?" asked Mr. Pritchett.

"Corbin," I said, having provided myself with certain facts about Corbin, which was fifteen miles away—a nice buggy ride from Bangor—facts which included the name of an outstanding citizen and some information about his family. "My name's Wells."

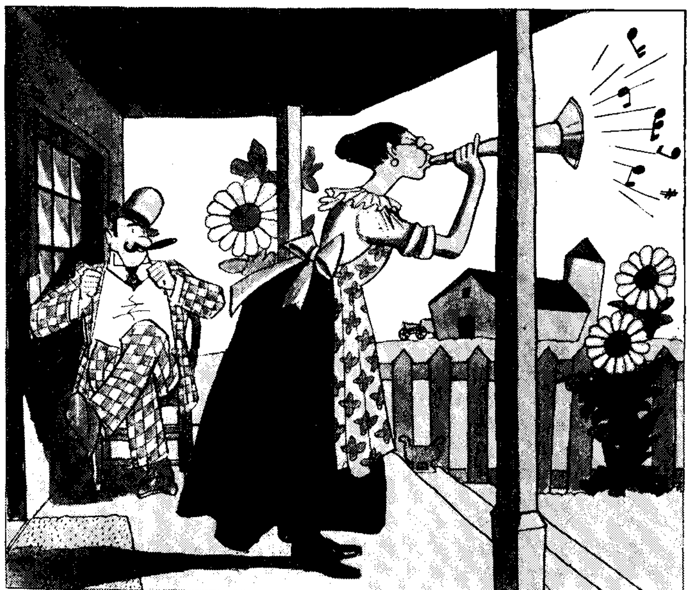
"Mine's Pritchett," said he. "You any kin to Plympton Wells?"

"Brother," I admitted, knowing Plympton Wells was safe in Corbin. "Well, Mr. Pritchett," I said, "I don't know as I'm so sorry about this circus day or not. Guess I'll have to defer my business here in Bangor on account of it, but the whole day ain't lost at that. Fact is, there's nothing I like better than a circus. Specially seeing them raise the tent and the like." And I began to cluck at Jethro who, being a knowing beast, paid no attention.

"Mr. Wells," said the gentleman, grinning, "it's the same here. Do you know what I was doing standing here? Well, sir, I was just contemplating and wondering if I could afford the time to go down to the grounds and see that circus unloading and setting itself up. I haven't done that for years, sir."

I wish here to call attention to the fact that I do not say that at this point Jethro turned his face upon me and smirked. I do not say it because Jethro didn't do so. Neither did he leer nor give other expression to his feelings when Mr. Pritchett climbed into the buggy bent upon going down to the circus lot with me. But you can't tell me that horse wasn't thinking thoughts. At a word from me and a gathering up of the reins, old Jethro moped around and headed home. He knew.

Now Mr. Pritchett and I were enjoying a comfortable morning asking questions of the elephant men, the canvas men, and holding neighborly conversations with the freaks, all of them knowing me like the backs of their hands but not letting on, of course. In my time I must have shaken hands with Gilbert Murgatroyd a thousand times and every time I felt like busting him on the jaw. He was our bearded lady and had a hand like a bear trap. He'd take hold of my hand while I was chaperoning a customer and reduce it to a shapeless bundle of flesh and bone. Thought he was being funny. But maybe it was because I put too much accent on his circus name, which was Lily.



With that she got out a horn and gave it a couple of blasts, and told me to sit down and rest myself

While Mr. Pritchett and I were discussing the delights of the circus, Jim Sturgiss approached and, as you may readily believe, the peeling of Mr. Pritchett commenced almost at once. After remarking on the extra quality of the day and the beauty of the country, Jim asked us if we lived in Bangor.

"No, sir," I said, "not both of us. I come from Corbin but Mr. Pritchett here is a native of this town."

The Boob Bait

"Well, gentlemen," said Jim, "I am here advertising a concern which is introducing a line of first-class household equipment and labor-saving devices of a superior sort. I have come here, I do not mind saying, to take advantage of the circus crowd. I am distributing the wares of this concern, gentlemen, and experience has shown me that it saves time to follow the circus because I get all the best citizens in one great crowd thereby. Would you gentlemen care to step into my tent here and look over my line?"

In Jim's tent we behold a show case full of household merchandise such as clocks, silverware, including table utensils, napkin rings, cruet stands, cake dishes, decorated bowls and so forth.

"Gentlemen," says he, "I am giving these goods away, in a manner of speaking. But experience has taught me that humanity sets little store by things they get free. There is not a piece of merchandise in that case worth less than five dollars but I let them go for fifty cents. For the small sum of a half-dollar, gentlemen, you put your hand into this box and draw out an envelope. In each envelope there is a number. Each number entitles you to a piece of merchandise worth at least five dollars in currency. That, gentlemen, is to the general public. Of gentlemen like you two, I ask nothing. Will you, sir," says Jim, turning to me, "select a piece of this splendid household equipment which I gladly present to you two gentlemen?"

"Well, sir," I said, "I am funny in some ways. I thank you kindly for your offer but my motto is pay fair and play fair, so if it's all the same to you I will put my hand in that box yonder and draw forth an envelope and abide by the number it contains. Here, sir, is fifty cents for the privilege."

"Have it your own way, sir," says Jim.

"Congratulations," says Jim when he sees the number I have drawn, "let me present you with this elegant onyx clock, fit for the President's own mantelpiece. Full Swiss works and gold plated and porcelain face. If you have no use for that clock, sir, I will take it off your hands for five dollars."

"There is not a room in my home in Corbin," said I, "that ain't got at least one clock in it. Thank you for your offer. I will take the five dollars."

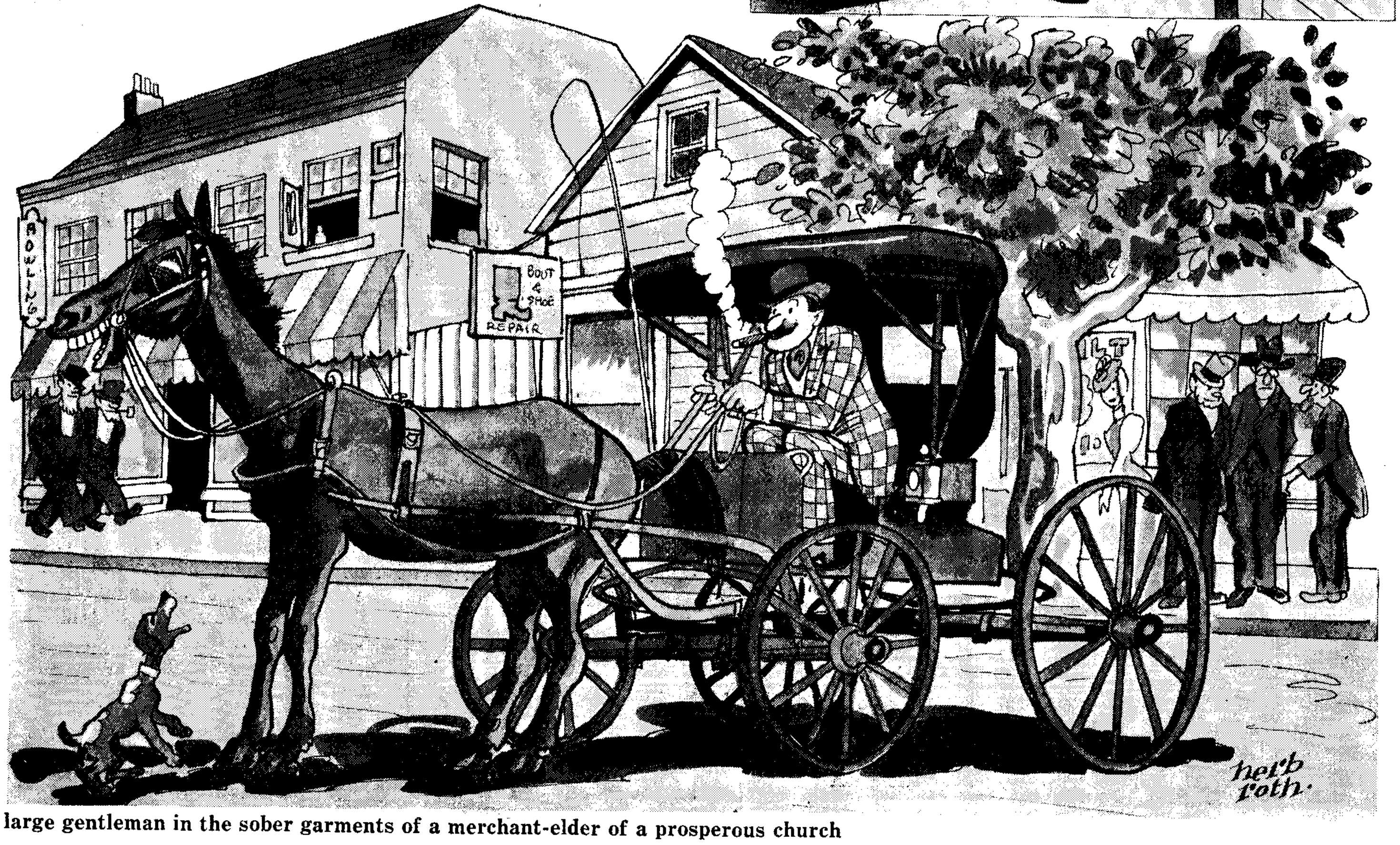
"In this business," says Jim, extracting a five-dollar bill from his roll, "I have to be very sure I am not dealing with triflers. I must be very sure that I am not giving something to a man whose word of mouth advertising will not be taken seriously. For instance, I always have to be sure that the gentleman to whom I give away these prizes and money is able to match me dollar for dollar. In other words, sir," says Jim to me, "can you show me five dollars? If you do I shall hand you this five-dollar bill. No offense, no offense. Merely my safeguard against idle triflers."

The Clincher

I showed him a five-dollar bill and true to his word he presented me with a five-dollar bill. And then Mr. Pritchett asked to be allowed to draw a number, winking at me slyly. He drew. He lifted the flap of the envelope and pulled the card halfway out. And there he was interrupted by a shout from Jim, who seizes the card, envelope and all, but does not pull the card all the way out.

"Eleven," cries Jim, pointing to two vertical lines appearing on the card. "Eleven. The capital prize. Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Pritchett. You have drawn eleven—the capital prize. It is a diamond-studded ladies' watch, eighteen-carat gold, twenty-two

(Continued on page 50)



large gentleman in the sober garments of a merchant-elder of a prosperous church

Connie Mack, the grand old man of baseball, had a peculiar habit of breaking up a team after it had won several pennants—but in view of the results maybe it was more practical than peculiar

King of Diamonds

By Grantland Rice

Wide World

Connie never wanted to be a guardian or night watchman for any ball player

THE old brotherhood war of baseball broke out just forty years ago. Among the leaders of the revolting players who were fighting for their rights were King Kelly, Buck Ewing, Dan Brouthers, John Montgomery Ward, John K. Tener, Charlie Comiskey, Latham, Gore, Keefe, Ed Delehanty, Ned Hanlon and a young catcher named Connie Mack.

Most of these old-timers are dead. Of the few survivors only a scattered minority is still connected with baseball. But one of them is still managing the ball club that won the world series championship last fall and is picked to win again this year.

When the Bok committee awarded Connie Mack the prize of $10,000 for contributing more to Philadelphia than any other citizen in the year 1929, the principal reason given was that he had won the American League pennant and the world's championship for his city. But the main reason actually was that Connie Mack was Connie Mack.

This tall, grizzled, keen-eyed, kindly faced man is one of the great characters of baseball and all sport—the greatest in many ways. Early in his career he had gathered in much of baseball's fame and glory. Then on beyond his fiftieth year he dropped from the pinnacle to the depths and for fifteen years, without a complaint or an alibi, he fought to come back.

In the days when slave drivers, tongue lashers and scrappy spirits were supposed to make ideal managers, Connie Mack stuck to his method of friendly guidance as far as he could make it go. And when it would not work he simply let the offending player go and try his luck somewhere else.

A Baseball Mechanic

I recall talking with Eddie Collins about Connie Mack nearly twenty years ago when the Athletics were sweeping through the league. "What system does Mack use," I asked Eddie, "to keep his ball club under such perfect control?"

"He leaves a lot of that to his team," Collins answered. "He lets us know that any fellow who breaks the rules or lies down on the job is hurting the entire team and so it's up to us to help protect our own interests. Connie never wanted to be a night watchman or a guardian for any ball player. If anyone starts throwing down the club he hears from the rest of us. If that doesn't work, then he will hear from Connie. And the chances are he won't be around long."

From the start Connie Mack built upon one of the greatest of all sport's foundations, and that was unostentatious sportsmanship. Some may brag about their honesty and proclaim their sportsmanship. To Mack, sportsmanship was always an inherent quality—something to be taken for granted as part of the game.

The question has been often asked, why Connie broke up and scattered his old machine after it had won four pennants between 1910 and 1914. There were several reasons. In the first place, the Athletics' leader previously had broken up *another* pennant-winning combination and had come through with an even greater team in the next two or three years. He got a real kick out of rebuilding a team.

In addition to this, his old Athletic machine always had lacked color and crowd appeal. When he won the pennant in 1914 his team drew fewer spectators than Detroit had drawn in fourth place.

Just at that time, also, the flame of the World War was high against the sky and many expensive players were demanding more money. It was not that money ever ruled Connie Mack's destiny. He proved that when he let Cobb and Speaker write their own contracts although both were near the end of the trail.

Despite its greatness, for five years this team had made almost no money at all for the club. And he knew they would draw no better on the down-grade, as they were then about ready to slip. But he had no idea that he would have to wait fifteen years to get another winning team. His pride received a deadly thrust, but his pride still kept him in the fight. He had good ball players, but he could not get the combination that would click.

Connie seems to be austere and unworried. But when a game is in progress there is no manager who feels greater emotional tension. He keeps this repressed, but that makes it all the harder on his system.

Looked upon as the great conservative, he is actually one of the greatest gamblers and takes many daring chances. What other manager would have named Howard Ehmke to open the world series against the Cubs last year, knowing that Ehmke had won just seven games all season and had worked only fifty-five innings? He had been knocked from the box in his last start and had not worked for weeks.

Here were Grove, Earnshaw, Walberg and others, all stars. But Mack picked Ehmke. Why?

He had sent Ehmke home from a trip and had told him then: "I won't need you again until you can come to me and tell me you are in condition to pitch and think you can win."

While his aides, among the smartest in baseball, were discussing Grove, Walberg and Earnshaw as starting possibilities, Connie said nothing but just waited. Just before the choice of pitchers had to be made Ehmke came up and said, "I'm ready to work and I believe I can win."

"All right," Mack said, "you'll open."

It seemed a wild gamble. But it was backed up by practical psychology. Connie knew that Ehmke in the right mental state was a fine pitcher. He was cool and experienced, and in this particular spot he knew he had to pitch his best to make good. The result was a strike-out record for all world series games. No less than thirteen Cubs took their cut at the ball and merely drew a return trip to the bench.

A short time ago I asked Ty Cobb what he thought of Connie Mack as a man and manager.

"About the greatest I have ever known," Ty said. "He is smart, and square. He understands baseball and he understands men. He knows how to build up youngsters without breaking them. I'll give you one example: In a certain league battle one of the younger players made a wild play that cost the game. Connie asked him afterwards what his idea was. The youngster explained what he was trying to do. He showed at least that he was trying to think. Connie didn't interrupt, and after the player had finished all he said was, 'Well, it might have worked. The best plays don't always go.'"

The Easiest Year

"Just look," continued Cobb, "at the ball players Connie has built up from unknowns — Bender, Plank, Coombs, Coakley, McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker, Schang, Bush, Pennock, Foxx, Cochrane and a long list of others. He can suffer through a ball game, and he can be as happy through a ball game as any man I ever saw, but he doesn't show it either way. The ball player who won't work his head off for Connie Mack isn't much good. But most of them do."

The Philadelphia veteran who has known more than forty-five years of baseball is now out for his eighth pennant, and he has a great chance to win. As Cobb puts it—"For any good pennant-winning team, the second year is the easiest of all in which to repeat."

It will be interesting to see how far this Athletic team can go, because it is almost certain that Connie Mack will never try to build another this one slips. He has never tried to be a big money-maker and he won't retire a wealthy man, but he will have enough to support him in the way he wants to live, which happens to be the simple life.

He is now the dean of American sport with the longest continued record of service, for Mack's start in baseball goes back to the early eighties. And this even antedates the athletic career of such old-timers as Alonzo Stagg, Keene Fitzpatrick, Jack Moakley and a few others who are still in the thick of the modern rush.

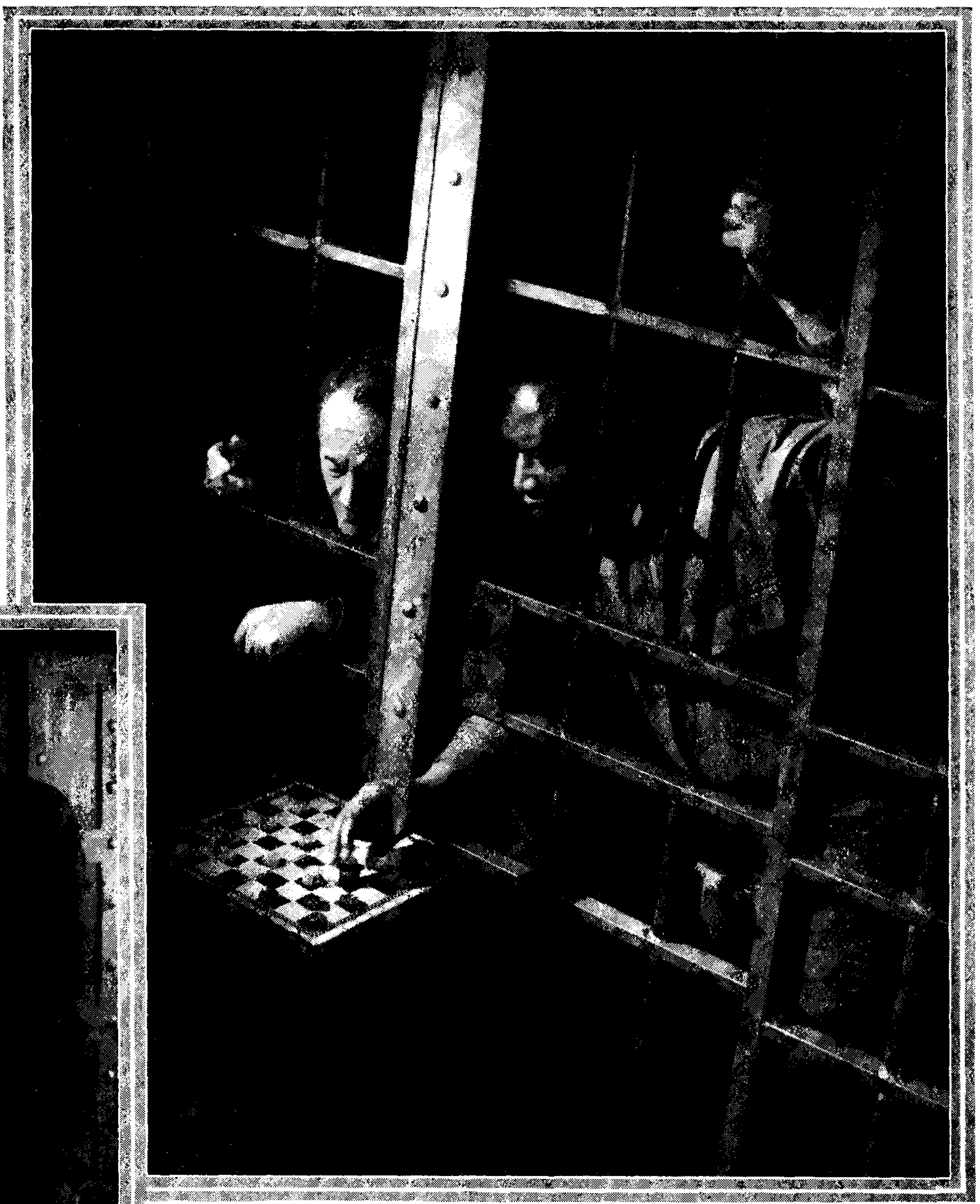
Charles Comiskey can give him a run in this respect, but Comiskey as an owner hasn't been as active lately. It is alomst impossible to figure the amount of good this man Mack has contributed to a game that still brings so much enjoyment to so many millions.

The Last Mile

So we—the fool, the fraud, the knave—
That endless vigil kept,
And through each brain, on hands of pain,
Another's terror crept

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

By Alexander Woollcott



Martin Bouehl

Hale Norcross as Red Kirby and Ernest Whitman as Sunny Jackson

Martin Bouehl

John "Killer" Mears, leader of the riot, threatens the warden's brother-in-law

A COCKNEY fishmonger whom I encountered one evening in a London pub awakened a quick sympathy in this old bosom. We were both attending a performance of Hamlet in the theater across the way, and he, at least, was beginning to believe it was all a big mistake. Seeking solace in beer during the first intermission, he confided to anyone within reach of his voice that this ghost-ridden, melancholy play wasn't precisely his idea of an evening of good, clean fun. However, he wouldn't give up yet. He would first sample Act Two.

"But," he added darkly, "if that blighter in black comes on again I am going 'ome."

After that ultimatum, my heart was heavy with its foreknowledge of the singularly bleak prospect stretching ahead of him. Indeed, I was sorely tempted to suggest that since, like Polonius, he was for a jig or a tale of bawdry he might better pitch his return check into the gutter at once, and spend the rest of the evening right there in that snug little bar.

But his plight was as nothing to that of the casual playgoer in New York these days, who, though insistent always that what he wants in the theater is a real good laff, wanders by mistake into that unsparing tragedy called The Last Mile.

A considerable number in every New York audience do just that—wander in. The average playgoer may set forth after dinner with the remnants of a determination to attend some play he has seen advertised provocatively or, more probably, heard indorsed by his friends and neighbors. But when the man at the box office coldly informs him that they're all sold out for eight weeks from the following Tuesday (delivered, that is, into the talons of some predatory ticket speculator) his playgoing momentum is still strong enough to carry him to the theater next door or the one across the street. Indeed, I sometimes think that the average playgoer drifts with the eddying multitude along the swarming sidewalks of Times Square and finally attends whatever play is on view in the theater into which he is eventually jostled.

He may be in time for that moment of dusky hush which, for the space that a breath is held, precedes the beginning of the play, and distills for the unspoiled that suspense which is the eternal magic of the theater. In the crowded auditorium, abruptly plunged into darkness, there is the subsiding frou-frou and murmur of the life these people have left outside. Then a half-moon of light beckons every eye to the tremulous curtain, beyond whose folds lies the land of illusion. He—our friend, the average playgoer—settles back in his seat to await what the lifting of that curtain will reveal.

Number Seven Must Die

Perhaps it will be a forest scene, rustling a welcome to another Rosalind. Perhaps it will be a side-street speakeasy, with the lisp of many dancing feet on the sawdust floor, and the threat of murder, at play like heat lightning, in the heavy air. Perhaps it will be a stately, chintz-flecked English home, with the old butler shaking his white head at the wild goings-on of the young master and that madcap Lady Di crying out, "Saddle Wildfire at once, I will ride her myself." Perhaps—but the play is The Last Mile this time, and with the rise of the curtain, what he finds himself staring into is the death-house of a state's prison.

He finds himself eavesdropping on a little village of condemned men in the final hour allotted to one of their number. He finds himself made to listen to the voice of a brother's despair—made to, because in the writing and the acting of that scene is the clear, unmistakable accent of truth, and, wriggle as he may, he *has* to listen. The grip of this scene is as sinewy as the Ancient Mariner's, the spell of its gaze as hypnotic. Our wedding guest—he cannot choose but hear.

He has to hear the whispered calls from cell to cell on this day when Number Seven must die. The mournful croon of the vast Negro in Cell Thirteen, the lunatic doggerel of the crazed old man in Cell Eleven, the steadying counsel of the frightened men in Nine and Five and Three—all these he must hear. He must listen to each clanging swing of the great door that might be signaling a last-minute stay from the governor—always might be, and never is. The last supper, the last cigarette, the last unction of the church. The slitting of the trouser-leg and the shaving of the head for the electrode, the while the boy's tongue runs wild in a roulade of jokes, whimpers, defies, the pitch of his voice rising, rising, as terror grips him by the throat. The boy wants to die—gallantly? Not that, quite. Let us say sportily, jauntily, with style.

Then the last stretch. With a guard on either side of him and the priest at his heels, with five men as doomed as himself watching silent from their cells this same sick, groggy march which each of them, some in another week, some in another month, must one day make—he walks down a path of light into the chamber where the chair awaits him.

The door clangs to. For a moment you hear nothing in the death-house but the footfalls of fear. Then, while the distant dynamo whirrs and the lights in the cell-block grow dim, the kid in Cell Three begins to sob. Again the lights die down.

"They're givin' him the juice again," the Killer mutters in Cell Five. Then he shouts, in a terrible rage, "What the hell are they trying to do? Cook him?"

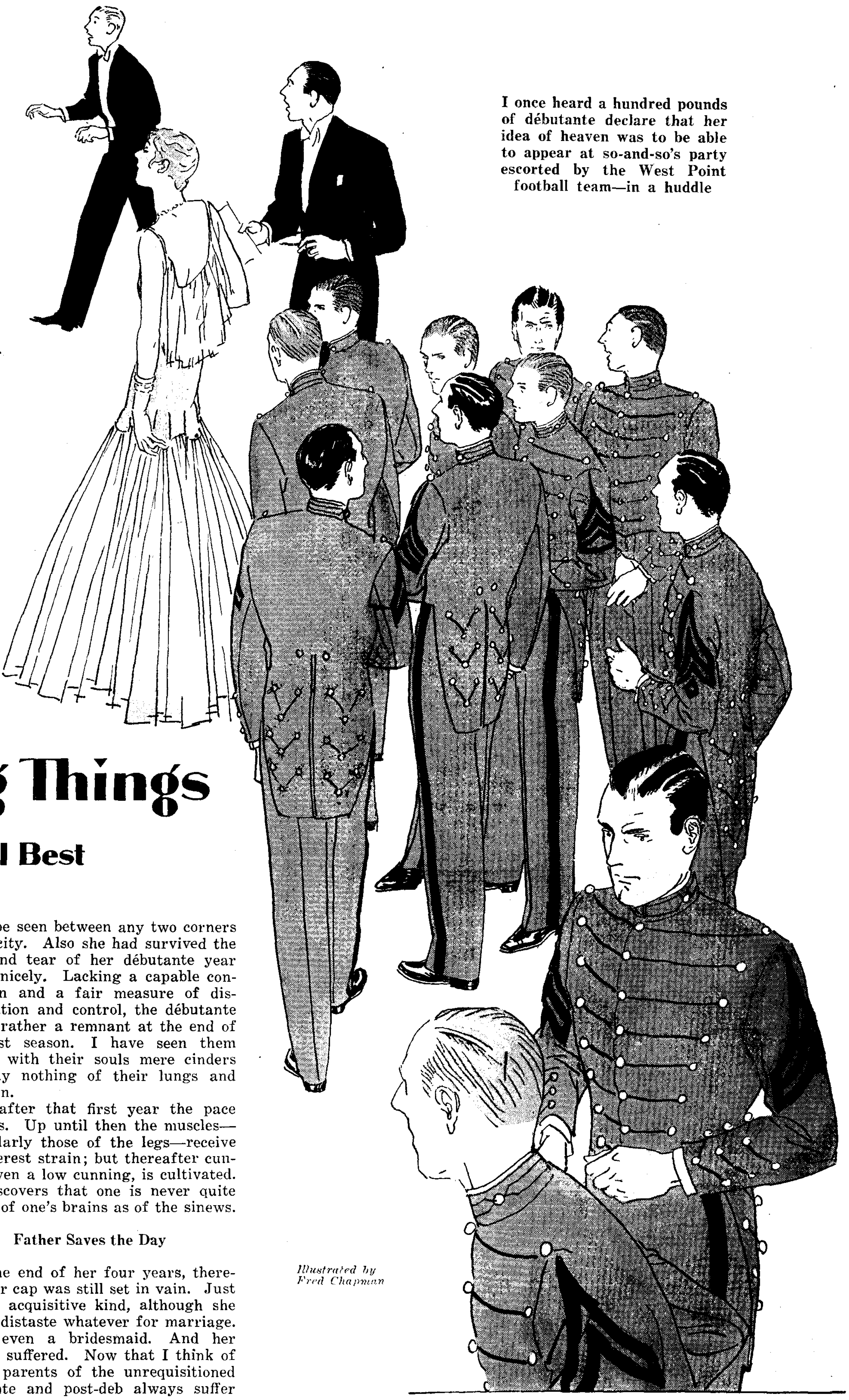
And the curtain falls. It is the end of Act One.

Desperate Mutiny

The average playgoer is pretty sick. Perhaps he knows in his heart that there in that chair, but for the grace of God, he would himself be sitting. But even if he feels no such identification, no such kinship with this wretched neighbor, he is not thereby set free. He must know that, even so, he did play a part in the scene just finished. By the silence which gives consent, by his turnkey share in the corporate action of the community, in his immemorial rôle as his brother's keeper, it was he—was it not?—who threw the switch.

What happens afterward in The Last

(*Continued on page 64*)



I once heard a hundred pounds of débutante declare that her idea of heaven was to be able to appear at so-and-so's party escorted by the West Point football team—in a huddle

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

After reading this article you'll rejoice with us that one day Mrs. Best, who, only a couple of years ago, was one of New York's popular débutantes, decided the subject needed her personal attention. No hearsay here. Just facts, though she wouldn't have you believe it's all as bad as this. Mrs. Best is one of these young women who have gone to work "for the good of their souls." And quite a neat job she's made of it, too

Sweet Young Things

By Clara Russell Best

LET'S start with a difficult case. She was a vanilla-flavored vestal with a truly astonishing array of virtues. At the age of eighteen, her parents, two thoroughly nice adults of secure social position and possessed of plenty of money, gave her formally to society—body, soul and amiabilities. They spent fifty thousand dollars or so on the actual launching of this their only daughter, a sum larger than usual, but then the ways had to be pretty well greased in this case. She had been preened for the event by an utterly exclusive New England school, and, by way of acquiring a rosy finish, she had been towed by her apprehensive mother through the better capitals and fashionable resorts of Europe.

To understand the importance of all this, you must realize that the fundamental (and frequently sole) objective of the parents in thus handing their child to society in a formal way is that she should be married off successfully. Once she enters the lists she learns what competition means. Were her father to encounter a similar degree of rivalry in his business affairs, he'd probably die sooner.

In the four years between the day our present virgin was presented to society and that desperate day when her father decided enough was enough and took charge himself of her campaign, upwards of one hundred thousand dollars was expended in one way and another in her fruitless quest for a suitable mate.

Clearly the young woman lacked something. She wasn't at all stupid, and much less provocative maidens might be seen between any two corners of the city. Also she had survived the wear and tear of her débutante year rather nicely. Lacking a capable constitution and a fair measure of discrimination and control, the débutante can be rather a remnant at the end of her first season. I have seen them emerge with their souls mere cinders—to say nothing of their lungs and digestion.

But after that first year the pace slackens. Up until then the muscles—particularly those of the legs—receive the severest strain; but thereafter cunning, even a low cunning, is cultivated. One discovers that one is never quite so sure of one's brains as of the sinews.

Father Saves the Day

At the end of her four years, therefore, her cap was still set in vain. Just not the acquisitive kind, although she had no distaste whatever for marriage. Never even a bridesmaid. And her parents suffered. Now that I think of it, the parents of the unrequisitioned débutante and post-deb always suffer most.

So her father took a hand. From the list of tepid young men who wandered in and out of her afternoons, he selected one—a well-burnished lad without deformities or money, but abounding in health. The candidate had what is called a normal allotment of brains, knew good taste when he saw it, didn't regard alcohol as something requiring constant drinking, could be bored without showing it and could be depended upon, if properly financed, not to beat his wife.

So Father took the young man into his bank, surrounded him with mahogany partitions and a corps of reliable assistants who knew what it was all about, and presently was able to pay him a large salary without being accused of losing his grip. And so she was married and everybody congratulated her, some much too enthusiastically.

The girl who is destined for the social register struggle usually makes her début at eighteen. To begin with, the girl's name is entered in the débutante list—nominated for the Grand National Handicap. The keeper of the list is, in the larger cities at any rate, a capable woman who has turned her social position and her social register wisdom into commercial channels. Hers is a richly remunerative business—so much so that she is forever threatened by rivals. She who is shrewdest, the most

(*Continued on page 68*)

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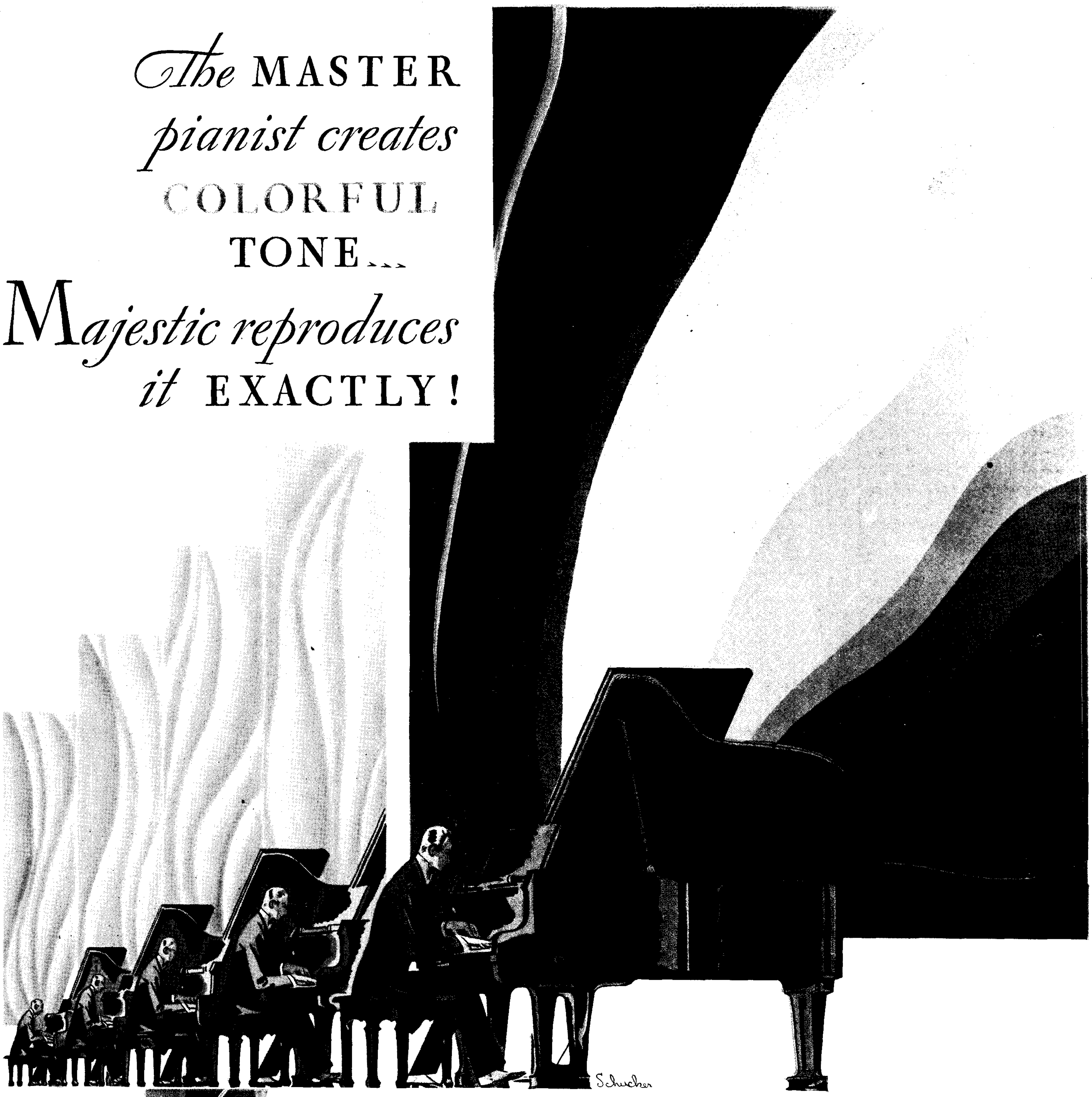

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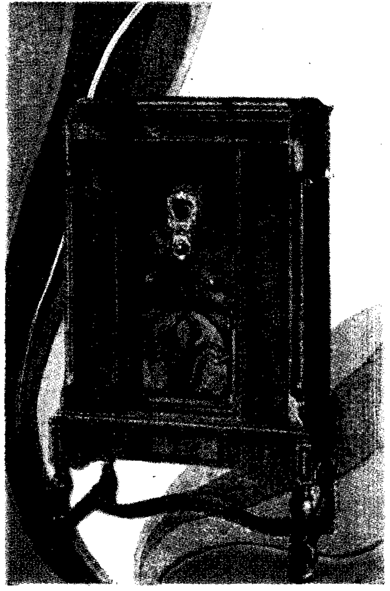

LET each of these pianists play the same notes on the same piano. Listeners acclaim one instantly as a master. They recognize his rare ability to bring out *added beauty* the others cannot achieve. His greater mastery reveals *all possible richness and brilliance of tone.* His skillful technique adds accents and shadings entirely lost to any but the master. His playing, and his alone, has the thrilling beauty of COLORFUL TONE.

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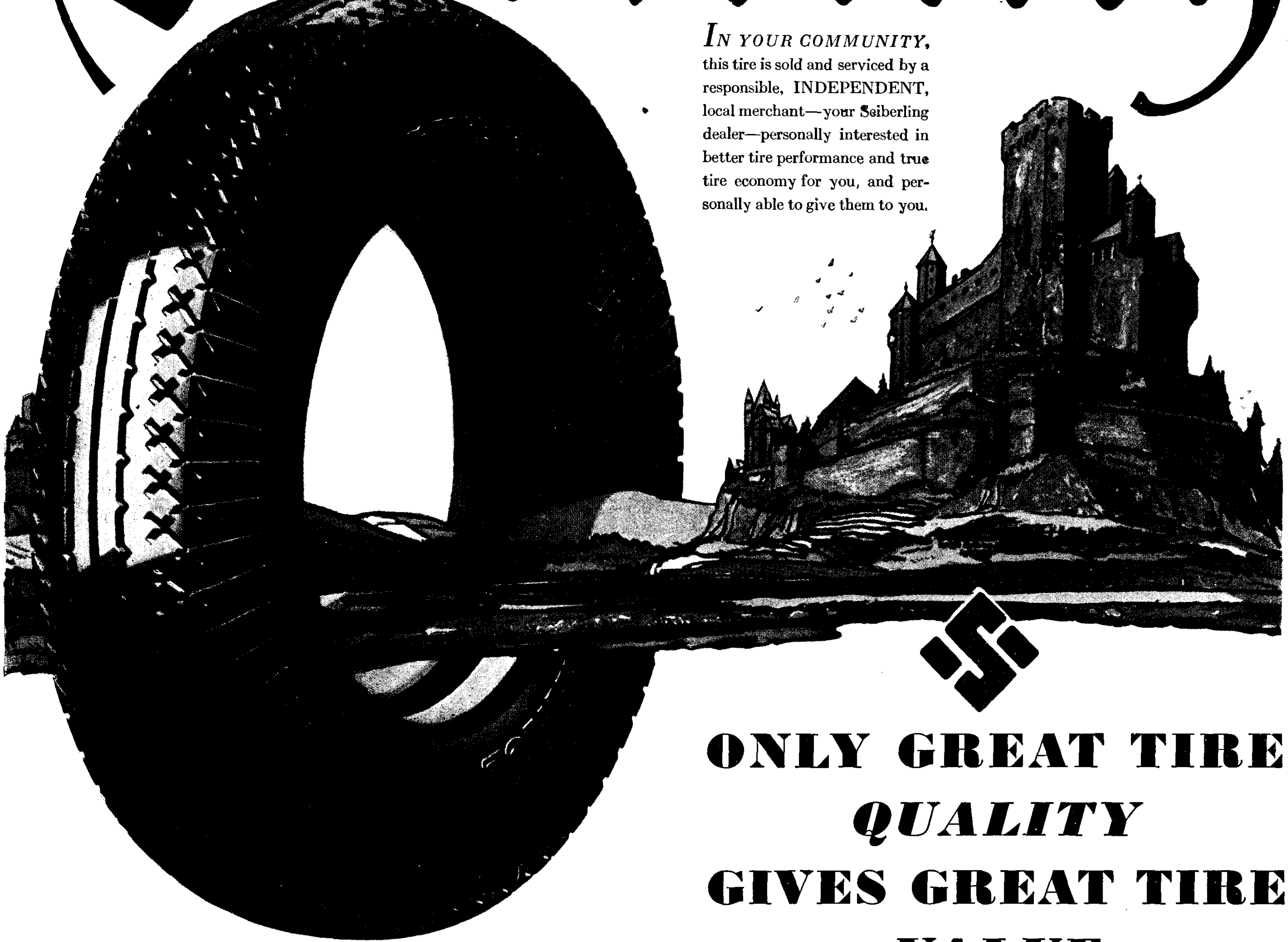

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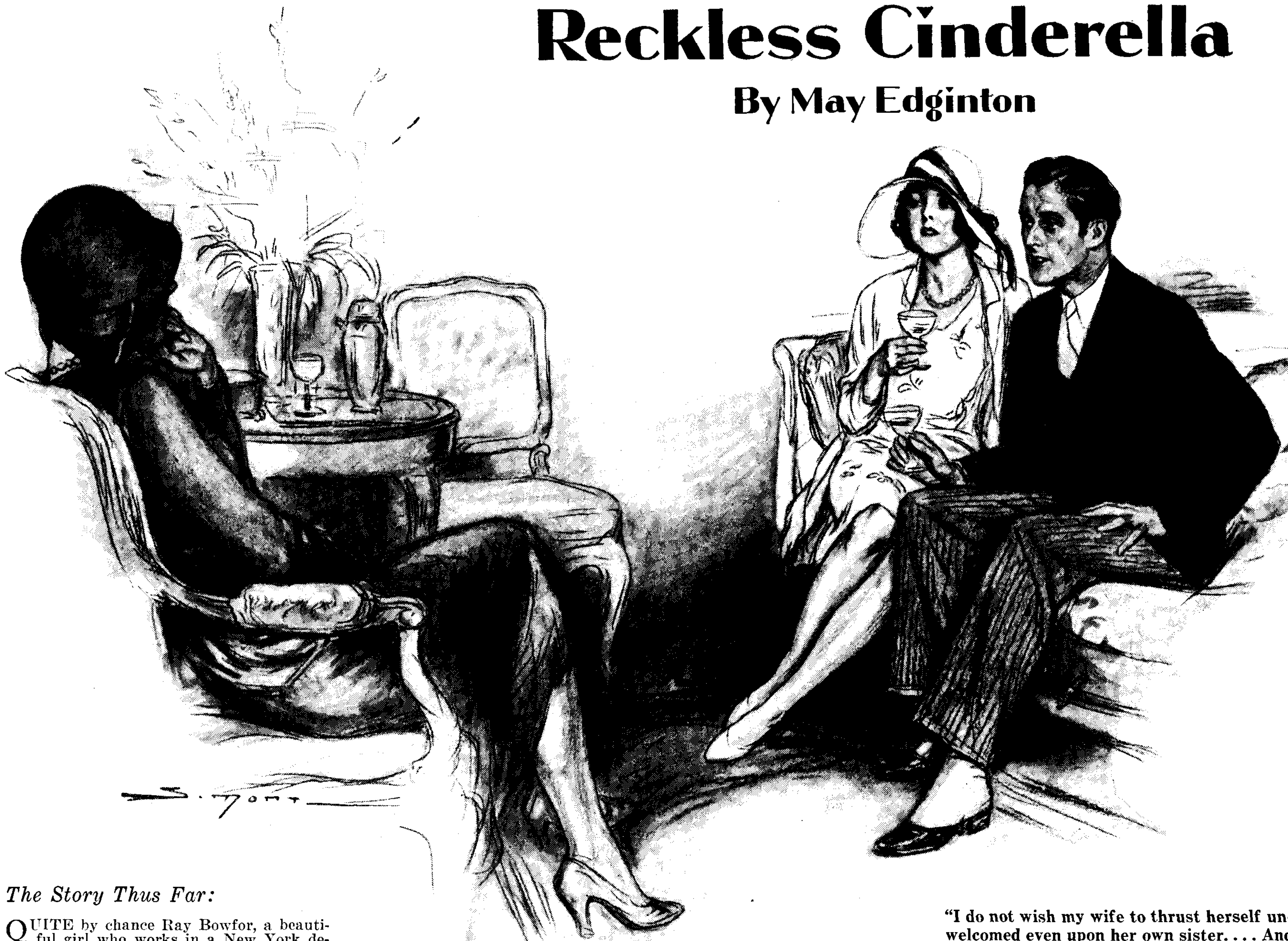
Reckless Cinderella

By May Edginton



"I do not wish my wife to thrust herself unwelcomed even upon her own sister. . . . And yet she would like to see her sister make some loving advance. . . . Sisters, madame! It is a close bond"

The Story Thus Far:

QUITE by chance Ray Bowfor, a beautiful girl who works in a New York department store, meets Westward, a lawyer, and his friend Lord Times, a distinguished young Englishman who is visiting America. Foolishly (hoping to impress the two men) the girl tells them her name is *Beaufort*, not Bowfor, that she is rich, lives in Virginia, and is related to the prominent Poinsetters, in whose palatial home (the family is in Florida) she actually entertains them, thanks to the coöperation of the caretaker—"Auntie," one of Ray's old friends.

When Times returns to England, Ray is in love with him. . . . Then follow startling events. Ray's sister, Rose, elopes with one Pedro, and goes to Europe, to dance professionally. A very rich man—old Frank Wittheimer, to whom Ray (who is thoroughly good) has been kind—commits suicide and bequeaths her six million dollars. The girl's cruel parents put her out of their home. And, after receiving sage advice and letters of introduction from Westward—who is handling the Wittheimer estate—Ray goes to Paris.

There Dukery, a noted couturier, befriends "Miss Beaufort of Virginia." He prepares a wonderful wardrobe for her, and persuades the brilliant Una Bridge—a dashing and unscrupulous adventuress—to act as her social adviser, so that later, wearing a Dukery creation, she may be presented at the English Court.

So far, all has been well. But when the girl goes to London—where, as she has done in Paris, she leases a charming home—dangers arise. Lady Una is herself striving desperately to win the wealthy Lord Times. To her disgust, she learns that the American is in love with the young lord, and that Times is deeply interested in the little beauty. Feeling sure that "Miss Beaufort" is not all she claims to be, Lady Una resolves to ruin her.

But the woman's innuendoes have slight effect on Times. He knows little about the girl. But—an upstart, an impostor, a nobody? Impossible! . . . Together, he and Ray visit Times Manor, the young aristocrat's ancestral estate in Sussex. Seated in an historic room, the walls of which are crowded with portraits of Times' proud and patrician ancestors, the young man says: "One day I must marry . . . I want to marry. . . . But when I marry, it must be a girl who—who—will come worthily after these who have gone before. . . ." Ray struggles to control herself. But no proposal follows. Ray is well content, however, to await what the future may unfold.

VI

THE brilliance of what more accustomed people merely called an interesting season continued to dazzle Ray Beaufort; and to keep her in that state of exaltation which could only be depressed—just a little—by such a halcyon day as she had spent with Times in Sussex. And even that depression lifted when she looked ahead to what must surely be one of the two greatest days in a girl's life. On June the twenty-third she was to make her curtsey to the English queen; she was to take her place in the sun like all those Times women who had looked down upon her from their walls so reflectively.

Dukery flew over himself with the Court gowns for both Una and Ray. He, too, was taking an absurd interest, it seemed, in Miss Beaufort of Virginia, and he had heard all the rumors. "Doing marvelously, isn't she?" he enthused to Una, who was lunching with him at a famous club in Bond Street.

"You're speaking of Ray Beaufort?" Lady Una gave a languid laugh.

"Of course. Tell me all about her, now."

"My dear, what is there to tell? About two dozen women put her on their lists when I asked them, and she's going about quite a lot. But her own countrywomen over here haven't been as nice as we have. They rather wonder, you know, where she came from."

"Virginia. Beaufort. Good name. Must have some French blood of course."

"Oh, but nobody believes all that!"

"My sweet, why not?"

"Why should they?"

Dukery faced this for a moment; then said: "And does Times believe 'all that,' or does he not?"

Una stared straight into Dukery's fair-skinned, debonair face, not changing a muscle of her own.

"Really, he doesn't tell me. Why should he care?"

Dukery smiled his faint mischievous smile.

"But, my Una, he cared quite perceptibly. Oh, quite."

"Edward is the last man, I assure you, Dickie, to feel any serious interest in someone so dubious as your good-looking little friend."

"My angel, are you quite sure of that?"

A silence that was almost sullen fell on Una. And then there entered Times himself, Ray and two others. They made a gay party of four on the opposite side of the room.

The room was nearly full. The cream of the stage, the cream of society, sat together. The wealth and power and blue bood gathered together in that simply appointed room would have seemed epochal, only that here, in this club, it happened every day. For a full moment after the arrival and seating of that party of four Una and Dukery spoke not a word to each other. Then he murmured:

"You see who is with them?"

"Them? With Pola Negri, do you mean?"

"My dear sweet, you're childish. You know I mean Edward and Miss Virginian. With them are Edward's sister and her husband. I find that charming."

"I saw them."

"I find that promising."

"I find you dull with your one theme, my dear."

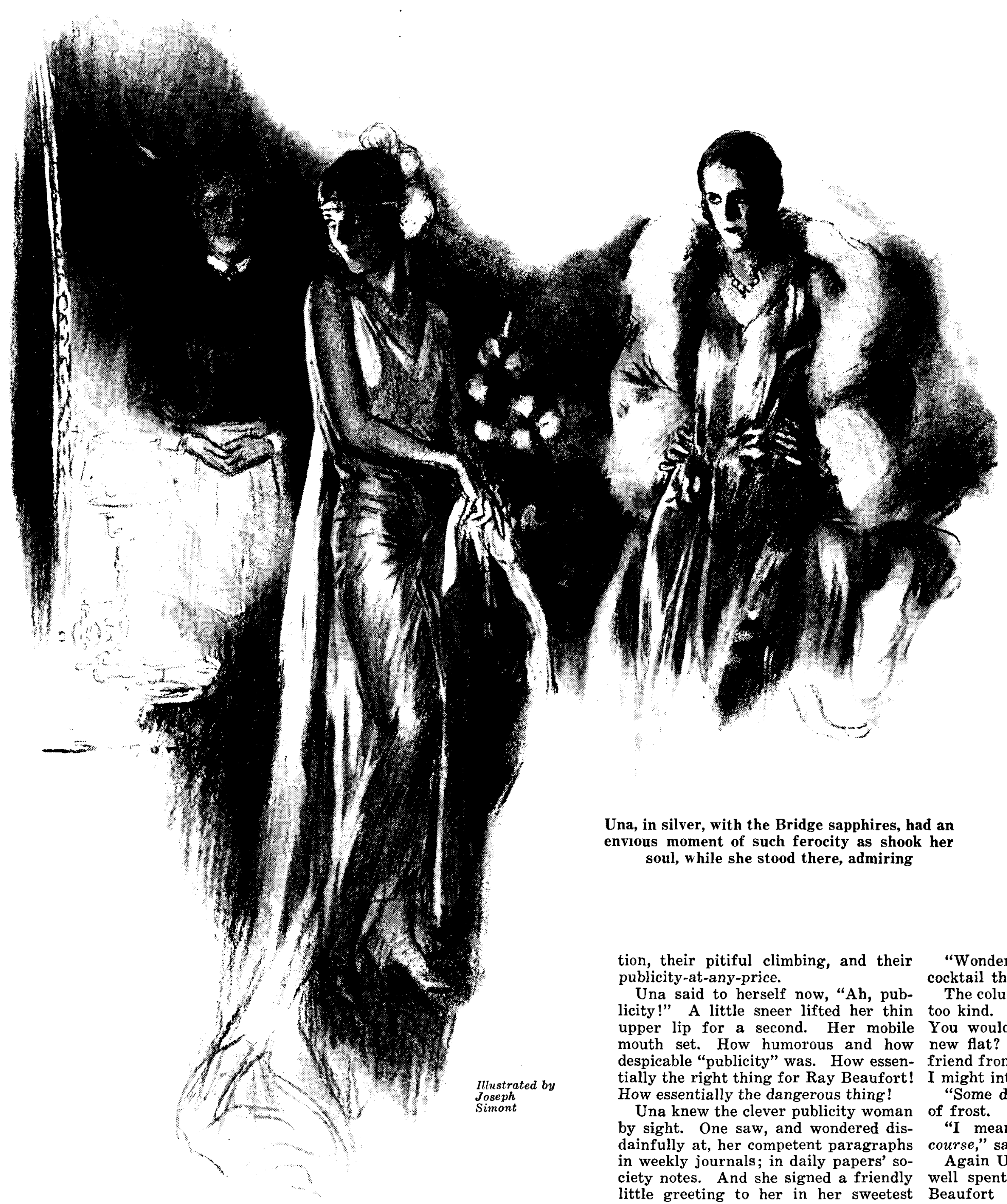
"Apologies. You'll release me for a minute, then, to go and speak to them. Have you a message?"

Una sat watching. She saw Ray Beaufort look up, smile across at her; Edward's sister, the Duchess of Elkmoor, waved a greeting. The men went through motions of half rising and bowing. Una returned the gestures. But she knew and had known for weeks now that she must lose Times; unless. . . . Unless. . . .

THE room with all its vibration of personalities, its hum of voices, receded from Una. She felt as alone at that little table as if she were in a desert.

She had been, all the first months of this year, sure, in the ultimate event, of Times. The last half of the hunting season a relative had mounted her, and she had hunted with the Belvoir, as he did. He had waked—she knew it—to a keenly conscious admiration for her.

That had been all so far, perhaps; but how much that was with any of the Times men! Those aloof, hard, critical, clean men! Those men whose judgment of women had never been known to be swamped even by the craziest follies of the crazy youth that most of them allowed themselves! All their wild oats were sown, eaten, digested



Una, in silver, with the Bridge sapphires, had an envious moment of such ferocity as shook her soul, while she stood there, admiring

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

and forgotten by these men of strong stomach and fastidious mind. They were, generation after generation, terribly invulnerable.

But those rides home through long country lanes on muddy winter afternoons; on afternoons of rising spring when the light was longer and softer; a hunt ball when she had eclipsed her own records for looks; a gathering easy intimacy—all these had sent her to Dukery, in Paris, for those clothes that she had to have somehow. And there, in Paris, Dukery had treacherously sprung this American beauty upon her!

She knew what it meant—she couldn't help it—when she saw the Elkmoors brought to luncheon by Times with Ray Beaufort. It was a gesture as plain as words. It meant that this girl would be put on the Duchess of Elkmoor's visiting list. It meant, perhaps, Elkmoor Park in the autumn. It meant a great deal when the gesture came from Edward, Lord Times.

Una busied her mind with the need for a swift plan. She wanted a subtle plan; something infallible, something that, ostensibly, would leave herself out of it. And she thought, if only one *knew* more. If there were more that one could find out!

UNA saw then, at one end of the room, a familiar phenomenon of modern times; a well-known society paragraphist and publicity agent—a smart woman of keen perception—lunching with a rich Argentinian and her daughter, who had arrived to take London by storm, and had somehow failed.

At any other time—when her famous temper was happily slumbering—Una would have been faintly, contemptuously, amused. All these new arrivals were so humorous, with their frantic ambition, their pitiful climbing, and their publicity-at-any-price.

Una said to herself now, "Ah, publicity!" A little sneer lifted her thin upper lip for a second. Her mobile mouth set. How humorous and how despicable "publicity" was. How essentially the right thing for Ray Beaufort! How essentially the dangerous thing!

Una knew the clever publicity woman by sight. One saw, and wondered disdainfully at, her competent paragraphs in weekly journals; in daily papers' society notes. And she signed a friendly little greeting to her in her sweetest way. So easy and intimate and charming was Una's sign that the society columnist, catching it, could hardly believe her eyes. She excused herself momentarily to her Argentinians.

"Oh, you'll forgive me a minute, I know. But a friend of mine—Lady Una Bridge; I must introduce you one day—is over there alone and wants to speak to me."

She fluttered over, a nice plump woman of middle age; hard-working, hard-thinking, wary and tactful. Una stretched out a hand, and drew her down to the cushioned seat beside her.

"I haven't seen you for an age, Mrs. Henry. But I know I've met you—at Lady Mowbray's or somewhere."

"Why, of course we've met often, Lady Una."

They had never spoken before, and each, of course, knew that the other knew it.

"How splendid you are looking!" said Una.

"And you, Lady Una. The season hasn't tired you at all; and it has been frantic, hasn't it? A lot of people here today, aren't there?"

"Yes," Una smiled. "I was looking at our beautiful new girl from over the Atlantic."

"Oh, which, Lady Una? Do point her out!"

"There. With the Elkmoors."

"OH . . . with the Duchess. Oh, yes. Really! And Lord Times! He does look so splendid, doesn't he? Let me see, Lady Una. What is her name?"

"Beaufort. Miss Ray Beaufort of Virginia."

"I wonder if I might jot that down. . . . Thank you. . . . I make so many notes you know, in my head, that I do like to be accurate over names."

"I'm presenting Miss Beaufort," said Una. "She's a great friend of mine. And so sweet and simple. Why don't you come and interview her for the American papers when she is dressed for the Court? I mean, I really do think she would like her friends at home to read a little of what she is doing. . . . I know you quite understand?"

"Absolutely," said Mrs. Henry. "May I undertake it?"

"You do it all so well," Una complimented her.

"Sweet of you to say so. My work, you know. Do you think my—my arrangements would suit Miss Beaufort? Fifty 'mentions'—some of them half-columns, and some titling a photograph—for fifty guineas?"

"Wonderful! Come and see me. A cocktail this afternoon—sixish?"

The columnist rose, gratified. "You're too kind. Thank you. I must fit it in. You would allow me to mention your new flat? . . . I must go back to my friend from the Argentine. I wonder if I might introduce her—?"

"Some day," said Una, with a touch of frost.

"I meant some day; not now *of course*," said Mrs. Henry.

Again Una sat alone. Fifty guineas well spent! It was possible that the Beaufort girl herself would gladly *spend that, and more, in this cause;* but Una doubted it. Never had this girl sought publicity. Never had she courted the limelight. "Quiet and crafty," Una thought bitterly. "Edward will count it to her for virtue." No. The fifty guineas would in all likelihood be very privately spent; and they would come from Una's own reluctant pocket.

She sat thinking carefully of the exact way to conduct that little business talk at six; heedless of the glances cast at her surreptitiously by Mrs. Henry and the Argentinians.

Dukery returned.

"My very humble apologies, dear." He seated himself beside her again. "Didn't I see you talking with one of those publicity women?"

Una made a deprecating sound. "They thrust themselves on one, you know. She wanted me to tell her about Ray."

"You didn't, of course, my dear."

(*Continued on page 32*)

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You can't put the oil business in a nut-shell. Yet why is it that a lot of intelligent motorists draw up alongside of a filling station just as if it were an oil-well and buy oil for their engines as if it were crude oil fresh from the ground? Maybe it's because of so much talk about crudes. Of course you know there aren't any crudes you can use in your engine. You couldn't properly lubricate your engine with crude oil any more than you could shave with a piece of iron ore. And buying an oil just because it is *produced* from any particular crude is buying your oil BLIND. The three most important things to know about an oil are: 1. The maker's KNOWLEDGE. 2. The maker's PROCESSES and EQUIPMENT and 3. The maker's ability to SELECT crudes. But knowledge and equipment come first. No one ever FOUND any lubricating oil. Lubricating oil is not found, it is MADE. You can take good crudes for granted when your eyes are open—when you know that your oil is made in the most modern plants of their kind in the world, and that its manufacture is supervised by the most experienced lubrication scientists in the world. Your eyes are open when you buy MOBILOIL.

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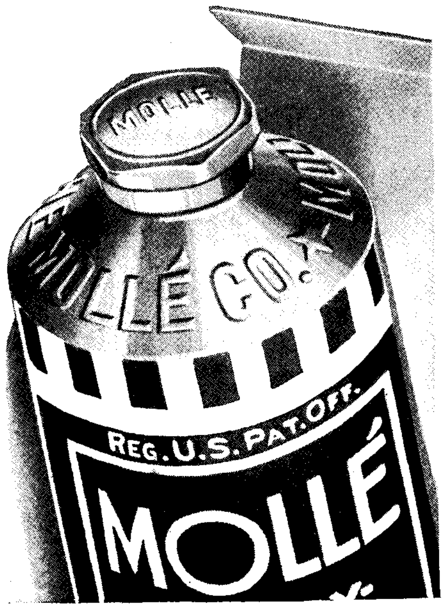

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 30

"Of course not, my dear."

"Wrong way to go about things altogether."

"Of course, my dear!"

"Ah, Una, the little Virginian's exquisite this morning! The Duchess is already asking her to Elkmoors for the grouse; and Edward's going. And you?"

"Oh, anywhere!" The fiend that was Una's temper smote her and suddenly she spoke a casual, unexpected good-by, and was gone before he could follow her to the door. It was just as if—ridiculously—she could trust herself there no longer, in company with Dukery; and her famous, her deadly, dangerous temper.

"DICKIE must love you, my dear," said Una, when she came into Ray's bedroom and saw her in the glory of her Court gown.

Una stood looking; and Ray turned from her long glass where she, too, had stood entranced at the lovely child of Dukery's brain, at the dream gown, and stayed still for Una's scrutiny. And there was about her a hush, an awe, and brilliance of expectancy that made Helène, the French maid, stand away in a corner, dazzled and amazed.

Una, in silver, with the Bridge sapphires, had an envious moment of such ferocity as shook her soul, while she stood there, admiring.

"Divine," she summarized.

Ray sighed; a deep sigh that came from the stir of her heart; a sigh of ecstasy.

If Una could have prevented this, she would have done so. Because—there was no doubt of it—this sealed this girl's entry into a society that might easily have refused her. At any moment those women who had begun to whisper and inquire about her—the Van Dike, Lady Mowbray, and others with eligible sons and débutante daughters—might uncover some ludicrously discreditable secret of the girl's history. "Only," Una thought, with a feverishness unusual in her, "will it be in time?"

"There's a newspaper woman who asked me if you'd see her, and I was sure you would," she said casually. "And I've arranged for the photographs, darling."

Ray sighed again that sigh of deep ecstasy, unheeding the minor happenings of tonight. Then, as they still stood there, Helène observing from the background, Mrs. Henry arrived.

Mrs. Henry was the most charming and tactful of interviewers. She did not question so much as hint, suggest. She elicited painlessly Miss Beaufort's impression of London; Miss Beaufort's description of her Paris house, still in her tenancy; Miss Beaufort's love for Virginia; and Miss Beaufort's opinions on the pastime of riding in the Row. And then, conferring with Una quickly but exhaustively on the subject of portraits, Mrs. Henry whirled out, crying: "I've half a dozen glorious debs to do still."

Una followed her attentively to the landing above the stairs.

"She leaves all the arrangements to me—she's so excited, poor darling," Una smiled. "But she wants you to be sure that her photograph and the paragraphs appear everywhere. I've posted the check."

"Ah, thank you. Thank you."

Una returned to the bedroom, where Helène was lifting the ermine cloak over Ray's shoulders.

"That wasn't much trouble, darling, was it?" she remarked brightly. "And they do expect it, you know."

In a dream, Ray went down with Una to the waiting car.

THEY were in a stream of cars along the Mall. Thousands of people lined that wide boulevard, and thousands were in the Horse Guards Parade, but the sight-seeing crowds did not so much impress Ray with the importance of herself as a spectacle, as they impress many strangers to the English Court. As her car moved at a walking pace, she was enthralled chiefly by the peace, the green, and the wide spaces which still kept their dignified and remote charm even under the thronging and jostling of crowds; cavalcades of vehicles; and all that sense of excitement, expectation. She sat in a dream as if she saw visions, and the faces of the crowd sometimes pressed almost at her windows and yet she seemed oblivious of them.

Una, leaning back beside her, smoking a cigarette set into a very long holder, felt some surprise at this. Also she felt her accustomed faint derision at such rapture. "Speechless with rapture!" That described Ray Beaufort. Murmurs of admiration—not for herself—came from the jostling throng to Una's ears. Pale girls pressed round, worshiping the young American. "Ain't she sweet?" "Wouldn't you like to be her!" "She's the loveliest of the lot." "Here's a beauty!" . . . The evening was very still and hot; exclamations came plain and clear.

And by and by the seemingly impossible happened. Their car had crept, at last, to the Palace.

A battalion of Guards was on duty in the Quadrangle.

THE panoply and the ceremonial had begun. She and Una were stepping out; their feet touched red carpet. She had a wonderful blazing impression of the Yeomen of the Guard on duty in the hall; on the grand staircase. She had another wonderful blazing impression of endless uniforms, varied and splendid. She had, by and by, a glimpse of Times himself, gorgeous in his scarlet tunic.

Now she was following Una into the immense suite of State rooms filled with débutantes and older women; with diplomats, statesmen, soldiers, officials. They were massed with flowers. Pink, white, blue, hydrangeas and roses were built in banks of beauty. The gorgeousness of the women seemed to her unparalleled. Una murmured to her: "There's your own ambassador, my dear," and she saw a gray man in Court dress. How splendid men looked in those breeches and silk stockings, with their decorations on their breasts! So many decorations, so much distinction . . . she thought this humbly, moving slowly with Una, on with the throng.

All pageantry had a great and moving appeal for her; but no pageantry before had ever touched her heart like this. Her ignorant heart! How little she had seen and known! Unimpressive processions on holidays up Fifth Avenue; some municipal event; Presidential election; mayoralty elections . . . newspapers had headlines the next day, blaring of "Great pageant." . . . This wonder tonight came softly; this magic wrought quietly; this loveliness wove itself into its vision of shifting colors, shining jewels, until the immense moment came.

The royal procession from the drawing-room had begun.

Still smitten into silence, she was in those bowing, curtsying ranks, and between them the King and Queen walked slowly toward the two golden thrones in the great ballroom. They were preceded by the Lord Chamberlain and the Gentlemen of the Household. But Ray Beaufort, with eyes like stars, looked past these heralds, to see the beautiful woman, no longer young, yet perhaps lovelier than she ever was in youth, crowned with a diamond coronet radiating precious fire.

The coronet carried stars in its center, stars of some Order, but of what the American girl did not know. There were emeralds and diamonds upon her breast. Row upon row they hung, reaching her waist. She wore the Order of the Garter. She was clothed in palest gold that rippled far behind her. It was splendidly embroidered. But it was at her face that Ray Beaufort gazed most eagerly, most fascinatedly; the face of a wonderful woman; a mother's face, serene, kind, quiet yet radiant with her smile. Her eyes were bright; her white hair soft and abundant. From head to foot there was not a flaw in her queenly perfection. So she passed by slowly, smiling, the King at her side.

Ray had but vague shimmering impressions of the personalities of the Royal Circle behind the golden thrones after the King and Queen had reached them. There were, she knew, scarlet uniforms; there were orders and decorations glittering; there were beautiful gowns. . . . But now the presentations were beginning; the long files of débutantes were making their progress past their sovereigns; one by one the women were sinking to the floor in a curtsy, and gliding on. There was a rhythm about it all that was enchanting in itself.

And now she herself was moving toward those two gracious people . . . she herself was before the two thrones . . . had swept her curtsy . . . had fluttered a glance up from her big blue frightened eyes, and met the steady, kind answering look of the Queen's own blue ones. The Queen had a smile at the back of her eyes ready for any nerve-stricken girl. And it was over and she had passed on.

She knew dreamily that people were looking at her; that she was noted and admired.

And she was moving on, still close beside Una—Una very vibrant and thin and bright; as if urged from her usual air of languor; they were in the supper-room, and Una was talking with friends.

Nearly two hours had passed in this dream. She waked now as some cavalier who had attached himself to them put a glass of hock cup into her hand; he was a thin sallow man wearing his Court dress smartly; he was an American from the American embassy, and Una introduced him. He looked at Ray gallantly, saying:

"I feel proud of my countrywomen tonight."

"THAT'S over," said Una. They had driven straight from the Palace to the photographer's, where in a studio blazing with white light they had been photographed again. And now they were driving to the Berkeley, for supper, to meet other people, among them the Elkmoors, the American ambassador and Edward, Lord Times. A glorious night of color and pageantry; pomp and panoply. And of love.

Of love. Ray wasn't going to doubt it. In Lord Times' arms, dancing in that space so circumscribed by the crowding supper tables, to the music of

(*Continued on page 35*)

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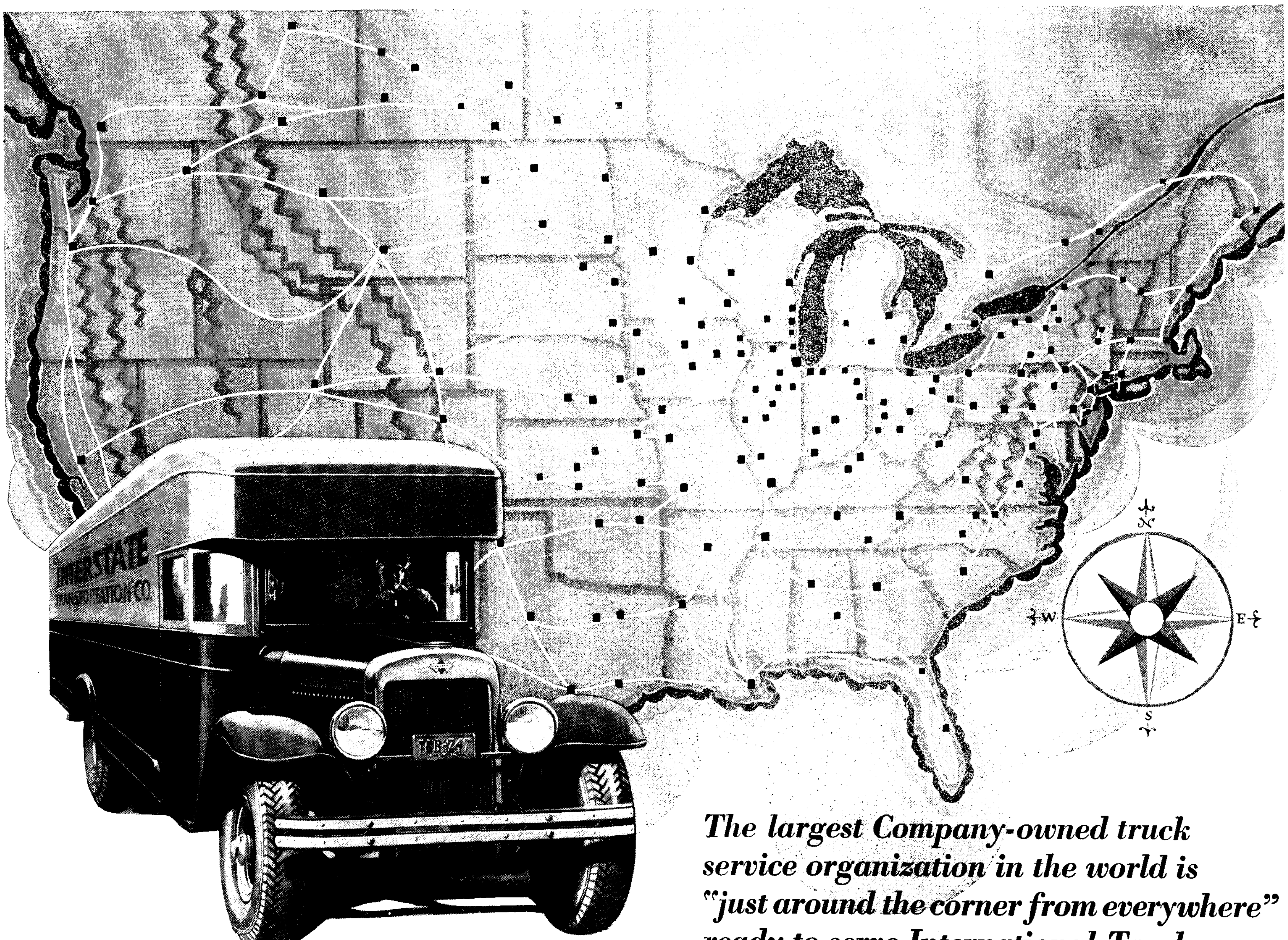

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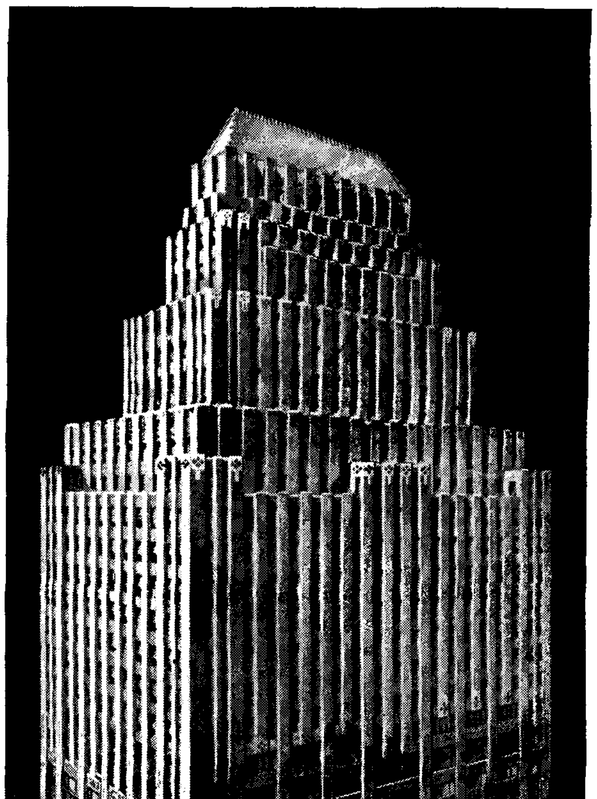

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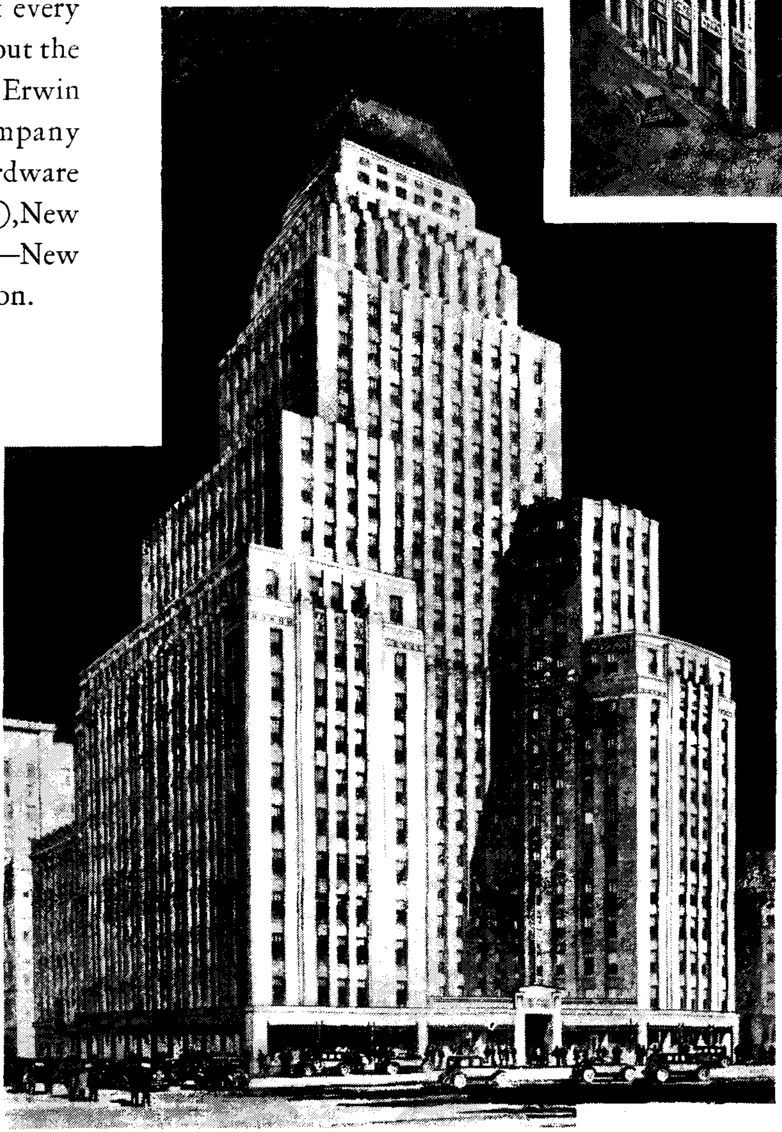

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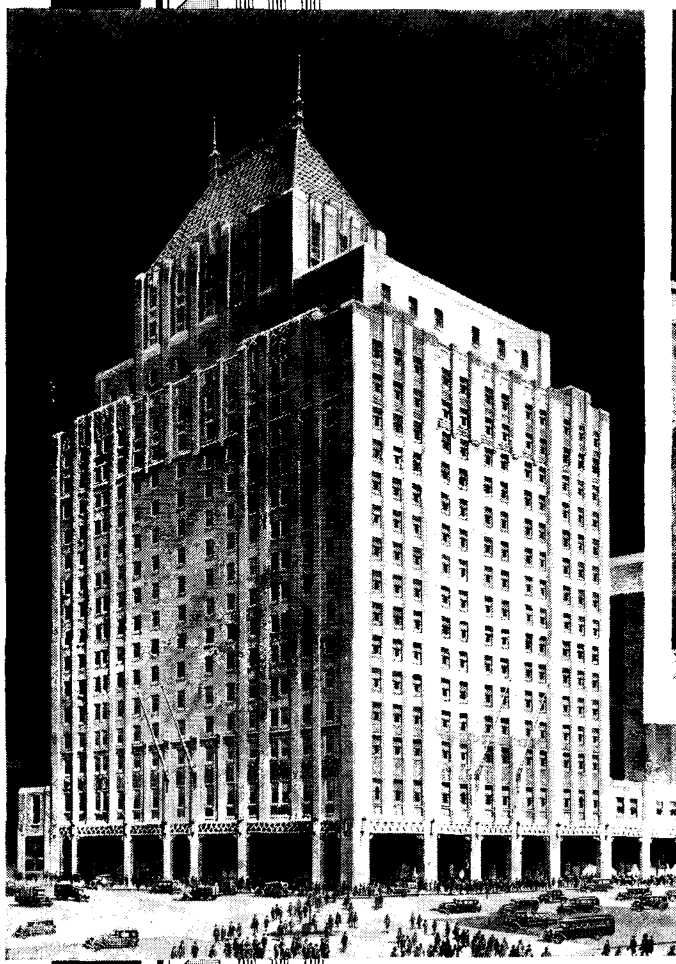

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 32

the Berkeley's orchestra, drifting over the floor with feet too light with happiness to feel anything beneath them, she felt now at one with the Times women. Was it the kind comprehending glance of the Queen's blue eyes, or the consciousness of her own beauty, or the music that sang in her soul, that uplifted her? She did not ask; could not care. All she felt was Times' arm about her; she heard his voice through all the music; at the round table for eight against the windows, the only words she really listened for were his.

The Duchess of Elkmoor showed her a quite heavenly kindness; the ambassador toasted her gaily; again in the restaurant, as in the Palace, people about them noted, and admired. It was the purest night of happiness she had ever known. She couldn't doubt; couldn't fear. Even the cold bleakness of Una's eyes passed her harmlessly by.

IT WAS in Paris that Rose and Pedro saw the number of "Femina" which displayed Ray's portrait in Court gown by Dukery.

Rose and Pedro had finished their dancing engagement, that Pedro had obtained for himself and partner at Cannes during the months of April and May. It had not been a notably desirable or profitable engagement, so now they were scraping along in a garret in Montmartre, where, looking through "Femina," they had seen, looking softly at them, Ray. Unmistakably and entrancingly, Ray herself.

"God!" Rose screamed.

Then Pedro, very lanky and attractive, and lithe as a snake in his open-necked blue shirt and rather overtight black trousers, came and leaned over her shoulder, and read:

"Miss Ray Beaufort, of Virginia, is another charming American to visit London. She was presented by Lady Una Bridge at Their Majesties' Second Court. Miss Beaufort has an attractive home in Paris; and has taken the Hon. Mrs. William-William's house for the London season."

"B-e-a-u-f-o-r-t," spelled Rose. She made a little grimace and sniffed.

"So that," said Pedro, "is where Ray has gone. Very, very cute of her, I will say, throwing off all her own common folk like old rags, and splashing about in European society. Well, I'll say your sister is cute."

"Even after it was all over America in the papers," shrilled Rose, "about her old boob leaving her all his money, they never found out where she went. The papers said so. Said she was going to relatives in Virginia, but she didn't have no relatives in Virginia no more than I did—"

"I'll bet," said Pedro with a dark laugh, "Mr. and Mrs. Bowfor have been out after her all this time. Wonder if her photographs'll get over there."

"You'd think she'd try to keep herself out of the papers—"

"That's difficult. My word, ba-bee—"

"What?"

"We'll go'n look up some N' York newspaper's Paris correspondent, and get a hundred dollars on this story—maybe a lot more—"

"C'mon on—quick!"

Rose replenished her wardrobe with the fruits of that story cunningly peddled by her husband. And they had two hectic days going the round of the smart restaurants.

Rose had said: "And the English newspapers too! They're slow; but they'd like this. . . ."

"Nope! We do better to see Ray; and of course she'll—"

"Pay!"

"We'll make her. And we'll tell her we don't wish her any harm. We're not out to tell all her friends about old Witt-heimer and how she got her money."

"You mean—not tell!"

Rose was poutingly, maliciously disappointed.

"Not if it suits us not to," said Pedro.

"I'd like to go first to this Lady Bridge," said Rose, speaking of Una, "and give her the lowdown on it all. Guess she'd sit up!"

"Well, perhaps. We'll just see. Trust Pedro, my sweetheart."

"My sweetheart!"

Rose and Pedro flew across the Channel, the luxury and expense of one of the great air liners pleasing Rose. Pedro had managed to get a little publicity a few hours ahead of them: "Rose and Pedro, the Argentine dancers—well, let's go on being Argentines, baby—who have been the sensation of the French Riviera, are arriving in London today to fulfill engagements."

They descended upon London with confidence. . . .

Lady Una was not impatient for the repercussions of her publicity campaign on behalf of Ray. She supposed it would take time before humble folk who knew Miss Beaufort of Virginia really and truly for what she was—whatever that might be—assimilated the news of her social success, and sent in their copy to the sensational press; and in turn the London papers, hard put to it for new society news toward the end of the season, would eagerly seize on it all. Therefore a telephone message from Pedro one morning, while she still lingered in bed, was in the nature of an electric shock, tingling through her, making her vibrate to her longing to smash this rival; surprising herself by the crude, violent melodrama of her feeling.

"Mr. Pedro?" she repeated, on a high thin note of arrogant resentment: "I never heard of you."

And the reply came subdued and deferential: "No, madame. You would not know. But I am Mr. Pedro, the exhibition dancer; and the brother-in-law of your friend Miss Ray Beaufort, madame."

Una sat up in bed now; and changed her voice.

"Really! It is very nice of you to ring me."

UNA'S voice was pleasant; amiable, almost dulcet; so that at the other end of the wire Pedro, also sitting up in a bed beside his prettily-tousled Rose, made grimaces and signs of delight at her.

"We could not find my sister-in-law in the telephone book, madame. . . ."

"You don't want to," Rose put in in a whisper.

Una was speaking: "Come and have a cocktail with me at my flat at 12:30. And your wife, of course! I shall be charmed to see you and to give you all news of your dear little sister-in-law."

Pedro was also suave. "But not tell her of our arrival, madame? We wish to give her the surprise ourselves."

"Of course. Of course. At 12:30, Mr. Pedro?"

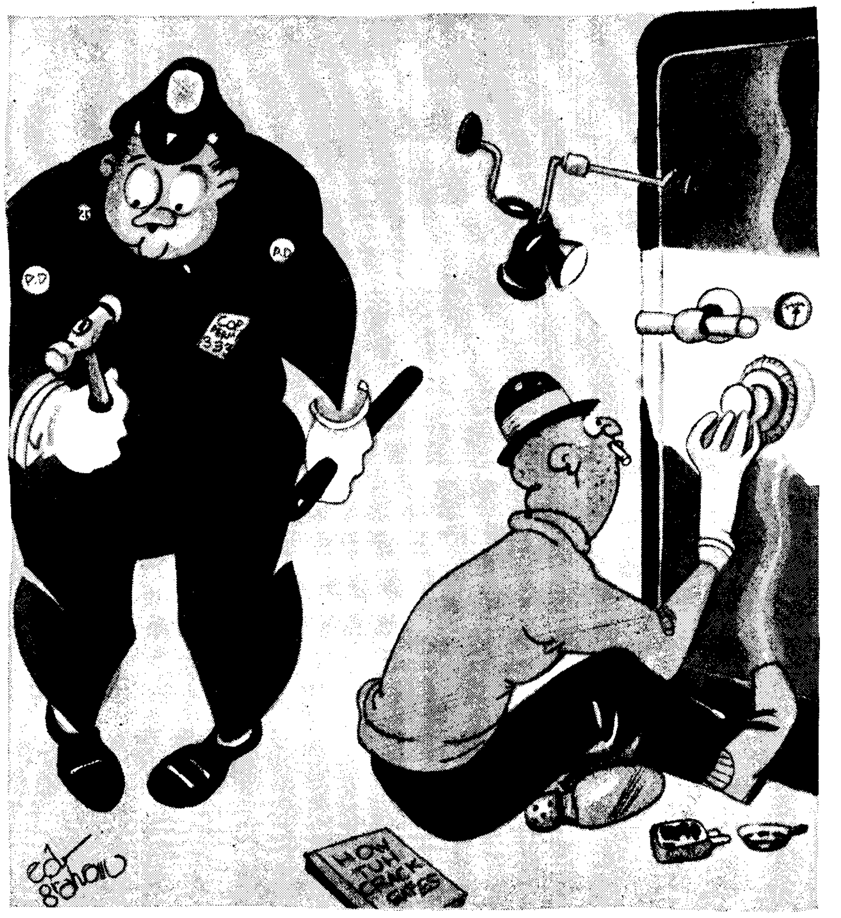
"Thank you, madame. We are delighted."

Una looked her best and most authoritative when her smart maid let in Mr. Pedro and Miss Rose.

Rose began to lead the conversation at once. She was looking very dark, very vivid, very attractive as she sat, knees crossed, showing most of her exquisite legs, in her chiffon frock and big hat.

"I expect you've read about Mr. Pedro and me in the papers, Lady Bridge—Lady Una?"

(*Continued on page 38*)



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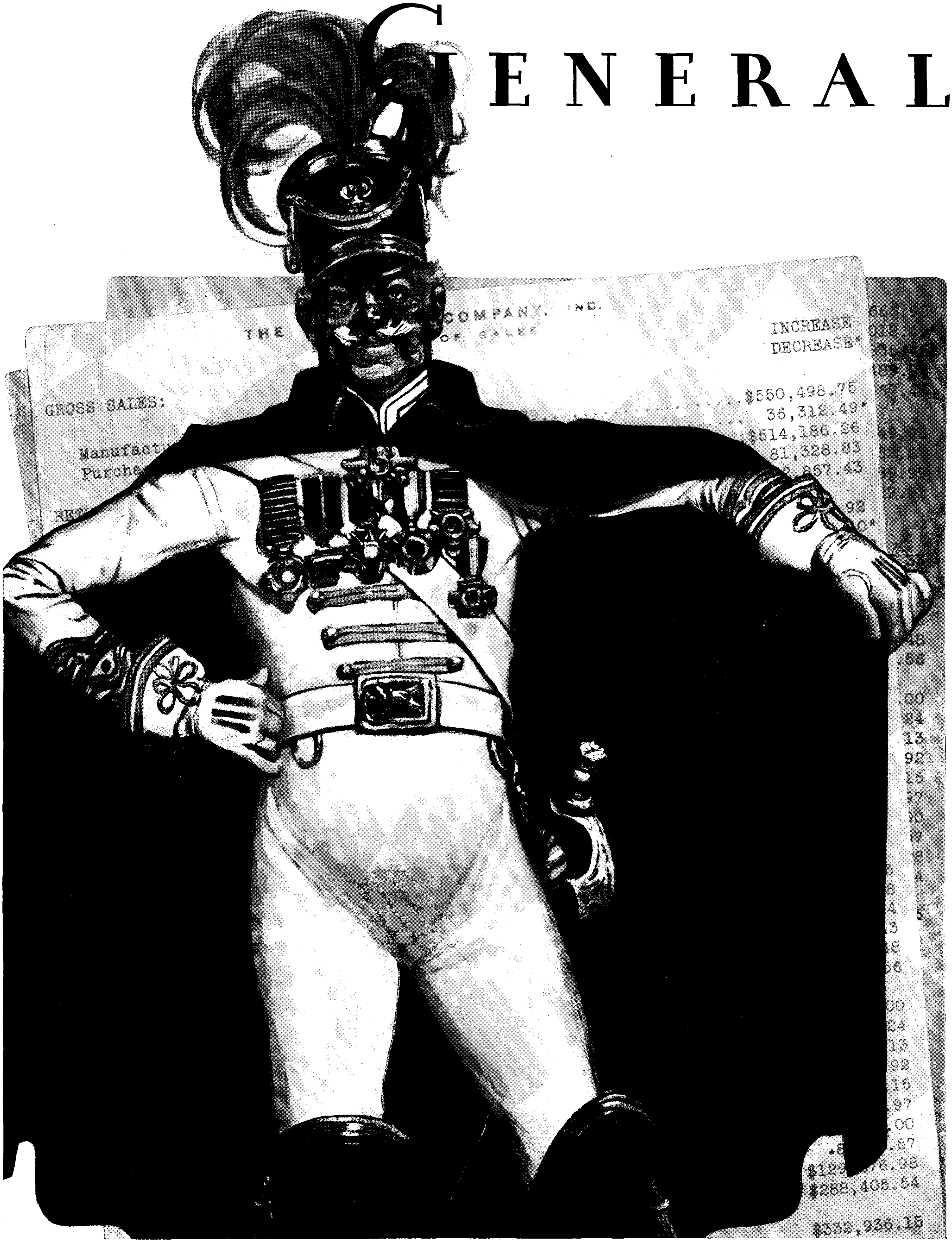
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"Why do you say my figures should go deeper?" he demanded. "Doesn't my statement show a record year . . . in sales, in net earnings, in increased cash reserves? All along the line, in costs and net results, my General Averages show a big improvement. What else do I need to know?"

"Many things!" replied the banker drily, "if you're going to cope with the new conditions in the gruelling year ahead.

"When a business is going great guns, old man *'General Averages'* isn't especially informative about its possible weaknesses. He has a genial way of showing up the bright side of things and concealing the wastes. In emphasizing the profits he diverts attention from the parasites that may some day claim a costly reckoning.

"For instance, your *'General Averages'* show that your sales cost per dealer is less than 8%. But have you secured a detailed break-down of this pleasing percentage? It may startle you to know that 20% of the dealers in your trade do 85% of the retail business. Many of the remaining dealers cost more to sell, contact and service than the gross dollar volume of their purchases.

"Again, your *'General Averages'* indicate that you are turning your inventory three times a year. But do you actually know how many items in your line are genuine revenue-makers?

"The government's Business Survey in Louisville disclosed that in several prominent wholesale houses, items which produced only 14% of the total sales required 42% of the inventory investment. And these were prosperous houses. Their bland and rosy *'General Averages'* kept them in ignorance of their many profit-drones and wastrels.

"In the flood-tide of a seller's market, a business can stand many abuses without feeling or even suspecting the drains. But when competition increases, the whole issue of dividends versus deficits often hinges on the elimination of waste.

"That's why, on the eve of this new and more competitive age, I warn you against the wiles of that jovial flatterer . . . *'General Averages.'* Sound business men today are keeping him on the grill, in every department of their businesses . . . ruthlessly tearing down his round figures and finding out what is back of them."

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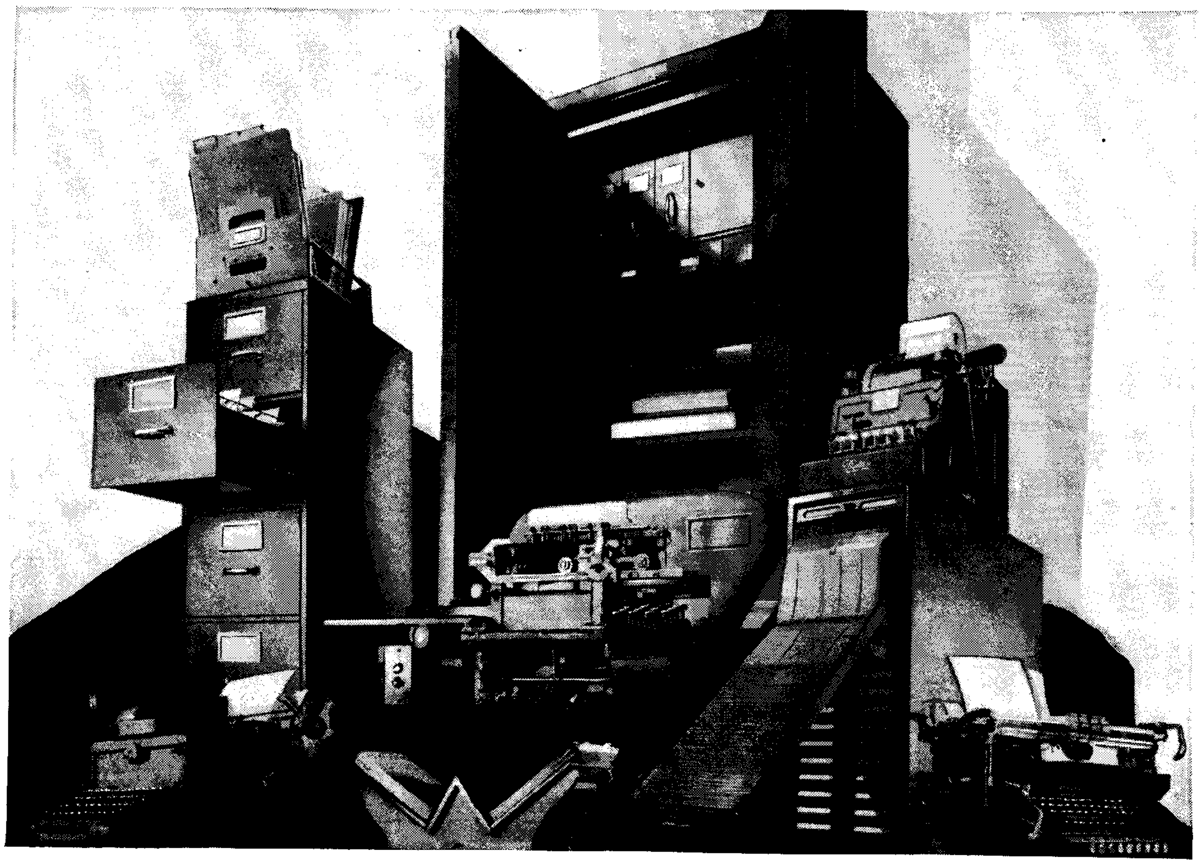

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 35

"I've missed it," Una answered in a voice of concern.

"Oh, they've all had us in," Rose said airily. "We've had just a *won'erful* season on the Riviera, and now we're expecting to dance this fall in London."

"I shall look forward to seeing you," Una assured her.

Pedro took this up: "Well, that would be most kind of you, madame, for the interest of a lady like yourself, and her friends, means a gr-r-reat deal to us."

The maid handed cocktails and pâté de foie gras sandwiches, and went softly out.

"And how do you like London?" said Una.

AFTER hearing, at a length decided by herself, their impressions of London, Una said:

"And now, Miss Rose, I suppose you are going to see your sister. How delighted she will be. What a pleasure it will be to her to have you with her again."

Rose's eyes were sharp as gimlets while Una's were soft as a dove's, and faintly inquiring, while Rose answered:

"Pleased! Well, I guess, Lady Bridge—Lady Una—that may not be quite so. You see, since I last saw my sister she's come into a big fortune—"

"But how interesting!" cooed Una.

"Interesting? Well, I guess, perhaps. Interesting to Ray. But she's played a dirty trick. Yes. Vamoosed with all her wealth—"

"Great wealth," Pedro averred solemnly, and his black eyes snapped.

"Leaving her parents," Rose continued dramatically, "in their poverty. That's what Ray has done."

"Indeed? Indeed?" Una murmured vaguely.

"We ain't heard from Mum and Dad since Pedro and me eloped," Rose explained. "But we guess they haven't come in on the deal. There wasn't any interviews with them in the papers nor anything, and you know yourself, Lady Bridge, how these papers do get hold of anybody connected with a great sensation like that Frank Wittheimer suicide—"

"Now, Rose," said Pedro, in a reflective oily voice; but a voice which made Rose give an almost scared glance at him all the same.

And she was quiet. "Guess you'd better ask my husband, Lady Bridge." She settled back into a corner of the couch.

"Indeed, I really haven't any intention of inquiring at all," Una protested, with a little laugh. But inside herself she was all huntress; all fierce; scenting the quarry; trailing it; saying in her mind: "Suicide? Sensation? What was it? Did I know? Can't I remember?"

Pedro cut in: "Naturally, madame, our family affairs would not interest you, as you say. My wife is just explaining"—a glib smile, a glib gesture accompanied this—"that we feel a little nairvous about approaching her sister. Because I am proud, madame. I do not wish my wife to thrust herself unwelcomed even upon her own sister. Oh, no! Not at all! And yet she would naturally like to see her sister make some loving advance. . . . Sisters, madame! It is a close bond."

Now deftly Una led them to a conclusion.

"But even if you feel like this, Mr. Pedro, you will no doubt meet Ray here or there in London. In a restaurant, let us say."

"Ah, madame, that would be very dramatic, would it not?"

Pedro sighed; smiled; shook his head.

"She spells her name different and all!" cried Rose, irrepressible.

"It certainly seems to show," Pedro hinted, "that she has done with her family."

"But blood relations! They have a claim!" cried Rose, afire.

Una repeated: "Her name: I don't understand."

"It is rightly spelt B-o-w-f-o-r," Rose cried, "but when old Mr. Wittheimer—"

"Honey," said Pedro, laying a hand that looked lightly caressing, but was heavy with command, upon her chiffon-clad knee.

"Aw right, honey."

"I am sure I ought not to discuss all this, intriguing though it is," Una said. And she smiled. "I am giving one of the last parties of the season—on the river. You may have heard of the Venice River Club? We are going there. Supper—swimming—dancing. Is there any chance of securing your services for a performance?"

"Madame," said Pedro, "we shall be enchanted."

Rose cried: "Will Ray be there?"

"I hope so," Una murmured.

Two pairs of black eyes snapped greedy fires.

"Take her by surprise—" Rose began.

But Pedro turned to her and said gently: "It would be such a beautiful reunion, honey. So . . . be-autiful."

Una watched them under her scornful eyelids. Cattle! Riff-raff! God! what fun all this was! God! what a revelation—everything tumbling into her lap!

Before Una had urged them both graciously through the front door, Ray's story had all been told, with embellishment.

IF HER river party had not been imminent, Una would have gone to Times, and, risking his contempt for mischief-making, have said to him in her manner of artless good friend: "Dear Edward I have to tell you about Ray Beaufort. I don't want to; but I'll never forgive myself if I don't."

She felt, however, a prudent reluctance to put upon herself the odium of that revelation to Times. It was better to let things happen; and then to allow Rose and Pedro to take the reins.

Pedro was a natural opportunist, but Rose was a hot-head. That was plain to see. This couple, in their different ways, meant business.

And to Ray Beaufort, spending a week-end with the Elkmoors in Yorkshire, she wrote affectionately.

The Duchess was showing the little American beauty great kindness. They were having a quiet week-end in the great house set on the edge of one of the finest moors in Yorkshire. A very few restfully inclined guests, themselves, this little Miss Beaufort, and the children. It was a family week-end about which there was a touch of extra privilege in sharing.

There was no crumpled roseleaf at all in the Elkmoors' week-end, except just *this:* that four days seemed a long while without Times.

But she would see him again at Una's river party.

"HOW she swims!" said someone gaily as Ray Beaufort played like some shining fish in the smooth river.

It was, from the beginning, one of those parties that must be brilliantly successful. The Venice River Club, really exclusive, really artist-designed, had about it something more than a mere imitation of Continental gayety. It had carnival spirit. From the moment its guests entered the enclosure of its garden on the river bank, they felt it. Its roses were famous as an exhibition in themselves; the clubhouse flattered all women, plain or beautiful, and there was a chef of tireless imagination.

There was every facility devised for trick diving, and tonight Ray Beaufort shone. High up above the water, poised with white arms stretched, or akimbo, or behind her back, or close by her slim sides, in her scaly little swimming suit, she did every kind of dive, and the searchlights from the club lawns sought her out playfully.

"Too good! Too good!" Una thought maliciously, watching Ray's joyful exhibitions. "Edward hates sensationalism, as all men hate it for their particular woman." But Ray Beaufort had no feeling for all this. She was the spirit of pure joy. If there was no one in all the party tonight who could match her, she could not help that. She did not care.

ALL through her slender body tingled the most exquisite sense of living. She was superlatively alive. And standing poised on the highest rung of the high diving ladder, as if drifting there in air and stayed by a miracle, she sang. She broke like a throstle into song for the fun of hearing the sound enhanced across the water, and people gazed at her, and joined her singing, while the searchlight sought her out.

She was ecstasy.

Just as Una judged, Times hated it all deeply. His possessiveness was roused; his jealousy aroused. Yet he had no right to any kind of veto, even in the privacy of his own mind, and he owned it. But he could hardly bear to see her up there, singing, enraptured just with rapture; and enrapturing those about her. The women laughed with a little humorous malice perhaps, but the men most frankly were delighted.

Times stood on the river bank in the comparative darkness, muscular and well-set in his swimming suit, and looked upward to where the searchlight playfully found out the siren who sang.

And as he looked, she sprang, somersaulted, straightened out somehow, cleaved the water, still singing. Times threw down his towel, slipped more prosaically into the river, and swam to her.

"Good God, child, where did you learn to swim like that?"

"Oh, at the beach; in . . . private swimming pools. . . . I take to it naturally. I love it."

"So I see."

"How happy I am tonight!"

"Bless you," said Times, blaming himself for his possessiveness and his jealousy and his ingrained disapproval, but unable to conquer all of it nevertheless.

She turned on her back and floated, arms straight at her side, a slender straight line of girl, rocked very gently by the rippling of the water.

And, as had been happening for the last two weeks or so, people left them alone. The other swimmers drew away, leaving them in a pool of moonlight by themselves.

And somehow, absurdly, Times thought: "Why not ask her here and now?"

But it was absurd, capturing this shining mermaid with a grave proposal to marry; just like this! So he thought: "Tonight, going home. . . . I'll make her let me drive her back."

(To be continued next week)

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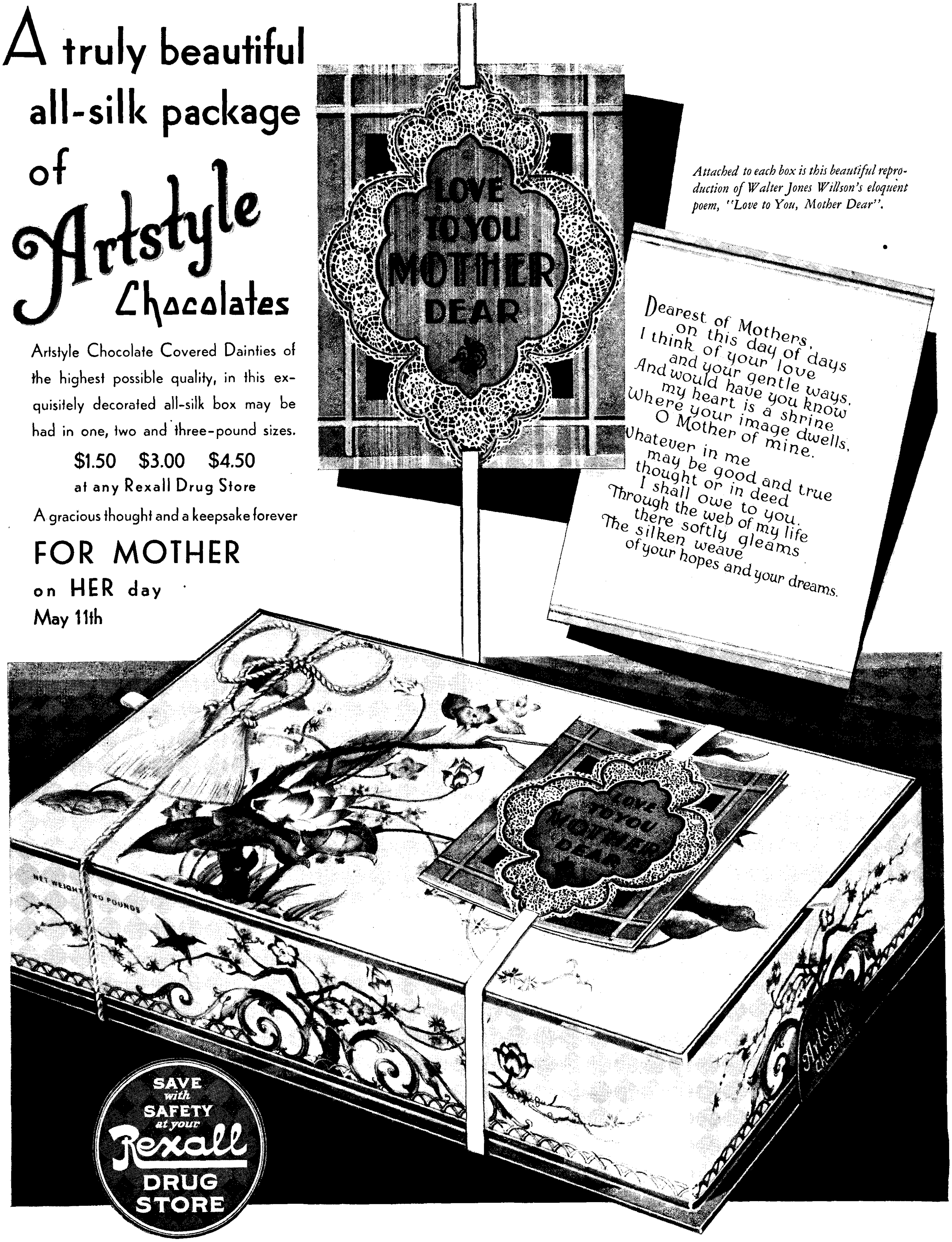

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And would have you know
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Where your image dwells,
O Mother of mine.
Whatever in me
may be good and true
thought or in deed
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Through the web of my life
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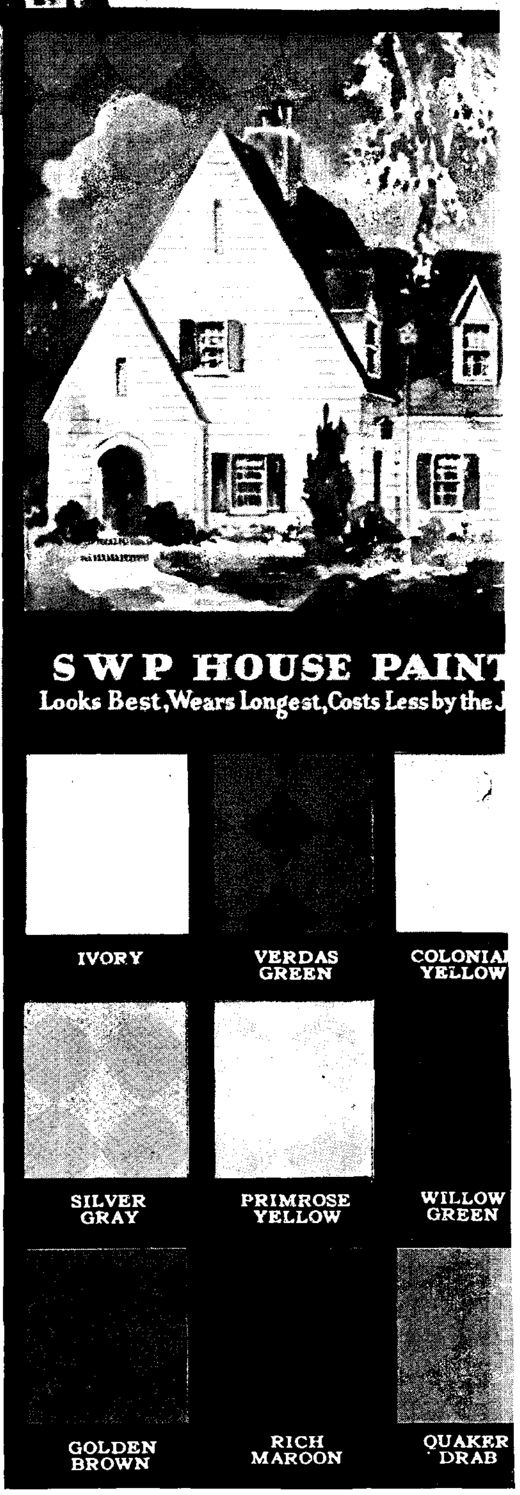
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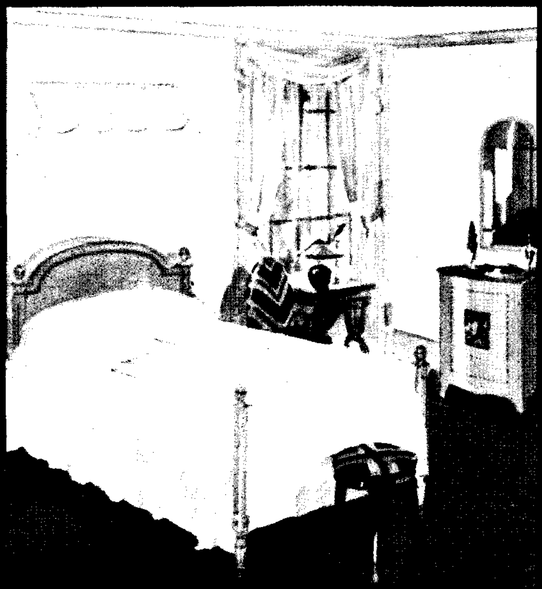

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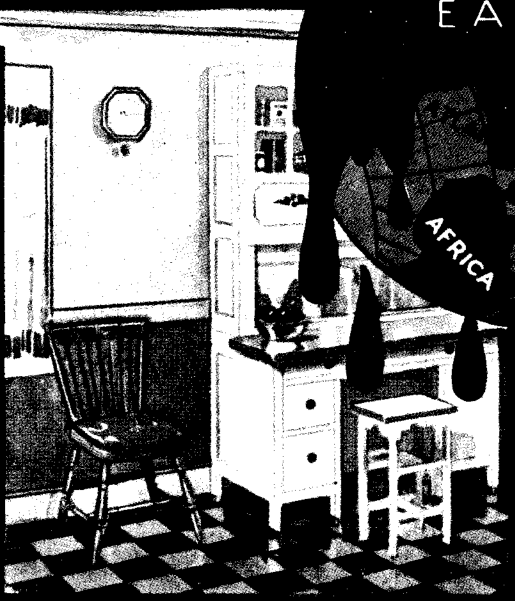

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Rat Trap

Continued from page 17

was wrong with Clink. He brooded over it. Sitting alone in his office an hour before time to start for the rendezvous down the river, he thought his way through to what he was certain must be the correct explanation of Clink's disaffection. "I scared him just forty-four one-hundredths of one per cent too much that night on Rampart Street, when he blabbed about hearing Jimmie Kirk talk me over," Dage concluded. "That's it. I'm always playing the dim-wit some way. He's too scared to be dependable. I got to get him out of it."

Dage Salvadore's only error in this analysis lay in not knowing just how frightened Clink Moses was, nor appreciating to what degree extreme apprehension of long standing can set the wits of the dullest fermenting. And Clink was not dull.

"GOD'S sake! Somebody make a light, can't you?" The half-empty wharf shed gave back the desperate plea in hollow echo.

"No!" Salvadore's voice was compellingly imperative. "If any fool does, I'll shoot at the flicker." The tense, odorous darkness hissed with the heavy breathing of five or six men. The little wharf, no more than an enclosed and covered barge firmly moored by lines carried over the levee to stakes in the field beyond, was their last refuge. Here Dage Salvadore had waited for his boat and the trucks. These failed to come. But a handful of his henchmen had rushed into the wharf shed two minutes before, breathless, panicky, desperate. "Can't you stop panting like dogs long enough to tell me what's happened?" Salvadore spat at the distressed men he could not see. "Who's here? That you, Anderson?"

"Yeah—it's me." Anderson's tone was not propitiating. "We want to know if you know what was in them gasoline drums we delivered to Kimberley."

"Whisky." Dage was laconic.

"Like hell! We unloaded the stuff on Kimberley's boat and he started to make the payoff. Then one of his men opened a drum—and every damned one of 'em was full of water!"

For half a minute the heavy breathing of the huddled men was the only sound fighting the overwhelming silence of the little wharf. "Dage," Anderson continued, "Kimberley got Drennon—thinking it was *you*." Salvadore did not have to be told what Kimberley had thought, or how he had acted and would continue to act as occasion should arise. His canny mind completed this comprehensive knowledge by instantly suggesting to him the man who had drained the whisky from those drums, and had planned Drennon's fate for Dage Salvadore.

It was by the narrowest chance that Dage had not himself been present at the delivery. And the cataclysm he knew to be of his own brewing; he had indeed thrown too much of a scare into Clink Moses. So far some of the luck had gone against Clink; but Dage knew that either Moses or Kimberley had turned them in, and that Clink's inning was not yet over.

"Somebody scratching on the riverside door." The whisper came from so near that Dage felt the man's hot breath. Two faint taps on the sheet-iron siding of the wharf shed boomed through the pregnant dark. The gentle scratching was resumed, followed by four raps, a pause, and two more.

"Open it, Anderson," Dage ordered.

"Like hell I will!"

"Andy's right," muttered another voice. "What if some dick has got onto our signals?"

"Didn't you say Clink and Wells stayed with the boat? It's them come to take us off, you dumb-headed fools. It's a chance. And you know damned well the bulls will be here any time now. Open it, Anderson."

THERE was the scarcely audible scuffle of clothing over rough boards. Anderson, evidently prone on his belly, was crawling to the door. They heard him rap five times. From outside came a single loud rap followed by three quick, light ones.

The sliding door rumbled gently, and there was the drip of water-soaked garments. "—Wells," breathed the darkness, and they knew the thin, high voice of the man instantly. "Where's Dage?"

"Right here."

"They're coming," Wells whispered quickly. "Two cars of 'em from New Orleans. We got to get out—an' quick. Clink sent me in to tip you off. He's holding the boat out about a hundred yards off shore, and we'll have to swim for it. He'll show a flash down low, to guide us."

Before he had ceased, men could be heard moving softly toward the door,

(*Continued on page 46*)

In the English language there are just eleven words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters D-E-T. One of them is DETAIN. You supply the others.

1	D	E	T	A	I	N	To keep under restraint. To keep back; withhold. To delay.
2	D	E	T				To separate or disunite; disengage.
3	D	E	T				To find out; to expose. To discover.
4	D	E	T				In mechanics, that which unlocks a movement, as a pawl.
5	D	E	T				A detained person; prisoner.
6	D	E	T				A minute portion; particular item. To report minutely. To appoint for a particular service.
7	D	E	T				To abhor; abominate; loathe.
8	D	E	T				A turning; deviation from a direct course.
9	D	E	T				Variant of DETENT.
10	D	E	T				Dial. equivalent of DETERMINE.
11	D	E	T				(Rare) To turn from the original or plain meaning; to pervert; to distort.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Foldage	6. Folious
2. Foldure	7. Foliate
3. Foliary	8. Foliage
4. Folding	9. Foliose
5. Foliole	10. Folioed

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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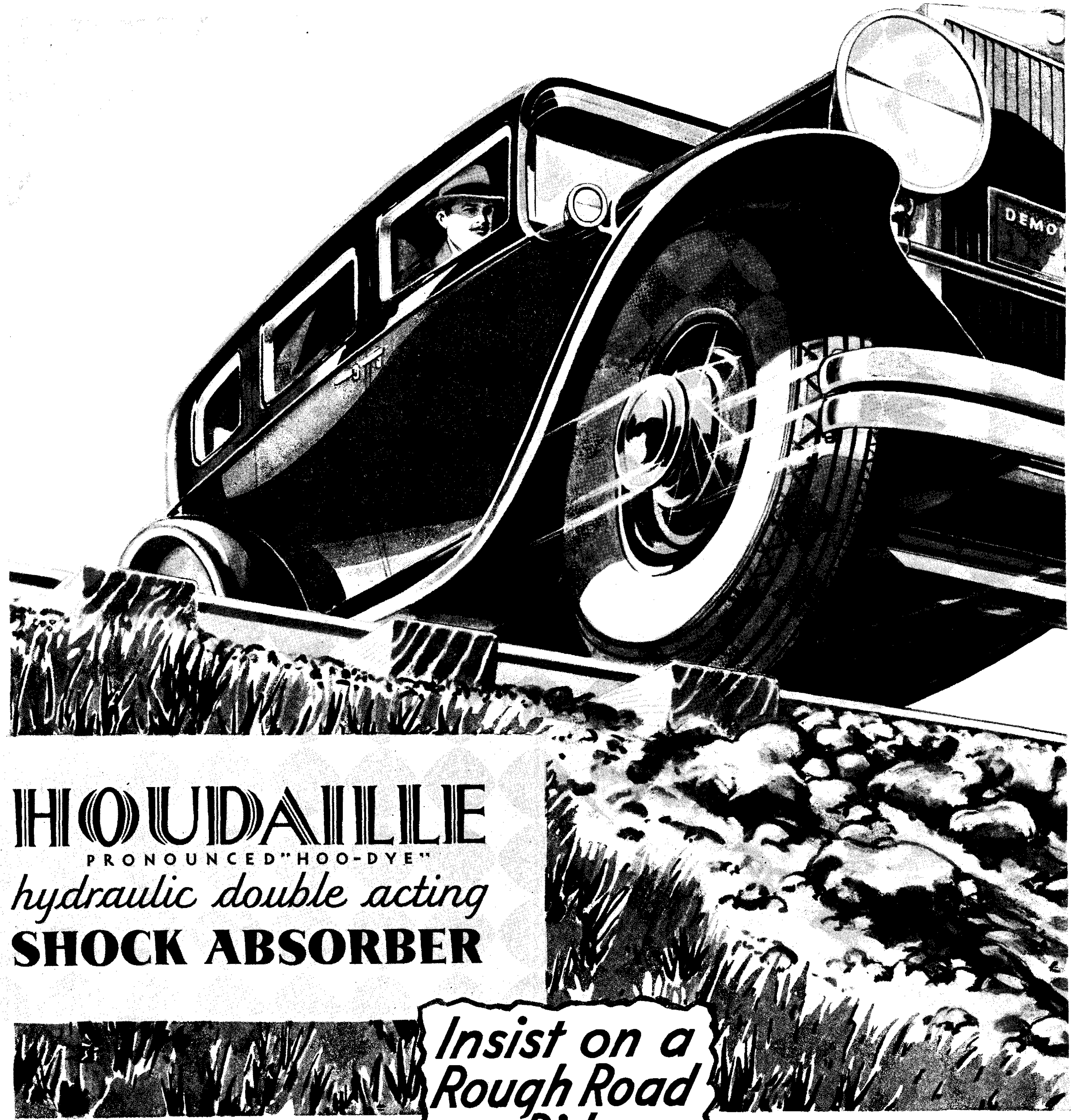

HOUDAILLE
PRONOUNCED "HOO-DYE"
hydraulic double acting
SHOCK ABSORBER

Insist on a Rough Road Ride

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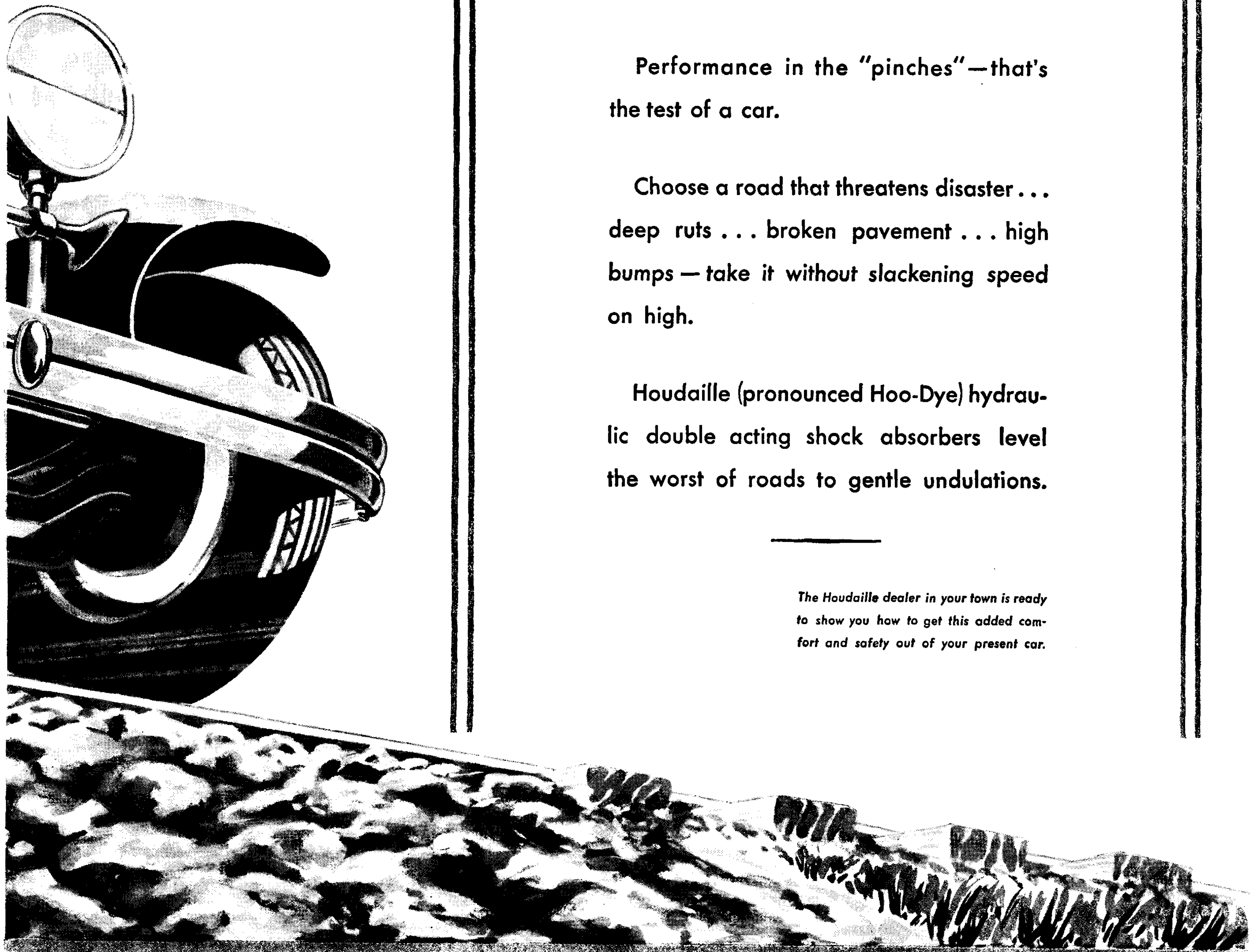
That's the only true test of
COMFORT *and* SAFETY

Performance in the "pinches"—that's the test of a car.

Choose a road that threatens disaster... deep ruts . . . broken pavement . . . high bumps — *take it without slackening speed on high.*

Houdaille (pronounced Hoo-Dye) hydraulic double acting shock absorbers level the worst of roads to gentle undulations.

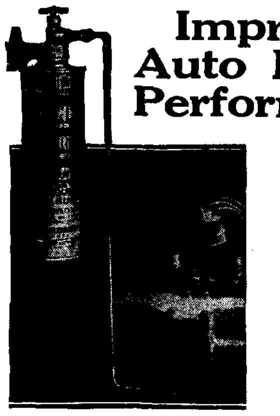
The Houdaille dealer in your town is ready to show you how to get this added comfort and safety out of your present car.



Houde Engineering Corporation
Buffalo, N.Y.
A DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION
PIONEERS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HYDRAULIC DOUBLE ACTING SHOCK ABSORBERS

WARNER
PENETREEN
VALVE LUBRICATOR

Improves Auto Engine Performance



$2.50

Complete with can of Warner Penetreen (oil). Installed in your car in twenty minutes.

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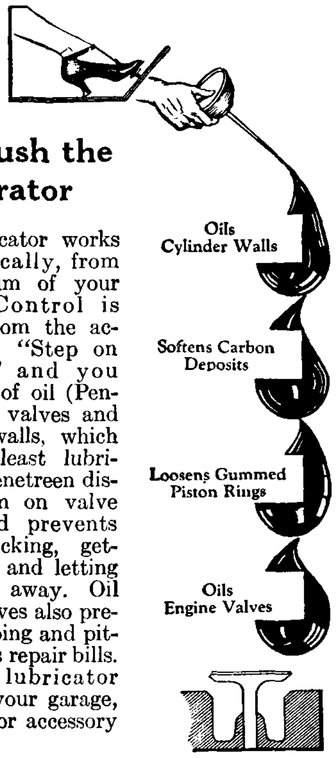

This lubricator works automatically, from the vacuum of your motor. Control is entirely from the accelerator. "Step on the gas" and you send film of oil (Penetreen) to valves and cylinder walls, which now get least lubrication. Penetreen dissolves gum on valve stems and prevents valves sticking, getting noisy and letting power slip away. Oil on hot valves also prevents warping and pitting; saves repair bills. Get this lubricator today at your garage, hardware or accessory store.

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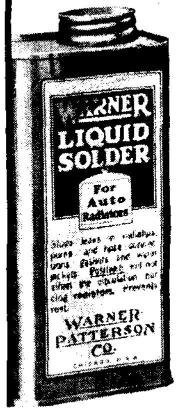

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WARNER
LIQUID SOLDER

Rat Trap

Continued from page 43

through which a smothered gleam of dim starlight sifted. One faint splash, rewarded instantly by a volley of low, emphatic curses, and all of them were in the river.

All of them but Dage Salvadore; for as greatly as Dage loved life and liberty, and as greatly as he feared capture and death, his rabid fear of water was greater. Dage could not swim.

EVEN in the strained waiting, Salvadore, analyzing the noises of the charge, sensed something unusual. Outside the wharf he heard voices and footsteps. The raiders approached with none of the precaution exercised by even the most reckless party closing in upon a band of cornered, desperate men.

Before the landward door he heard them pause. "What if there's a few of 'em still in here?" asked someone outside.

"Burk signaled from the boat that they were all accounted for. But we'll look." The door rattled, and in the very act of feeling about him desperately for cover, Dage had a revealing flash of comprehension: Clink had planted a police boat in the river after Wells had swum in, and the gang had been picked up one by one as they came alongside.

"It's not locked—nobody in here." Gleams of light sprinkled through the chinks and crannies of the wharf front. "Here, Ed. Roll back the door, and I'll look."

Dage took out his pistol and tipping up the nearest gasoline drum, shoved the weapon under it. As he did so, his careful fingers told him that one head of the drum had been cut out with a cold chisel to make a water container—one of those ever-empty barrels that sit around for use in case of fire. The drum was empty, light, and dry. Swiftly he tipped it upon its side, thrust himself into it, raised it up again with half his body inside, and by desperate contortions settled the iron cylinder over himself as one would invert a can over a frog.

The drum must still have been rocking from his efforts when the door slid back, and footsteps thudded into the wharf. "Empty," someone commented cheerfully. "Nothing but gas barrels. See if there's anything behind those over there."

For ten minutes the search went on. Once the heavy butt of a riot gun rang down upon the head of the barrel under which Dage crouched, his sweating face between his straining knees.

Salvadore gave the searchers time and more than enough time to clear out. He heard them hail the police boat, which had drawn in near the wharf. He heard Wells and Anderson, now prisoners aboard it, cursing himself and Clink Moses, which told him that now, besides dodging Jimmie Kirk, he must count forever upon the deadly enmity of those six men whom Clink had so adroitly convinced of his apostasy. All of this was bitter drink, but a dose he knew it was well to take, swallow, and be instructed by.

Thirty minutes after all sound was gone from the wharf and the river—an hour after he had heard the wharf doors shut and locked—Dage crept from under his metal barrel. Five minutes later he had the door open. Outside the night had cleared, and a moon hung low in the eastern sky. Salvadore turned his steps cityward. If he could once get to New Orleans he might openly take passage to South America, or he could—and this seemed safer—bribe his way aboard some tramp freighter as a deck hand. He had not finally decided which course he should follow when he came to the Industrial Ship Canal. Here he turned away from the river with the dawn spreading through the sky behind him. As he walked along the canal toward the bridge, a voice hailed from the deck of a tug boat in the lock.

"It's time you showed up! You're the extra stoker Wheeler sent, ain't you? We been dawdling along here waiting. Can't you get aboard? What kind of a damned lubber *are* you?"

Dage looked at the water below and hesitated. The man who had berated him was leaning half out of the pilot-house window of the grimy tug. He twiddled the wheel, and the drifting boat shouldered up to the concrete wall of the lock, her deck not six inches from the parapet. Dage skipped swiftly aboard.

"Where we headed?" he asked mildly.

"What's that to you, you lousy Dago? Get below and grab a shovel."

Dage clambered down the companion to the lower deck in time to line up for breakfast with a dozen other men. Later, when they were bowling down the river, he took a shovel and "trimmed" in the bunkers. He considered himself in the middle of a lucky break. His identity was gone; he was the "extra stoker Wheeler sent." Later he would give proper thought to selecting a name. In his ignorance of river ways, he believed there would be plenty of chances, working on a tug, to slip aboard an outbound freighter.

Dage was experiencing so much relief from the immediate danger of the past twenty-four hours that he was nearly content, when Pierre Broussard, the little Creole mechanic, whom he had never seen and never would see, accidentally scraped a bit of the packing out of a main steam-pipe flange with his cold chisel.

A deafening roar of escaping steam heralded pandemonium. Dage Salvadore was outside on the narrow lower deck when the packing blew, and he instinctively sprang for the forward companionway. The tug slid forward with slackening speed as the pressure in the boiler decreased. The noise abated, and the engines died with a sobbing cough, above which arose the shrieks of scalded men. Captain and mate sprang past Dage through the white vapor which enveloped the boat, and hung motionless above the brown water.

"I WISH to hell I knew which one of 'em did it!" The captain was stark mad with rage. "By damn, I'd kill him like a dog." He was striding among the men, who had formed two wavering lines inside the rows of lifeboats. "Here we've blown our steam—not a pound to run her to shore with, or sound our siren. And a damned mangy stoker has to dump a shovel of live coals into a pile of cotton waste!"

"Come on off," suggested the mate soothingly. "She's gone. No steam to run the fire pumps."

Dage shrank behind a lifeboat, hastily figuring out just how he would insure getting a place in the first one launched.

"Hey! Look!" an excited stoker pointed to the companionway. The vapor that hung there suddenly billowed upward, and its color changed from the clammy white of condensing steam to a dirty gray-blue. Below this pulsed a creeping glow that lighted the lower edge of the cloud. Shrapnel bursts of sparks sprang up now amid the stronger flashes of living flame. This grew rapidly more vivid. A miniature tornado funnel of black smoke and flame spun unheralded up the companion hatch, toppled and spread among the terrified men.

"Grab something and go over!" The captain hove an empty fire extinguisher at the pillar of flame which roared up through the heart of his boat, walked slowly to the rail, climbed it, and jumped feet first.

Dage Salvadore pounced whining among the men. "Let's get a boat over! Help me get a boat over! I'll give you a thousand dollars to help me get a boat over—two thousand!"

"To hell with that!" the mate cried over his shoulder as he mounted the rail. "Any lousy monkey that can't swim eighty yards oughta go down. I ain't waitin' for it to get to them oil barrels aft!"

He was diving off before he finished speaking; and, as if they might find the water softer for his fall, the crew followed him, jumping one by one from the very place he had stood, like sheep following a goat.

Dage Salvadore found the exact middle of the upper deck—found, with the precise mathematics of sheer panic the spot farthest back from the water on every side, and stood there. The fire was leaping up on all sides now, and the deck was an iron raft on roaring waves of flame. The heat cooked Dage Salvadore's feet through the soles of his shoes. His mind went black, then cleared, and he fought with the lashings of the nearest lifeboat until his finger ends burst, and the pain of them cut into his sense even through the madness. He wasted precious moments there, knowing in a detached way that it was futile; knowing that his one chance lay in getting into a cork jacket and going over into . . . the water.

Without purpose he was dashing about listening to himself shout—marveling coldly at the animal panic of this dying man, Dage Salvadore, when consciousness went out like the snicking off of electric lights.

"WELL! so you're thinking of taking a little more interest in things?" The voice was a woman's. Dage realized that he was moving—or more properly speaking—writhing about on his back, and that he hurt all over. His mind cleared with the instantaneous completeness of a dog's awakened from a nap. Through his ringing head passed the scene at the wharf, the interminable hour under the inverted gasoline drum—the vermilion horror of the burning tug afloat upon ghastly, unseen water.

"Hospital?" his voice came muffled and weak. Evidently bandages covered his face completely.

"You bet you!" The nurse was a hearty wench. "Charity Hospital, New Orleans. Biggest of its kind in the world. Now try to keep still."

"How bad—?"

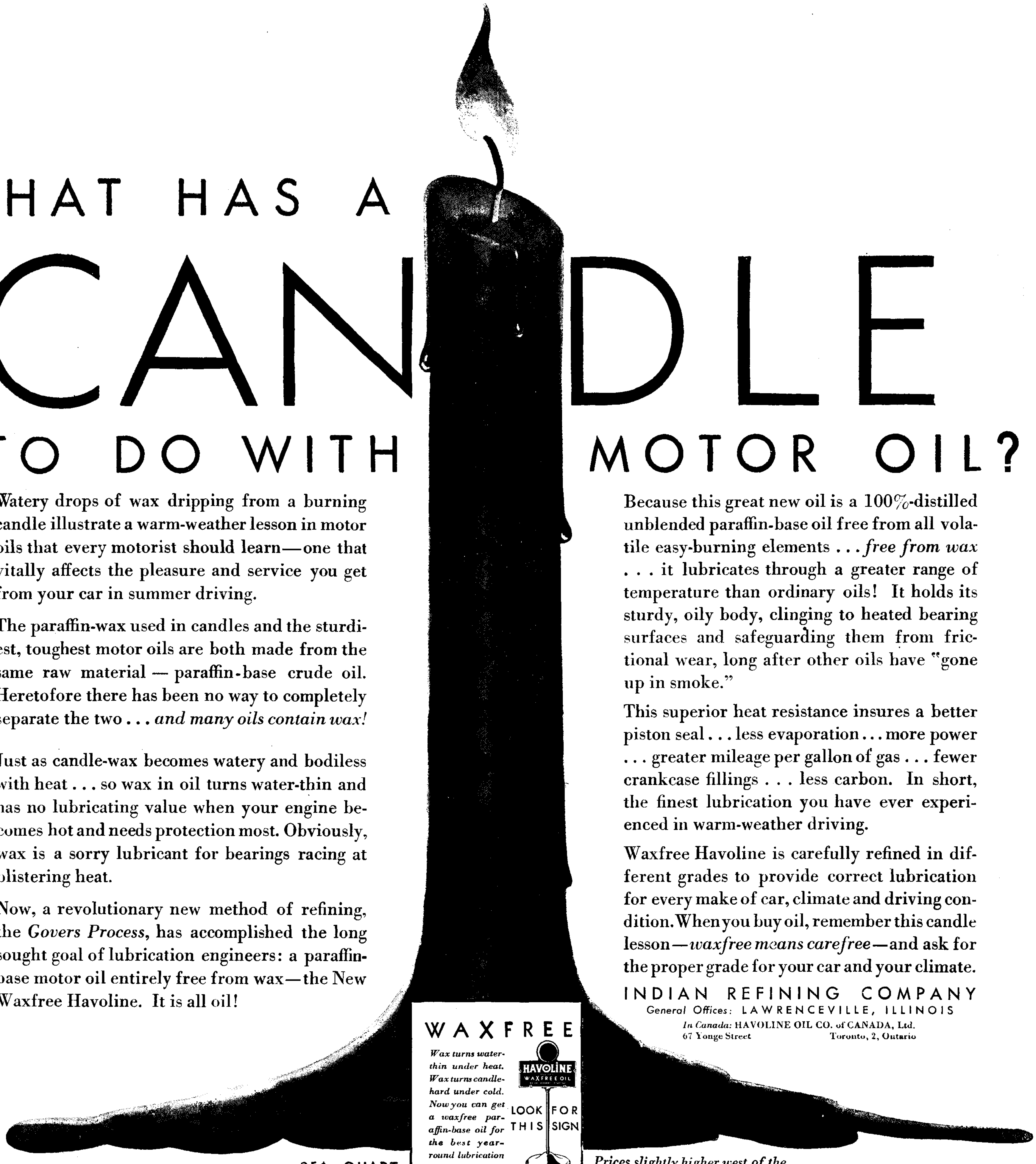
"Pretty bad, brother. Burnt. Now lie still."

For three weeks Dage found this order fairly easy to obey. The pain lessened day by day, but he was desperately weak, and the bandages were still on his eyes.

Three or four times a day panic that stilled and straightened him between the sheets would sweep across his mind at the thought that he might never see again. The nurses' and doctors' assurances counted nothing at these times—though through the days and long nights he lived for nothing else.

(*Continued on page 48*)

WHAT HAS A CANDLE TO DO WITH MOTOR OIL?



Watery drops of wax dripping from a burning candle illustrate a warm-weather lesson in motor oils that every motorist should learn—one that vitally affects the pleasure and service you get from your car in summer driving.

The paraffin-wax used in candles and the sturdiest, toughest motor oils are both made from the same raw material — paraffin-base crude oil. Heretofore there has been no way to completely separate the two . . . *and many oils contain wax!*

Just as candle-wax becomes watery and bodiless with heat . . . so wax in oil turns water-thin and has no lubricating value when your engine becomes hot and needs protection most. Obviously, wax is a sorry lubricant for bearings racing at blistering heat.

Now, a revolutionary new method of refining, the *Govers Process*, has accomplished the long sought goal of lubrication engineers: a paraffin-base motor oil entirely free from wax—the New Waxfree Havoline. It is all oil!

Because this great new oil is a 100%-distilled unblended paraffin-base oil free from all volatile easy-burning elements . . . *free from wax* . . . it lubricates through a greater range of temperature than ordinary oils! It holds its sturdy, oily body, clinging to heated bearing surfaces and safeguarding them from frictional wear, long after other oils have "gone up in smoke."

This superior heat resistance insures a better piston seal . . . less evaporation . . . more power . . . greater mileage per gallon of gas . . . fewer crankcase fillings . . . less carbon. In short, the finest lubrication you have ever experienced in warm-weather driving.

Waxfree Havoline is carefully refined in different grades to provide correct lubrication for every make of car, climate and driving condition. When you buy oil, remember this candle lesson—*waxfree means carefree*—and ask for the proper grade for your car and your climate.

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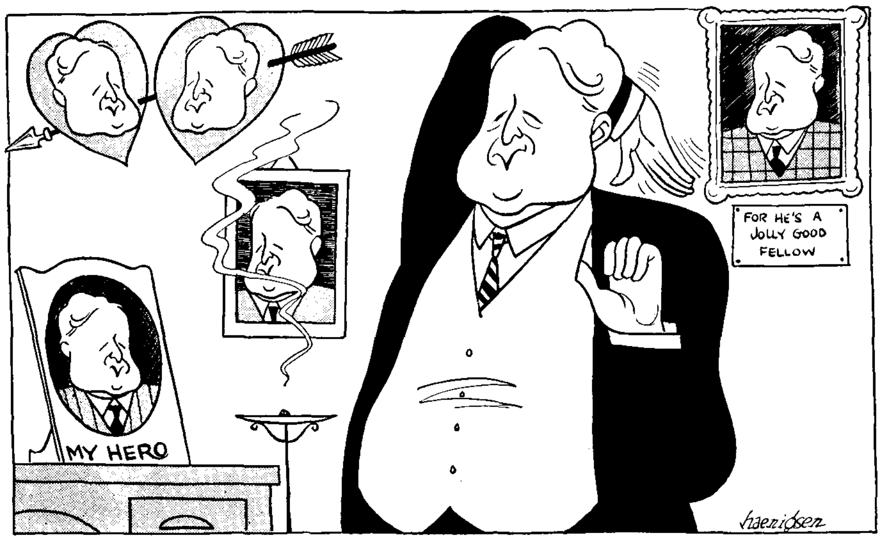

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
MY HERO
Haenigsen

James J. Aesop

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

I WONDER if there is anybody else in the world who thinks quite so well of himself as the Honorable James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, who recently announced that in seeking the Republican nomination for senator from Pennsylvania he would not resign from President Hoover's Cabinet because to do so would cause an irreparable loss to President Hoover.

And the odd part of it is that Mr. Davis *is* irreplaceable. Mr. Hoover tried his best to replace Mr. Davis when he became President, and couldn't. Then it was announced hopefully that in a year Mr. Hoover would find someone to take Mr. Davis' place. But the year came round and Mr. Davis was found just as irreplaceable as ever.

So it was made known that Mr. Hoover gave up in despair; the Honorable James J. was to remain in the Cabinet for all of Mr. Hoover's four-year term. Just then a loud call, an irresistible call, went up from all Pennsylvania for the Honorable James J. to run for some office or other; it was not quite certain what. The Honorable James J. heard it. So among the many troubles that have befallen Mr. Hoover is this irresistible call for this irreplaceable man.

There never before has been a Secretary of Labor so indispensable. When President Harding had the Labor portfolio to fill, the Republicans who had contributed to his campaign fund insisted that he ought to fill it with someone like the president of the National Manufacturers' Association or like the Honorable Joseph R. Grundy.

The idea of putting the head of the open-shop movement into the Secretaryship of Labor seemed good to many of Mr. Harding's advisers; but someone had a happy thought: "Why not Jim Davis? He's a millionaire and a banker, but he was once an iron puddler and he has a union card."

A Homemade Halo

So it was Jim Davis, Secretary of Labor. And so it is still Jim Davis, Secretary of Labor. And so it always will be Jim Davis, Secretary of Labor, unless the irresistible call from Pennsylvania produces a perpetual vacancy in the Cabinet.

"This teaches us," as the Honorable James J. says on every page of his great work The Iron Puddler (all about James J.), that there is always the right man for the right place; and that in a country where brains and brawn are recognized, where virtue, industry and thrift are rewarded as they are in this most perfect country, the right man will always get in that right place.

If the late Aesop had not written his book of fables, the Honorable James J. would have written it instead. In fact he did write it in The Iron Puddler. And the Honorable James J. is the lion, the fox, the elephant, the ichthyosaurus and the dinosaurus of that book.

Why should the Honorable James J. be senator from Pennsylvania instead of the Honorable Joseph R. Grundy? It is hard to say. Their essential philosophies of life differ so little that they could change places, Mr. Grundy becoming Secretary of Labor and Mr. Davis becoming senator without anyone noticing the difference.

Beer and Ballads

The Honorable James J. would talk rather more in the Senate than the present representative from Pennsylvania does, for everything about him pleases him greatly, including the sound of his own voice. Mr. Grundy could put out statistics of employment as accurate and as pleasing to those who do not wish to face evidences of business depression as those Mr. Davis issues. And Mr. Davis would vote on the tariff exactly as Mr. Grundy does.

Neither is a wet. The greatest cheer that the wets of Pennsylvania can get from Mr. Davis is his remark in his book of fables about himself, "Since beer disappeared nobody has asked me to sing. Prohibition may be good for the health but it is sure death to art."

But all the same Mr. Davis may mean something in Pennsylvania which may account for the irresistible call which his acute ear hears. What is going on in that state is a struggle of the masses of the Republican party to wrest control of the party away from the classes who have so long controlled it. Mr. Vare, the hero of the proletariat of the cities, challenged Mr. Mellon and Mr. Grundy in 1926 and beat them, but he was thrown out of the Senate. Mr. Davis looked like a Labor Secretary to Mr. Harding, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover, so why shouldn't he look like a proletarian to the voters of Pennsylvania?

Well, if the proletarian wins, no one need worry. I quote from his book of fables, "Some people say that you should cheer for the under dog. *But that isn't always fair*. The under dog deserves our sympathy; the upper dog must be a better dog or he wouldn't have put the other dog down. I give three cheers for the winner"—the upper dog. Some of the upper dogs of Pennsylvania are hereby invited to cast a vote or two for their robust cheer leader.

Rat Trap

Continued from page 46

Then on a day an interne talked soothingly and said they would take off the bandages. "You'll have to expect— You're lucky to be here, Big Boy. The crew of the fire tug that got you off said they thought they were gathering a gift for the morgue."

Suddenly, Dage, who through weakness and fear and deep planning had been quiet and carefully, even humbly polite, got back his old voice and used it on the young doctor: "For God's sake! If I'm blind, I'm blind. See? Lemme find out all about it without making a speech."

They took the bandages off. Dage Salvadore could see; but there was a strangeness about seeing that did not wear off when the shock of daylight had lessened. "Gimme a looking glass," he demanded curtly. There were four or five doctors and three nurses about the bed.

"Bring it," quietly ordered one of the men.

Dage looked at his face, and understood the strangeness of his vision. He was seeing with one eye. Two thirds of his face was a horrible scar, the puckering cicatrix of which involved and extinguished the right eye, made a caricatured slit of the mouth, and sent wheals of white and angry red spreading from the chin upward over the right cheek, to where scraggly hair grizzled above the temples.

When he had looked at the ruin for perhaps two minutes, Dage Salvadore began to laugh, happily and quietly; but as loud as his new mouth, which was not more than half as wide as his old one had been, would let him.

"We oughtn't to have let him look all at once! It's too much for him!" protested the ward nurse.

"BUT it was genuine laughing, all the same." Dage Salvadore leaned toward his fishing companion as though his story was drawing to a close. "I was happy, all right. I figured that with this new map, and calling myself Gaulton, nobody in the world would know me. See? And I was right. Besides, I was reported dead. They thought I'd drowned when the others swam for the boat from my wharf. So it looks like the world is mine. But it ain't such a big world, and there ain't room in it for me and Jimmie Kirk both."

His dramatic pause elicited no response from the man snuggled down among the rocks beside him. Dage drew a pistol from his pocket. "Jimmie, when they tipped me off you were up here fishing, I thought *that* was luck enough: I didn't know we'd make friends, and go fishing *together*."

"Dage"—Jimmie stirred slowly, turning lazily so that he faced Salvadore—"you know your main trouble?"

"By God, I do! It was trying to outthink you all along, instead of just bumping you off, and taking my chances with the dumb ones that would be left."

"Yeah," Jimmie agreed thoughtfully, "that's one thing."

"I know it," Dage agreed. "I matched up with you in Chicago, and you won. Then you put that big bozo in New York onto me, and he nearly nabbed me at 125th Street station. And of course Clink Moses couldn't have thought of anything as clever as that self-starting raid in New Orleans all by himself. I knew who was back of it."

"I didn't recognize you, though, Dage. So you really did put one over on me by getting me out here like this. But your main trouble is—"

"I'm not trying to out-think you now, Jimmie. That's why I've won. I just mean to put you away, and do it right. Sink you without a trace. Then I'll hail a boat—"

"Where's our boat?"

"All fixed—right after lunch, when I went for my tackle box. I cut her loose, and the wind took her. Get the idea?" Even in this crisis Salvadore paused to relish the perfection of his close-knit scheme, calmly explaining its details as a taunt and a torture: "We were upset. See? You were drowned, and I managed to make it to this island of rocks."

"Your main trouble," Jimmie resumed patiently, "is that you can't swim."

"What the hell that got to do with it, you rat? Any lie will do, won't it? Don't try to talk me down, Kirk. You ought to know me better than that."

Jimmie Kirk snuggled back among the rocks, and laced his fingers across his flat stomach again. When he had draped his loose limbs over the stones to his satisfaction, he began to laugh.

"Damn you! Stop that!" Dage suddenly became uneasy, tense.

"But it's a hot sketch, Dage—a knock-out! See all those little shells on that boulder? The tide gets ten feet deep over these rocks—*and you can't swim.*"

"Jimmie!" All the horror to which a human being can vibrate jerked at Dage's ruined face, pleaded through his one eye, wheezed and sobbed and sputtered in his supplicating voice. "Jimmie, for God's sake, don't let me drown here like a rat! Get me off! I'll take my chance on going back to Chicago! I'll risk going to the seat for Robock! I don't wanna drown here like a rat. Jimmie! Look!" Salvadore hurled first his pistol and then his knife far out into the water. "Get us off of here, Jimmie! I can't—I don't want any water in mine. I'll—"

Jimmie Kirk stood up and slowly hitched himself out of his coat, kicked off his shoes, and sauntered to the water's edge. "I'll have a boat here before the tide is much higher." He waded in, fell on his breast with a splash, and struck out for the distant shoreline with an easy, rapid overhand stroke which took him swiftly through the gentle rollers.

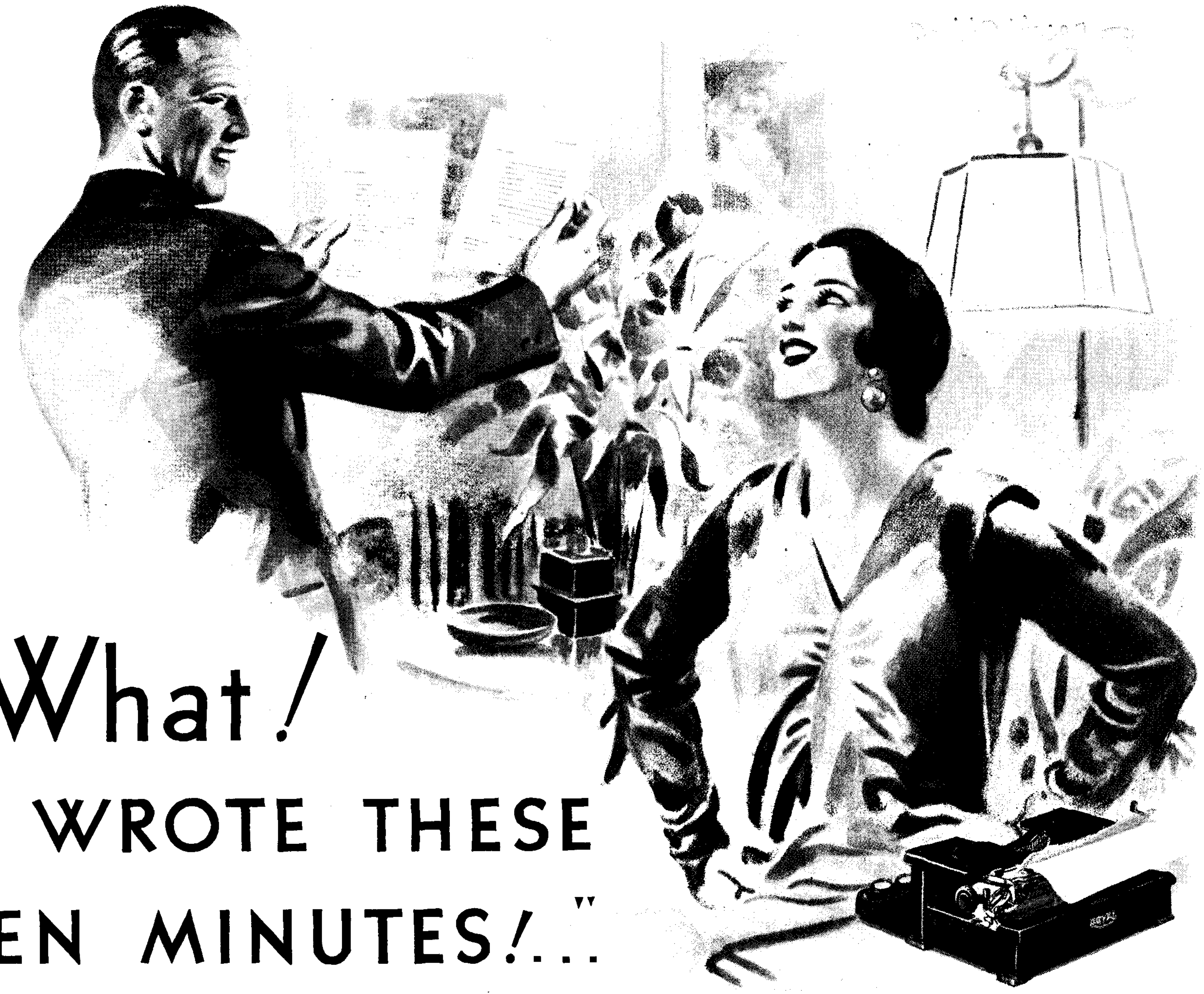
WHEN the boat which he had been watching touched at the little fishing pier, Jimmie Kirk got up from where he had been draped over the end of a piling recovering from his long swim, and looked down. In the bottom of the dory lay Dage Salvadore with a trickle of blood across his livid face, manacled, and swearing weakly but with poignant emphasis. The man who was steering wore a scarlet-stained handkerchief bound about his crown. On the two uniformed policemen who inexpertly swung the oars there were also unmistakable signs of battle.

"Why all the rough stuff?" Jimmie Kirk asked mildly.

"That's what we'd give our toy dog to know!" The steersman pitched his oar clattering upon the wharf, and stood up, swearing bitterly. "He was a lamb —just a plain sick man—until we started to pull away from the little island. Then he asked how high the tide got over those rocks out there he was roostin' on—and went wild. Tried to murder the whole kit an' bilin' of us —includin' himself."

"Maybe," suggested Kirk, "you didn't answer his question civilly?"

"I just told him the truth—that the tide didn't ever quite cover 'em."



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The New
ROYAL TYPEWRITER
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Relieving the Farmer

Continued from page 23

jewels. Mr. Pritchett, I will give you *either this watch or one thousand dollars* in currency."

"Just a minute, sir," I say. "If you have no objections I would like to talk to my friend Mr. Pritchett here."

"Certainly, sir," says Jim, walking away.

"Take the thousand," I whisper to Mr. Pritchett, who hadn't any other idea anyway. "No telling what these strangers will palm off on you. Maybe you'd get that real watch and maybe you wouldn't. I have heard of sleight of hand. But you can't go wrong on currency."

Mr. Pritchett Rises

Mr. Pritchett said he would take Jim's thousand dollars but said he did not have one thousand to show at the moment although he could get it at the bank.

"I shall be waiting here, sir," said Jim. "When you show me one thousand dollars I shall hand you a like sum. No offense, no offense. I must adhere to the rules of my house."

I tell Mr. Pritchett I will drive him to the bank, which is now open, and on our way to that institution I try to bargain with him. I would like to share that *money with him—take half of it in fact.* I suggest that he show five hundred dollars and that I show five hundred dollars and that we split the proceeds. But, to my secret joy, Mr. Pritchett is reluctant.

There is no use trying to explain Mr. Pritchett's state of mind. Here he finds a gentleman willing to hand him one thousand dollars and that is just as many dollars to Mr. Pritchett as it is to you or me. And that is all he has on his mind—one thousand dollars for just stopping down to the circus lot and talking to a gentleman. Why, he aimed to drop twenty-five dollars by staying *away from his store that morning.*

No use arguing why Mr. Pritchett didn't let his thoughts wander a little past those thousand dollars. The poor gentleman only had one thought. Customers ain't thinkers anyway.

When Mr. Pritchett and I presented *ourselves to Jim again and laid his* thousand dollars on the table for Jim to count, old Jim peels ten one hundred-dollar bills off his own roll and lays it on top of Mr. Pritchett's. Then he pulls the envelope out of his pocket.

"Again I congratulate you, sir," says *he, standing unconcerned-like between* Mr. Pritchett and the two thousand dollars, and pulling the card out of the envelope slowly. "I don't know as I have ever seen a gentleman draw the capital prize first off. Eleven, as I say, is the lucky number and—"

Jim almost collapses. He has drawn the card all the way out. It is not eleven, contrary to all first appearances, but sixty-six with long, long upright stems. It looked like eleven, with the card halfway out; but who would have guessed that at the bottom of these ones the loop of a six was attached?

Mr. Pritchett was preparing for action. *In vain did Jim press upon him the* soup ladle which went with sixty-six. Mr. Pritchett wanted no soup ladles. He wanted his thousand dollars, which, I had almost forgot to say, was now reposing in Jim's pants pocket. Thinking it over calmly I don't recall ever seeing a customer so put out as Mr. Pritchett was. He was in the act of hauling off at Jim when Greasy Bob appeared.

Bob looks at me with mingled surprise and solicitude.

"Why, Mr. Wells," says he, taking my arm and thereby staying the upraised hand of Harper Pritchett, "what on *earth are you doing here and what is* all this here trouble?"

I explained to Bob, whose face was dropping by the foot as he listened.

"Gambling!" cried Bob, in shocked tones. "Mr. Wells, you don't mean to tell me you been gambling your money *with a common gambler and you an* elder in the church. Not only that, Mr. Wells, but there is a law against gambling. Oh, Mr. Wells, let's don't agitate this here painful situation too much. I heard this here commotion as I passed by and there is no telling how many preachers and officers there are around here by this time. Sh-h-h-h-h."

We all looked scared. Jim sneaked out through a hole in the tent and Mr. Pritchett, who was a big member of the first church in his home town, was in a quandary, so to speak. He wanted his thousand dollars but he was also thinking of his reputation.

"*What do you think we better do?*" I asked Bob very humble.

"Mr. Wells," said Bob, "it ain't for me to be telling the likes of you but if you want my advice I would say let us pray the Lord for forgiveness."

Bob and me, we got right down there *on our marrows and Bob began praying.* So did I, keeping an eye on Mr. Pritchett, who I was glad to observe was wavering. I don't know as I ever heard more powerful and pervading praying than Bob did. Yessir, it fetched Mr. Pritchett plumb down with us. I departed, saying I'd be back in a minute, while Mr. Pritchett was exacting promises from Bob that Bob would keep his mouth shut.

I moved on. I got back into my buggy and flicked old Jethro with the whip. You can't tell me that noble equine wasn't snickering. Doggone it, I heard him.

I'm hoping that Jim Sturgiss reads these lines if he is still among us. I haven't seen him for thirty years. Jim and I never had anything but fondness between us. I had any number of partners in my profession but none like Jim. Jim might have been a mite sharp with a customer but he was a man a partner could depend on. Honest as the day was long.

The Country Send

Jim and I and Jethro sort of parted from Greasy Bob and Elegant Ed Campbell after the Sells show reformed. The three of us set out exploring the possibilities of the pride of Iowa and Missouri, the same being the farmers of those states. Our game was a dramatic swindle known as the "country send."

Now a nervous man would be a failure at the country send, which was no business for the headlong. Why, I saw the times when it took us a week to get our customer leaning at the proper angle for the big sock. Never try to get more speed out of a sucker than he is geared up to, was always my motto.

In the final scene the country send *was something like the big joint.* You never parted with the money until the customer went to the bank and produced a like sum. And then you changed your mind and didn't part with it. But the setting was different.

As I was a specialist at locating and steering customers, and had the powerful assistance of Jethro, which meant that two intellects were scouting for suckers instead of one, I adhered to that. Jim was, as usual, the operator.

Jim and I would come to rest in a town which was the center of a prosperous farming community. Jim would stay behind while Jethro and I set forth with our minds and eyes cocked. I was a great drinker of milk in those days, not only because I enjoyed the beverage, but for business reasons. I owe my present robust condition to the many gallons of milk I consumed while head man for the country send.

I would stop at a farmhouse and *ask for a glass of it, which was usually* forthcoming from those fine hospitable folks, and would ask if I was on the right road to Mr. Corbit Henshaw's farm, knowing right well I was not, having looked up the facts in town, where I had learned that Mr. Corbit *Henshaw was willing and even eager to* sell his farm.

"Well, sir," I'd say to the farmer or his wife, "that's too bad now. I understand Mr. Corbit Henshaw wants to sell his farm and while I'm not exactly in the market, I would like to look it over. How far might I be off the road?"

Now if there was one thing about a farmer it was that he was always considering selling his place. Somehow or other a farmer is always looking to sell. On the particular day I was asking for Mr. Corbit Henshaw, the lady, who had just handed me my second glass of cold milk, informed me that she knew Mr. *Henshaw's place, but was bound to say* it wasn't a patch on the farm I was standing on that minute.

His Sick Sister

And with that she got out a horn and *gave it a couple of blasts,* and told me to sit down and rest myself as her husband would be up from the east meadow in a jiffy.

As I remember him, his name was Mr. McCullop, and while I had not looked up his financial standing, the elegant condition of his fences and barns satisfied me that I was reposing on the acres of a thrifty man. A right affable man, too, who shook me by the hand and asked me to stay to dinner.

"Mr. McCullop," said I, "my sister isn't a well woman. She has been living in St. Joe, a widow woman with two growing boys. Boys will be boys, Mr. McCullop, *especially these two lads.* Wild. She's decided that the city's no place to raise those two boys of hers and aims to buy a farm, and the best part of it is that the two boys are agreeable to life on a farm. So I'm out this way, Mr. McCullop, to look over farms *and get a few prices on them for her.* I was bound for Mr. Corbit Henshaw's place, being informed in town that it is for sale."

In no time to speak of Mr. McCullop and I are sitting in my buggy behind old Jethro, looking over his farm. I *look prosperous and talk likewise and* Mr. McCullop ain't letting a customer like me get away. And I must say he had a mighty, mighty pretty farm. He invites me to stay all night but I tell him my sister's at the hotel in town and I've got to go in to talk to her. Also I tell him I will fetch her out with me in the morning because between him and me I never saw any prettier farm than his.

But the next morning I tell Mr. McCullop that my sister is too sick to come out. I stay to dinner and he begins talking prices, saying he don't see how he could take a cent less than ten thou*sand dollars for his farm, which I say* sounds most attractive, yessir, most at-

(*Continued on page 52*)

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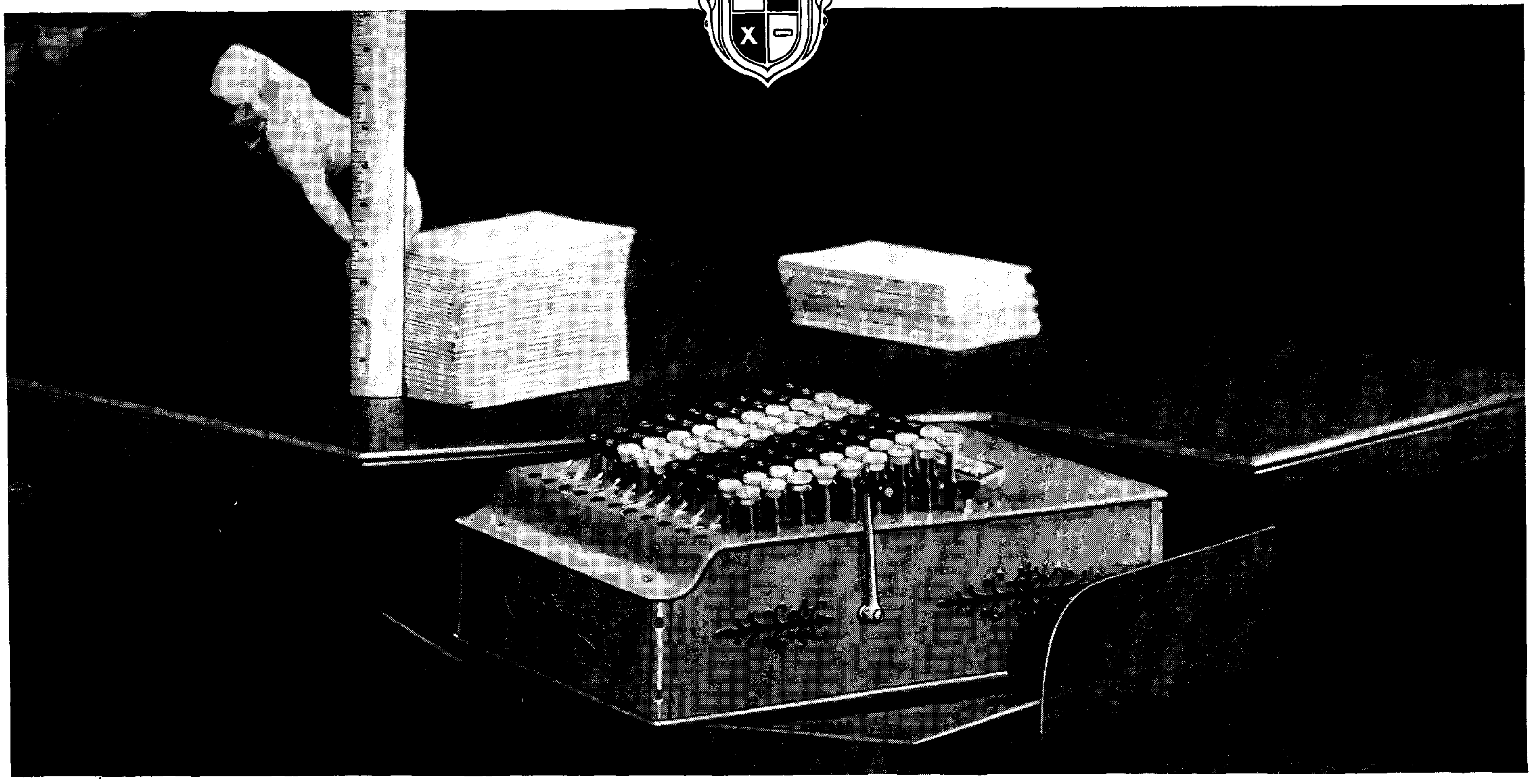

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Relieving the Farmer

Continued from page 50

tractive. I leave him, saying that my sister will surely be out the next day.

"Mr. McCullop," I say in the morning, "my sister ain't up to it. But she says that she will rely on my judgment. Before we do any business at all, however, I would like to take another look over that pasture at the end of that back road over there. Let us get into my buggy and ride over."

Of course he is all for letting old Jethro rest and making the trip in his rig but that, of course, would never, never do. Without Jethro and my buggy the play just couldn't go on.

Complete Stranger

We are driving along the back road when an extra rustic figure meets our eye. It is Jim. Yessir, along comes Jim with a deep-furrow stride and a full set of Texas Panhandle clothes. He's got grease on his new cowhide boots and in his hair. He is shaved glossy and is singing Lone Star Sal. In his hand he carries a satchel.

"Neighbor of yours?" I ask Mr. McCullop.

"No, sir," says Mr. McCullop. "Complete stranger in these parts."

"Let's speak to him," says I. "Looks like a character to me."

"Howdy, stranger," I say to Jim.

"Howdy," says Jim. "And thanks for the courtesy. Mebbe I'm wrong but if not I'm on the right road. I am looking for the farm of Mr. Tom Whipple."

"Shucks, stranger," says Mr. McCullop, "if it's the Tom Whipple I know of you better turn back to town and get a horse and buggy. He's the only Tom Whipple I know and he lives up at Calm Corners, twenty mile up the county."

Jim has put the grip down between his feet, clamping his heels against it as if he was afraid it was going to gallop off.

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll walk it. Serves me right too. You behold here a dishonest man, a trifling, no-good critter who ought to be made to walk a hundred miles."

"What you got in the satchel, stranger?" says I, nudging Mr. McCullop in the ribs.

To our great surprise the simple-minded stranger opens the bag and shows us. It is full of greenbacks.

"Yessir," says he, "seven thousand dollars and it should have been ten. I'm on my way to Mr. Tom Whipple's farm, where I am going to give this here money to my sister, who hired out there when our father in the hardness of his heart turned her out of our home for marrying a worthless but fine-looking feller against our father's wishes. Now the old man's dead and I sold the old place down in Texas and I'm dividing the proceeds with my wronged sister."

"What's become of the three thousand you complain you ain't got?" I ask.

"I gambled it away," says he. "Yessir, to my everlasting shame I done gambled away three thousand dollars of my dear sister's money. I aim to restore it to her out of my own half of the farm, only that will have to wait until I go back to Texas. Not that it was all a loss to me. I learned the game the feller took me in with. Yessir, I learned that game and I aim to take back them three thousand dollars from somebody. He called it California euchre."

"Sure you learned it, stranger?" says I, nudging Mr. McCullop in the ribs once more. "I will bet you five dollars you can't work it."

Dear me, dear me. It was a grand pastime, that country send. It won't take me but a minute of your time to tell the rest. I was right; the simple-minded stranger from Texas made a terrible mess of his first efforts to prove he'd learned California euchre, which was nothing but three-card monte. As he was about to pay me the five dollars he suddenly snatched it back.

"Supposing you had lost," he says. "How do I know you'd paid me? Got five dollars on you? If so, let's see it."

I showed him. And he gave me the five dollars. From then on the actions of that confiding stranger from Texas were simply scandalous. It arrived at a climax when he badgered me and Mr. McCullop to bet him seven thousand dollars against that seven thousand he was carrying to his sister up at Calm Corners. I agreed to take two thousand dollars of it, because that was all the money I had on my person and couldn't get more unless I went to St. Joe. But Mr. McCullop said he had five thousand in the bank. I was nudging Mr. McCullop frequently and Mr. McCullop was nudging back.

We won. The stranger from Texas—old Jim—said he'd turn the satchel and all over if we'd show him seven thousand, and Mr. McCullop, trying hard to smother a grin, said we'd all go into town, where he'd get his five thousand.

I took a tin box—sort of a safe deposit box—out from under the seat of the buggy. The stranger put his seven thousand in and I put my two thousand on top of his. I locked it and shoved it back under the buggy seat, giving Mr. McCullop the key.

"Get in, stranger," says I. And we all drove back to town.

"Well, sir," says he, "I have learned a big lesson in a hard, hard school. I am a ruined man, a defaulter, a robber, a crook. I will go back to Texas and send my sister my half of the farm. Gentlemen, this is a great lesson to me."

A Private Transaction

He excuses himself from going to the bank, saying he will wait for us at the hotel. Mr. McCullop gets his five thousand, and while he is doing so I tell him that the minute we get rid of the stranger from Texas I will take him to see my sister, and we will call up a lawyer to oversee the purchase of his farm, which I say is just about what she will want.

With Mr. McCullop's five thousand in the box with my two thousand and the stranger's seven thousand we go back to the hotel and there he is waiting for us and weeping at the stable sheds.

"Stranger," I say, drawing forth the box, "here is what you want to see."

He looks into the box, sighs with melancholy and hands it to Mr. McCullop, who suggests I take out my two thousand and the two thousand I have won.

"Not here," I say to him, "not here. You keep the box and come with me into the hotel. I will see how my sister is feeling."

Mr. McCullop steps into the hotel parlor while I ease myself out a side door. Jim and I then give Jethro a touch of the whip and we migrate. Of course the box Mr. McCullop thought he had is still under the buggy seat.

Another article by Walter Davenport and Al Burgess will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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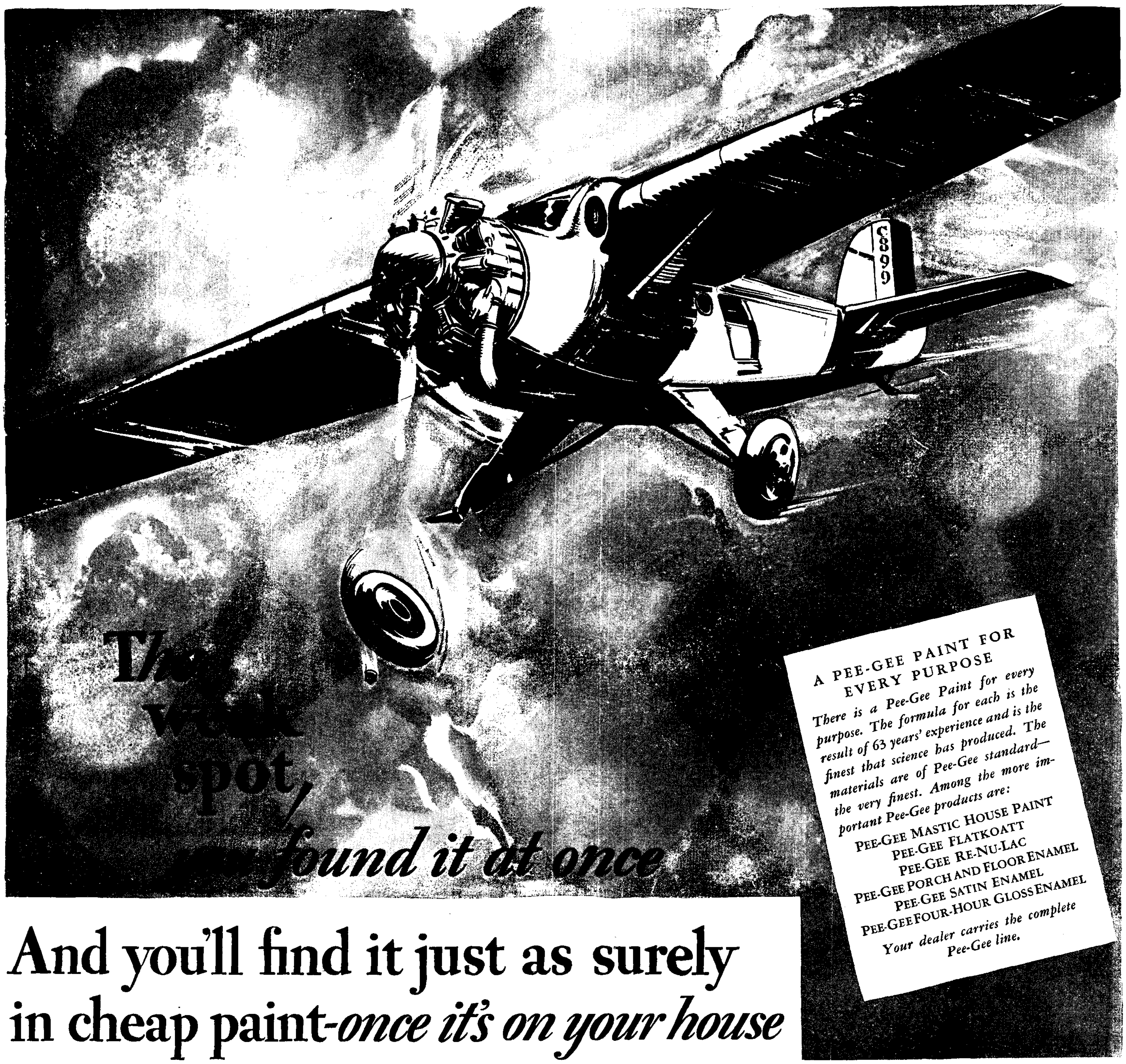

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Panic in the East

Continued from page 11

The battle of Gumbinnen has been fought. François has had his way—thank God the 20th Corps had been kept back—and what are the results? They are certainly not good. At the best the battle is drawn. In this kind of strategic position he cannot afford drawn battles. He must bring his troops back while time remains.

He sees in nightmare mood the advance to the Baltic of a new vast Russian army from Warsaw overwhelming his 20th Corps and cutting off the rest while engaged in entangled and doubtful fighting 100 miles to the east. He knows he is confronted with forces at least twice his own strength, and amid all these dangers there gleams one safe, indispensable refuge, to reach which is at once his heart's desire and his supreme responsibility—the line of the Vistula.

A Fateful Telephone Call

And then at 6:30 P. M. this same day the definite news arrives that long, heavy columns of the Russian southern army have been seen streaming across the frontier near Mlava!

Prittwitz' staff were doubtful about imparting this last formidable item to their chief. General Hoffmann has recorded an illuminating conversation which he had with his colleague, Grünert, upon the subject.

"Too stiff a dose for our venerated leader!" said Hoffmann. "Impossible to withhold such information from a commander in chief!" opined Grünert. It had, however, already reached him.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said General von Prittwitz, when he had summoned them to his office, "you have also received this fresh news from the southern front?" and then he added in vehement decision, "The army is breaking off the battle and retiring behind the Vistula!"

Hoffmann and Grünert were for renewing the fighting at Gumbinnen on the 21st. François and the other generals on the field were furious at the idea of breaking off; they felt sure they could turn both the Russian flanks and beat Rennenkampf soundly on the second day "even though the 20th Corps has been denied us." But Prittwitz had made up his mind.

Had Prittwitz relied upon his competent staff and acted only with them, he might yet have been carried through his perils. But at this moment he took independent action. In his agitated state he went to the telephone and without informing any of his officers cleared the line to the German Main Headquarters at Coblenz.

Moltke is called to the receiver. It is for him also an hour of superhuman stress. All the German armies in the west from Belfort to Brussels are either in deadly grip, or about to enter into battle on French and Belgian soil. The impression which Prittwitz gave Moltke over the telephone was that of a man unequal to his task. To fall back precipitately to the line of the Vistula was bad enough, but worse was threatened by Prittwitz.

"At any rate," said Moltke, "you must at all costs hold the Vistula." To which Prittwitz replied that even that could not be guaranteed without reinforcements. The river was low. It was fordable in many places. "How shall I hold the Vistula with my handful of men?" This remark closed his military career, for no sooner had the receiver been replaced than Moltke was looking for his successor. In this search we will join him.

In Moltke's laden mind arose a now famous image. Away in Hanover there sat at this moment the massive figure of a retired general, a man of Sadowa and Mars-la-Tour who had passed from the service some years before. Now all the supreme events, for which his lifetraining had prepared him, were rushing to their climax. The whole of the Prussian army, the fate of the German Empire, nay, the dynasty itself, all were cast into the scale, and for him there was as yet no place. There he sat in his civilian clothes, brooding on the scraps of information which the newspapers afforded, wondering whether the call would come to him. After all, he knew East Prussia. Mile by mile he knew it. Even if others were to gather the laurels in France, surely against the Russian hordes there was something for Hindenburg to do!

At three o'clock in the afternoon of August 22d came a telegram from the Emperor's Headquarters! Was he prepared for immediate employment? "I am ready." But even before his reply could have reached Main Headquarters, he received a further dispatch stating that his willingness to serve was assumed and that he was to command an army in the east. He was even told the name of his chief staff officer.

Moltke in his necessity had had another idea. When the Germans after violating the Belgian frontier had on the night of August 6th sent six columns to secure Liège by a *coup de main*, the attackers blundered and came to a standstill. A situation of strange confusion arose. In the darkness and disorder the columns, making their way between forts not yet surrendered, lost their direction and hung on the verge of disaster.

At this moment a staff officer—long immersed in the inmost secrets of the General Staff and of the impending war—had suddenly appeared from the gloom. He took command of one column which had lost its general and of all the forces within reach, found the right road, led the troops forward, entered the city; and, in the early light of morning, single-handed smote upon the gates of the citadel and procured its surrender with its entire garrison.

Here surely was a man versed in every aspect of staff work, acquainted alike with its largest and smallest propositions, and now showing qualities of action and audacity in actual contact with violent events. Join Ludendorff's force and knowledge to the prestige and character of old Hindenburg, and East Prussia would surely not lack stout defenders.

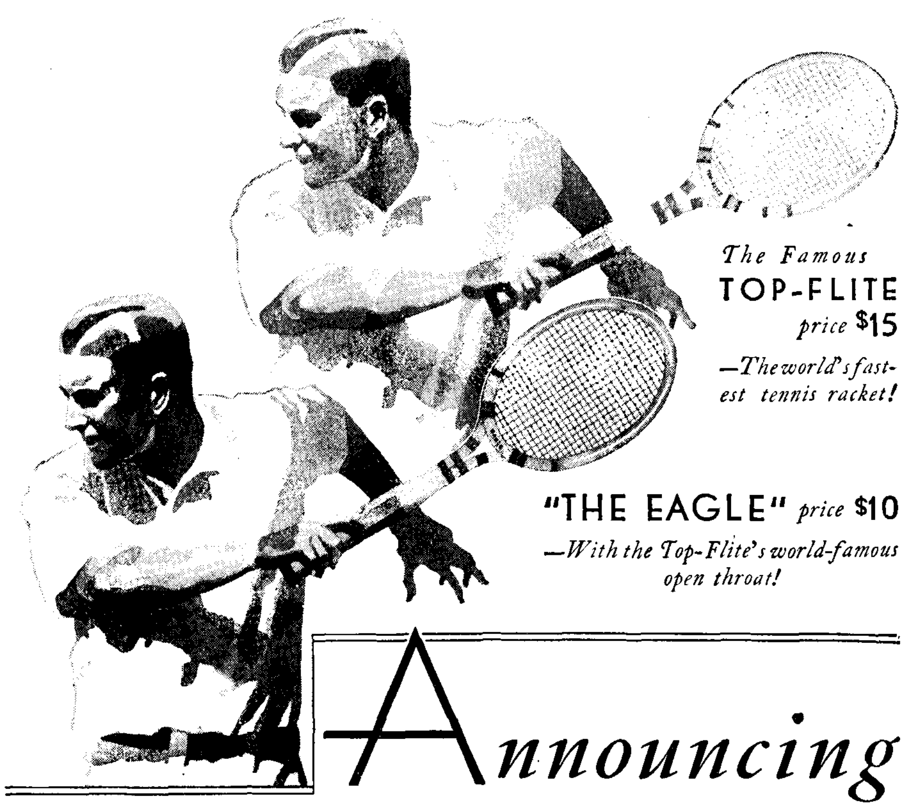
Setting the Stage

Of all this—of Prittwitz' telephonings, of what he had said, of what had resulted from it—the staff of the Eighth Army had not the slightest inkling. But if we return to their headquarters at Wartenburg we shall see that meanwhile events have not stood still. While General von Prittwitz was telephoning to Coblenz on the night of the 20th, Hoffmann and Grünert had been in energetic discussion with their chief staff officer, Waldersee. Something of this sort passed:

"It is all very well to say 'retire to the Vistula,' but you cannot get there without fighting another battle. The Warsaw army is 80 miles nearer the Vistula than our troops that fought today at Gumbinnen."

This argument was decisive. Walderesee bowed to it. Prittwitz, reappearing,

(*Continued on page 56*)



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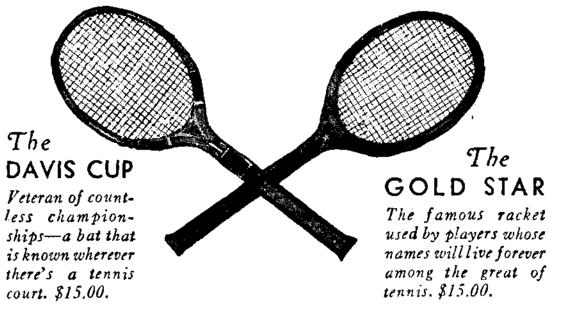

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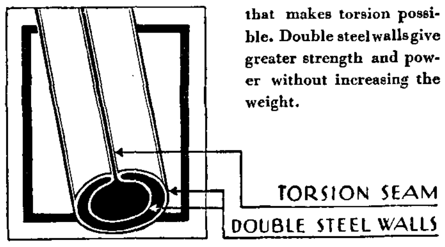


BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFTS
ALLAN LARD - PATENT PENDING

(*Continued from page 55*)

was persuaded that he must fight another battle, even to retreat. He became more composed. Under the impulse of Hoffmann a series of movements were planned which would strain to its utmost the long-prepared organization of the East Prussian railways, but which practically without alteration marshaled the forces for the battle of Tannenberg. (See map on page 11.)

All the troops which had fought at Gumbinnen were to break contact with the enemy and retire as fast as possible. François, with his victorious 1st Corps and the 3d Reserve Division, was to entrain 20 miles west of the battlefield. And these troops in forty-eight hours were to be carried round the railways toward the right flank of the 20th Corps watching the Warsaw front. Mackensen with his somewhat smirched 17th Corps and Below with his 1st Reserve Corps were to retire as fast and as far as possible with a view to turning southward to join the left of the 20th Corps, if circumstances should require.

Thus on the night of the 20th Prittwitz' decision to retire behind the Vistula had already been canceled by him and every move made by his staff has well and truly laid the foundations of a tremendous military event. But mark what follows. Prittwitz did not tell his staff what he had told Moltke. He did not tell Moltke that he had changed his mind. He left the Supreme Command under the impression that retreat to the Vistula was his final word.

When on the evening of the 23d Ludendorff bustled into the decapitated headquarters of the Eighth Army, he received from General Hoffmann the report of the troop movements actually in progress. He agreed with them all. He found nothing to add and nothing to take away. He had expected to find a paralyzed staff and a drifting army. He found the board set with rare skill and decision for immediate battle.

"I found him," says Hoffmann, "extremely surprised to learn that all the instructions and orders necessary for the intended attack on the Russian Warsaw army had already been given."

Hindenburg and Ludendorff found themselves with nine divisions spread or about to be spread in a crescent formation facing southeast, and into the midst of this crescent the Russians from Warsaw were steadily marching.

The Russian High Command

After all these perturbations, alarums and excursions among the Germans, we must now return to the Russian side.

Rennenkampf and his generals had been staggered by the battle of Gumbinnen. They had felt the grip, as it seemed, of a terrible foe closing upon them. Suddenly, for no reason which they could perceive, the grip had relaxed. The Germans had retreated; they had abandoned the field, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

Where had they gone? That might be found out later. Why had they gone? There was the mystery. But there was one explanation; an explanation gratifying to Russian sentiment, comforting their highest hopes. The repulse, the heavy losses of Mackensen's corps had communicated a panic to the German army. They knew they were beaten. They had accepted the fact that they were absolutely outnumbered by the might of Russia. They were retreating and preserving their forces for a struggle far inside their own country.

A surge of intense relief and elation rose in the Russian High Command. Henceforth, they had beaten troops in front of them; troops who had not merely lost a battle, but thrown away a victory almost in their grasp; troops obeying an inexorable strategic compulsion to retreat. Forward, then, and gather the spoils!

Let us then sum up the consequences of Gumbinnen. It induced Prittwitz to break off the battle and order a retirement to the Vistula. It provoked Moltke to supersede Prittwitz. It inspired Moltke to appoint Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and thereby set in motion the measureless consequences that followed from that decision. It procured from Hoffmann and the staff of the Eighth Army the swift and brilliant combination of movements which dictated the battle of Tannenberg. It imparted to the Russian Command a confidence which was in no way justified. It gave them an utterly false conception of the character, condition and intentions of their enemy.

Far-Reaching Consequences

It lured Jilinsky to spur on Samsonov's marching army. It lured Samsonov to deflect his advance more to the west and less to the north—i. e., farther away from Rennenkampf—in the hopes of a greater scoop-up of the defeated Germans. It persuaded Rennenkampf to dawdle for nearly three days on the battlefield in order to let Samsonov's more ambitious movement gain its greatest effect, and it led Jilinsky to acquiesce in his inertia.

But far wider and more fateful consequences followed in the general war. If Jilinsky, Rennenkampf and Samsonov underrated the Germans in East Prussia, Moltke formed the impression from Prittwitz' alarming message that he himself had hitherto valued the Russians far too low.

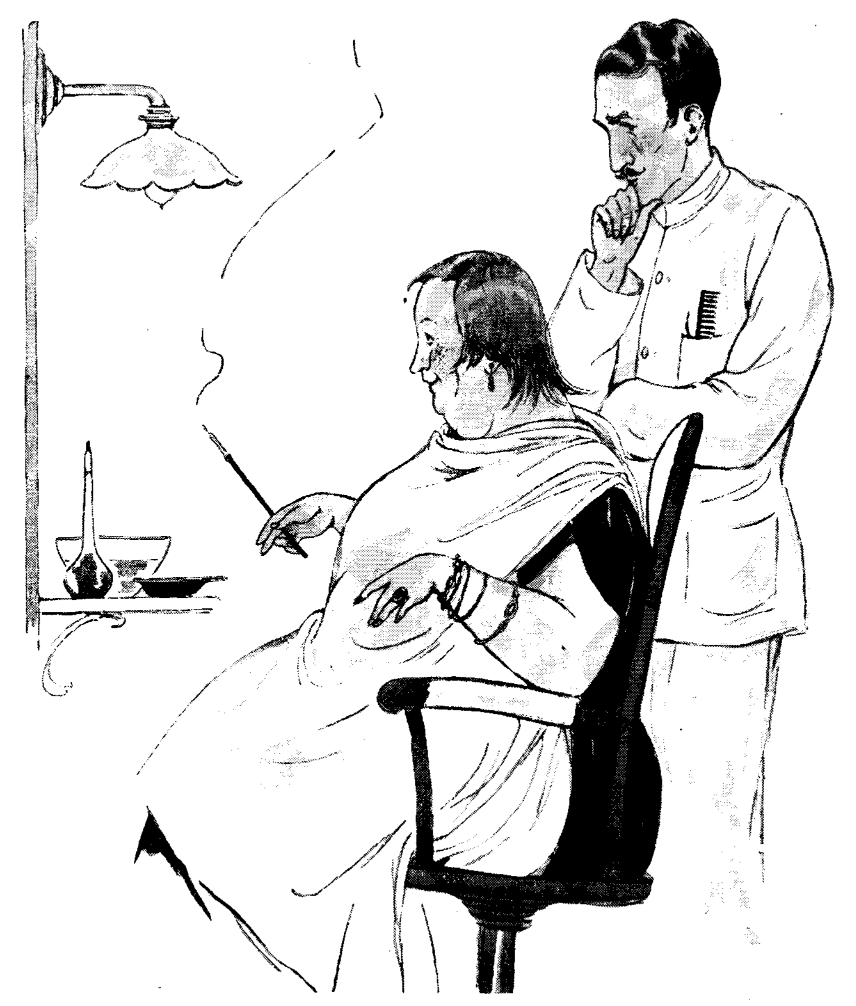
This conviction seems to have dominated his mind during the five or six days' convulsion which followed in France. At the first moment when he could see daylight in France he must transfer large reinforcements to the east. More than that, he must insist upon an immediate offensive by the Austrians. The general defeat of the Austrian armies in the immense encounter called the battle of Lemberg was the consequence.

But the greatest has yet to be told.

Up to the 25th everything appeared to be going well with the Germans in France. The French offensive in the Ardennes had been decisively broken. The wheel through Belgium was driving all before it. The French army of the left and the British army were retreating and being pursued as fast as men could march. Says Tappen, chief of the Operations Section at Supreme Headquarters, "The favorable reports which came in from all sides daily, up to and including the 25th, in combination with the great victories of the Sixth and Seventh Armies in Lorraine during the 20th to the 23d of August, awoke in the Supreme Headquarters the belief that the great decisive battle of the west had been won. Under the impression of this decisive victory the Chief of the General Staff, in spite of the considerations to the contrary, on the 25th of August decided to send forces to the east. . . . Six corps were allotted for this purpose, among them the 11th and the Guard Reserve Corps. . . ." We shall see, when we come to the Battle of the Marne, the part which these decisions played in the fate of Europe.

It is now necessary to describe the last of the consequences that followed from Gumbinnen; namely, the astounding battle of Tannenberg, the Cannæ of the World War, and its follower the battle of the Masurian Lakes. These operations are of interest, even to the non-professional reader, from the scale of the tragedy which they presented.

The second article of this series, Ludendorff at Tannenberg, will appear in an early issue of Collier's



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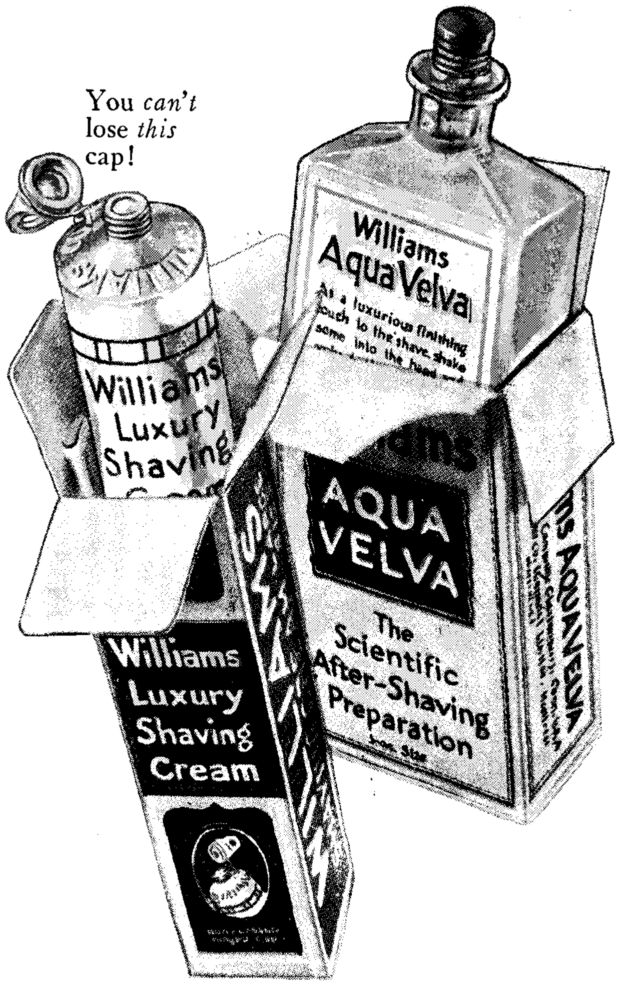

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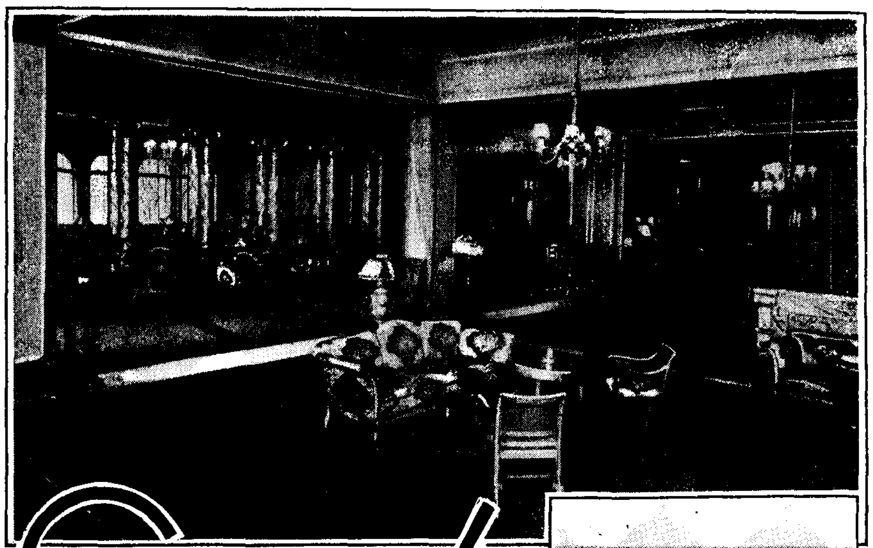

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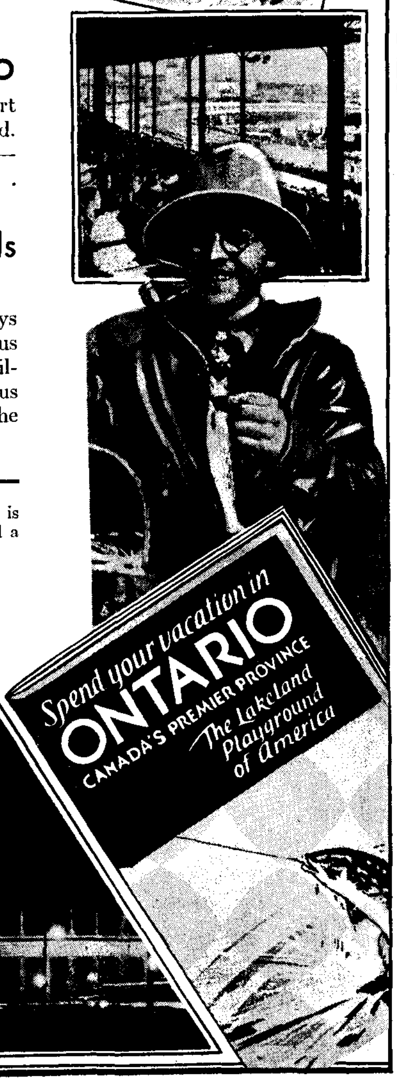

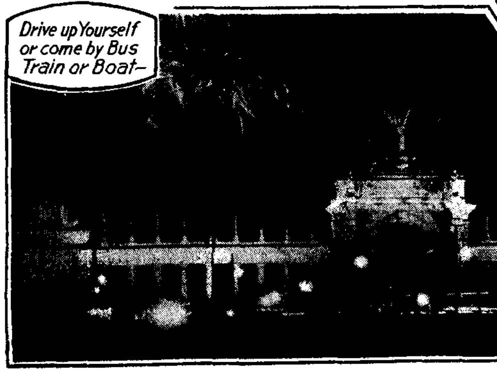

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 15

upon me by degrees. In addition to the ladder which undoubtedly communicates with Room 41, above us, there's this stout length of rope with a noose at the end. Can you imagine what purpose it was intended to serve?"

We all stared into the recess. As Smith had said, and as we all had noticed, such a ladder as he described hung in the shaft, possibly as a means of communication between the two floors. A length of rope had been carried into the room. The noose with which it ended lay upon the carpet at our feet.

"I SHALL make a suggestion," Smith went on. "Mr. Solkel has been occupying Number 41, I understand, for a week past. He has employed his time well! We shall find that the imitation tiling at the back of his fireplace has been removed in a similiar fashion to this . . . because Suite Number Five was reserved for Swâzi Pasha as long as a month ago. The purpose of the ladder is obvious enough. A moment's consideration will convince us, I believe, of the use to which this noose was intended to be put. The business of the dwarf, a highly trained specialist—now in Vine Street Police Station—was quietly to enter Swâzi Pasha's room and to silence him with a wad of cotton-wool which you recall he clutched in his hand, and which was saturated with some narcotic. The smell is still perceptible. Possibly you, Petrie, can tell us what it is?"

Petrie shook his head doubtfully; but:

"I have preserved it," he said. "It's upstairs. Some preparation of Indian hemp, I think."

"*Cannabis indica* was always a favorite, I seem to recall, with this group," Smith said grimly. "Probably you are right. The pasha being rendered quietly unconscious, it was the duty of the dwarf to slip the noose under his arms and to assist the man waiting in the room above to haul the body up. These dwarfs, of whom the first living specimen now lies in a cell in Vine Street—the only hashishîn, I believe, ever captured by European police—have the strength of gorillas, although they are of small stature. The body of the insensible man being carried up to Number 41, by the dwarf on the rope ladder, assisted by the efforts of 'Mr. Solkel' above, the pasha was to be placed in bed. Once there, no doubt it was their amiable intention to dispose of him in some manner calculated to suggest that he had died of heart failure.

"Solkel would have taken his place!

"The distressing death of an obscure guest from Smyrna would have been hushed up as much as possible by the hotel authorities—and Mr. Solkel would have lunched with the Prime Minister in the morning! I am even prepared to believe that the back of the fireplace in Number 41 would have been carefully replaced; although I fail to see how the same could have been done for this one. The dwarf, no doubt, would have been dispatched by the new pasha in a crate as a piece of baggage to some suitable address."

"But how did the dwarf get in?" I exclaimed.

"Almost certainly in the wardrobe trunk which Mr. Solkel received today!" Weymouth answered.

"You're right!" Smith confirmed.

"But," I cried, "how could the impostor, granting his extraordinary resemblance to Swâzi Pasha, have carried on?"

"Quite easily," Smith assured me. "He knew all that Swâzi knew. He was perfectly familiar with the latter's movements and with his peculiarly secluded life. He was intimately acquainted with his domestic affairs."

"But," said Petrie, "who *is* he?"

"Swâzi Pasha's twin brother!" was the astonishing reply; "his deadly enemy, and a member of the Council of Seven!"

"But the real Swâzi Pasha?"

"Is at the Platz Hotel," Smith replied, "masquerading as a member of his own suite!"

He was silent for a moment, and, then:

"The first time I ever used a sandbag," he said reflectively, weighing one of those weapons in his hand. "But having actually reached Victoria without incident, I determined that *this* was the point of attack. A transfer of overcoats was made on the train, and the muffled gentleman who entered the Park Avenue was not Swâzi Pasha, but I! Multân Bey, the secretary, escaped at a suitable moment and left me in sole possession of Suite Number Five.

"I didn't know what to expect, but I was prepared for anything. And you must remember, Petrie"—turning to the latter—"that I had had some little experience of the methods of this group! I heard the sound, faint though it was, high up in the ventilation shaft—the same which disturbed you, Greville. Then a hazy idea of what to expect dawned on my mind. A sandbag, the history of which I must tell you later, was in my trunk in the lobby. As I came out to secure it, since I considered it to be the most suitable instrument for my purpose, I heard your soft but rapid footsteps, Greville. I realized that *someone* was approaching the door; that he must be stopped from knocking or ringing at all costs, since my purpose was to catch the enemy red-handed."

There was a pause, and then:

"It's very late," said Dr. Petrie slowly, his gaze set upon Nayland Smith; "but I think, Smith, you owe us some further explanation?"

"I agree," Nayland Smith replied quietly.

IT WAS a strange party which gathered in the small hours in Dr. Petrie's sitting-room. Petrie's wife, curled up in a shadowy corner of the divan, seemed in her fragile beauty utterly apart from this murderous business which had brought us together. Yet I knew that in the past she had been intimately linked with the monstrous organization which again was stretching out gaunt hands to move pieces on the chessboard of the world. Weymouth, in an armchair, smoked in stolid silence. Petrie stood on the hearthrug watching Nayland Smith. And I, seated by the writing table, listened to a terse, unemotional account of an experience such as few men have passed through. Nayland Smith, speaking rapidly and smoking all the time—striking many matches, for his pipe constantly went out—paced up and down the room.

"You have asked me, Petrie," he said, "to explain why I allowed you to believe that I was dead. The answer is this: I had learned during my investigations in Egypt that an inquirer who has no official existence possesses definite advantages. My dear fellow"—he turned impulsively to the doctor—"I knew it would hurt, but I knew there was a cure. Forgive me. The fate of millions was at stake. I will tell you the steps by which I arrived at this decision.

(*Continued on page 61*)

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MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

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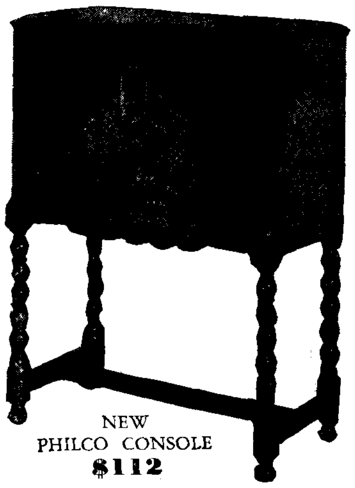
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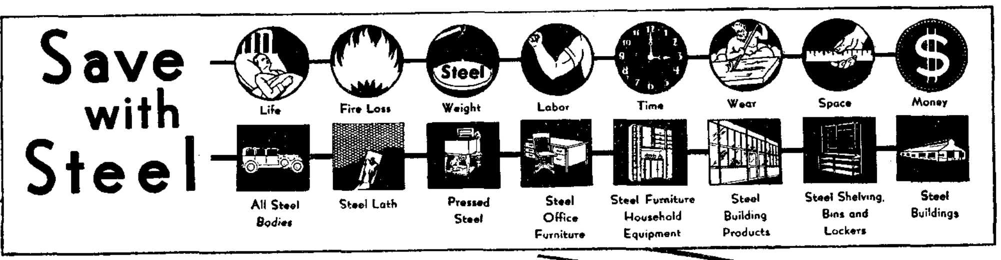
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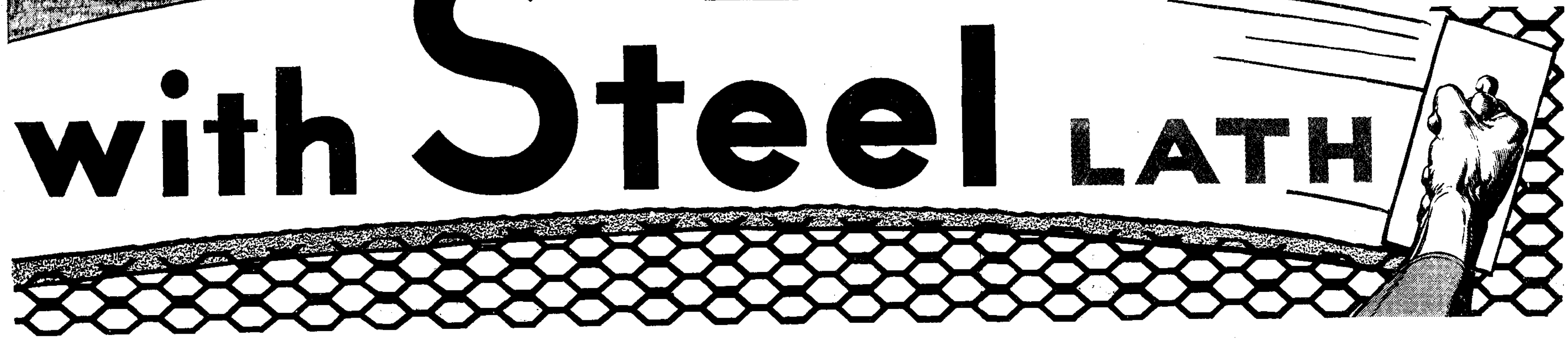


Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 58

"I don't know how much you recall, Greville, of that meeting at the house of the Sheik Ismail. But you remember that I recognized the venerable mandarin who received us in the lobby? It was none other than Ki Ming, President of the Council of Seven! You remember the raid in London, Weymouth, and the diplomatic evasion by which he slipped through our fingers?"

"Very clearly," Weymouth replied.

"One of the finest brains, and most formidable personalities in the world today. I rank him second only to Dr. Fu Manchu. I doubted if he knew me, Greville. Even had I been sure, I don't know what I could have done. But at least I knew my man and saw our danger."

"*I* had seen it all along!" I interrupted.

Nayland Smith smiled, and:

"A V. C. would not be too high a reward for your courage on that occasion!" he said. "Had the mandarin been sure, he would never have admitted us to the Council. *He only suspected;* but he took instant steps to check these suspicions. I didn't like the way Sheik Ismail looked at us when he came in!

"A messenger had been dispatched to el-Khârga to make sure that the Tibetan deputies had actually set out! He found them on the way! They must have succeeded in attracting his attention. That messenger was the third member of the Burmese party—the dacoit who was absent from the Council. . . .

"The two gong notes told me what had happened. As Ki Ming began to speak—denouncing us—I glanced back—

"That gigantic negro doorkeeper—he had approached us silently as a cat—was in the act of throwing a silk scarf over your head! . . . the third dacoit stood at my elbow! . . .

"ONE'S brain acts swiftly at such times. I realized that the mandarin's orders were that we be taken alive! But, simultaneously, I realized that the Sheik-al-Jebal had his atrociously wicked eyes fixed upon me in an unmistakable way.

"These thoughts, these actions, occupied seconds. I could not possibly save you. Resistance to such men and such numbers was out of the question. I could only hope to save myself and to rescue you by cunning.

"You remember our position, Greville? We weren't ten paces from the steps on the top of which Fah Lo Suee stood. Anticipating the intention of the Old Man of the Mountain and of the Burman who now sprang like a leopard, I ducked. He missed me . . . and I raced across the floor, up the steps, and before Madame could realize my purpose had one arm around her waist and the muzzle of a pistol tight against her ear!"

Nayland Smith paused for a moment, and we remained silent, spellbound, until:

"She is not human, that woman," came a hushed voice. "She is a vampire—she has *his* blood in her. . . ."

All eyes turned in the direction of the divan. Mrs. Petrie was the speaker.

"I agree with you," Nayland Smith replied coolly. "A human woman would have screamed, fought or fainted. Fah Lo Suee merely smiled, and scornfully. Nevertheless I had won, for the moment. Her lips smiled, but her cold green eyes read the truth in mine.

"'Tell them,' I directed her, 'that if anyone stirs a finger I shall shoot you!'

"She continued to smile, and 'Please move your pistol,' she asked, 'so that I may speak.' I moved the pistol swiftly from her head to her heart. She looked aside at me, and paid me a compliment which I shall always value: 'You are clever,' she said. Then she spoke to the astonished murderers in the room below.

"I risked one swift glance. . . . You had disappeared, Greville! The negro had carried you out! . . . Fah Lo Suee began to speak. The cloak of her father has fallen upon her. She spoke as coolly as if I had not been present. First in Chinese, then in Hindustani, and thirdly in Arabic.

"Then: 'Order all to remain where they are,' I said, 'except one, who is to give instructions for my friend to be brought to meet me outside the house.' She gave these orders—and the frustrated dacoit, who still crouched on the mattress where he had fallen, went to carry out my directions.

"'Lead the way!' I said.

"SHE turned. I knew I was safe for the moment. We entered a little room upon which the big doors opened. This room was not empty. . . . She was well guarded. And never can I forget her *guards!* Half a dozen words, however, reduced them to impotence. I could not afford to take my eyes off Fah Lo Suee for long; but nevertheless as we passed through that anteroom I solved a mystery. I grasped the explanation of something which has been puzzling us since it became evident that the first step in this new campaign of devilry was directed towards the Tomb of the Black Ape."

He paused, beginning to knock out his pipe, and:

"Yes, Sir Denis!" I said. "Go on!"

He turned to me, smiling grimly.

"This is your particular province, Greville," he continued, "which fate brought into mine. It isn't any secret of the ancient Egyptians; it's something more dangerous—more useful. For in that room, Petrie"—he turned now to the doctor—"were phials, instruments, and queer-looking yellow-bound books. Also several caskets, definitely of Chinese workmanship."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Petrie confessed.

"Possibly I can enlighten you," said Nayland Smith, "for I think I have solved the mystery. At some time between his supposed death in 1917 and this year Dr. Fu Manchu concealed in the tomb the essential secrets of his mastery of the Eastern world; the unique drugs, the unknown works dealing with their employment; and the powers, whether tangible—amulets and signets—or instructional and contained in his papers, which gave him control of practically all the fanatical sects of the East!"

"Good God!" Weymouth murmured.

"This was what Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter went to Egypt to recover! This was why Professor Zeitland was murdered. Barton escaped by a miracle. Their possession, you understand . . ."

He paused in his restless promenade and looked about from face to face.

"Their possession made her mistress of the most formidable criminal organization in the world!

"I WALKED with Fah Lo Suee through that strange house, across a path to a garden at the back—not that through which we had entered—and out on to a narrow road bordering the wall on the side which faced the palm grove. This path was deserted.

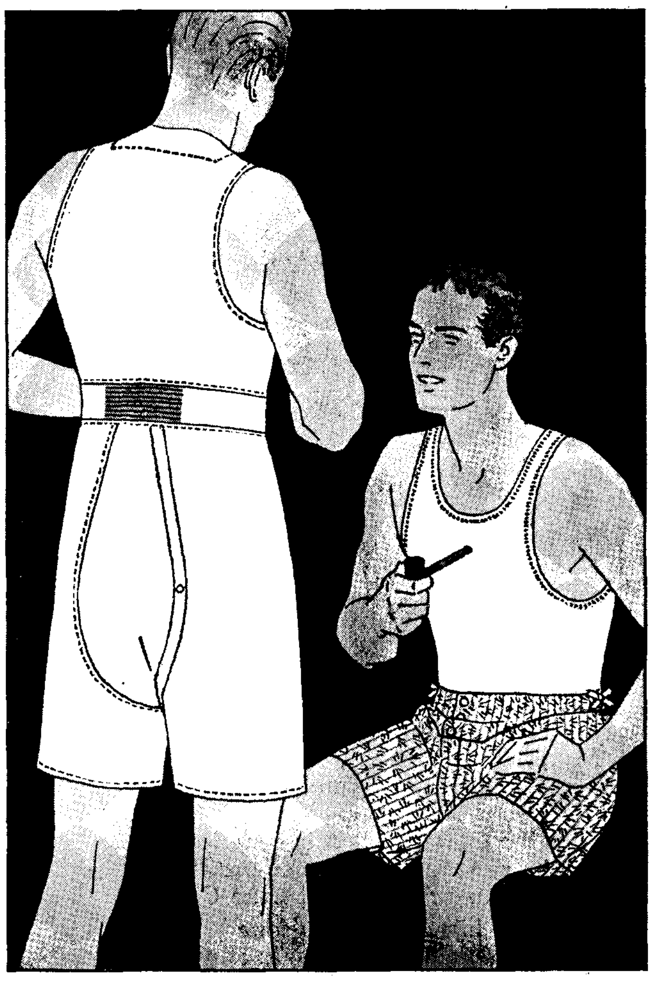
"'Where is he?' I demanded.

(*Continued on page 62*)

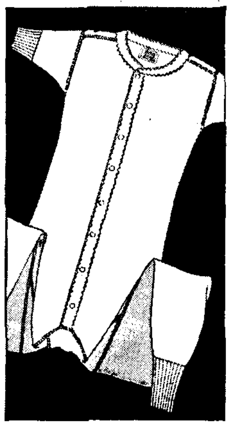
PICK YOUR STYLE

NAME YOUR PRICE

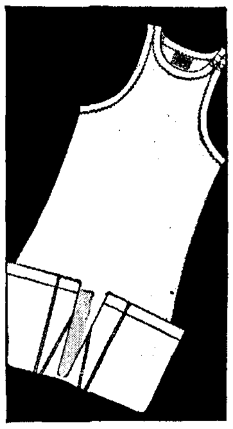
HERE'S HANES SUMMER UNDERWEAR THAT FITS EXACTLY



At left: Samsonbak *Union Suit with patented tug-of-war belt, only* $1. *Others from* 75c *to* $2. At right: *Smart, new shirt and shorts, at* 50c, 75c *and* $1. *White and colors. Wide choice of fabrics.*



Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits of finest quality for summer wear in mild climates, $1 *to* $1.50.



Knit Athletic Union Suit—shoulder-button style. Made of fine combed yarn, $1.

For more than a quarter of a century, the whole great Hanes organization has kept its eyes on *fit!* Big, roomy, full-sized garments—in appropriate materials, of course—are the only guarantee of hot-weather comfort. They let the air get to your skin, keeping it dry and cool. Then, too, Hanes fits every style and fabric preference a man can have—as well as every man's purse.

Hanes garments are designed and built by specialists in men's and boys' underwear. You can be sure of solid comfort whatever your chassis measurement or displacement may be. If your regular dealer hasn't the complete 1930 line, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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FOR EVERY SEASON

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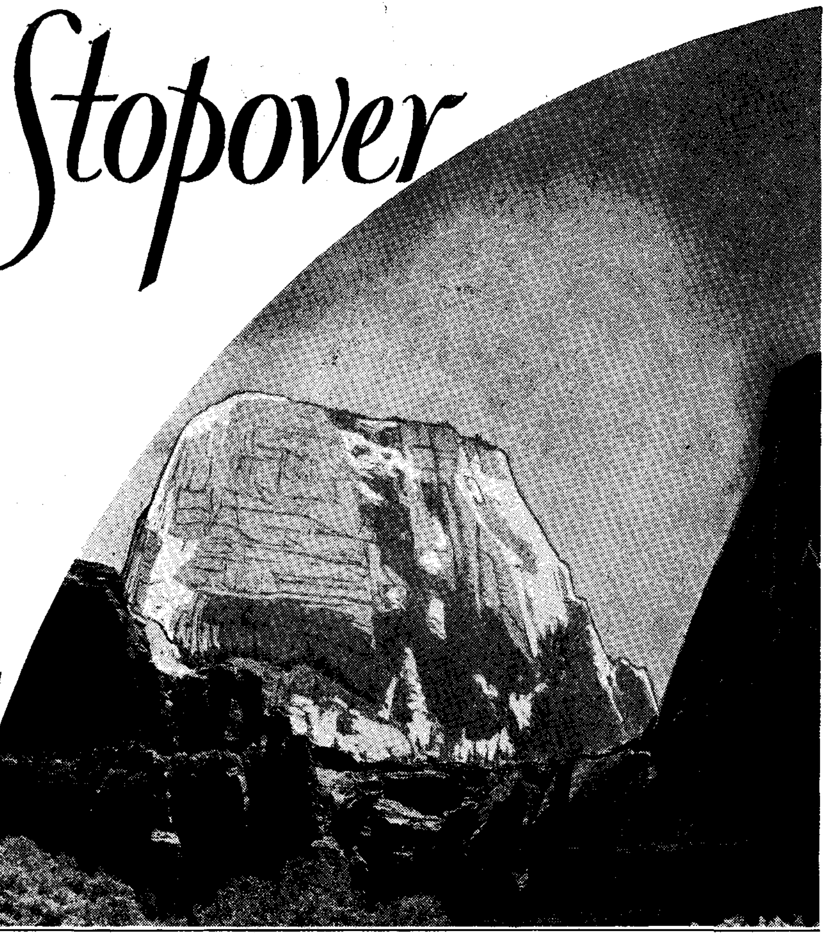


Great White Throne Zion National Park

DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

IN A LAND OF NATURAL WONDERS

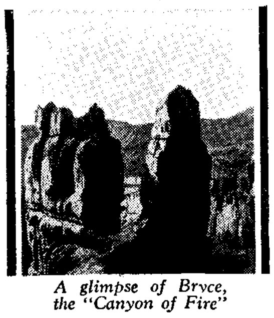
IN and near Salt Lake City you will find unequalled, unique diversions, deserving an extended stopover on your western trip.

Here is the gateway to the scenic wonderlands of Utah, including Zion National Park, Bryce, Cedar Breaks, and Grand Canyon National Park, and the famed Yellowstone and Teton. In fact, world travelers have aptly described Salt Lake City as Nature's Greatest Scenic Center and the Center of Scenic America, for near here are 62 national parks and monuments, many of which are reached in only one day from beautiful Salt Lake City.

Then there is the romantic historical background of Salt Lake City—the interesting pioneer landmarks and symbolic monuments. You'll get a new thrill in enjoying your favorite sport in this exhilarating altitude of nearly a mile above sea level in a city surrounded by seven magnificent gorgeous canyons rivaling the Swiss Alps—right in the heart of the Rockies.

If you have an eye to business opportunity take an extra few days and investigate Salt Lake City's advantages as the strategic commercial center of a vast, rich and rapidly growing area.

All railroads grant a 10-day stopover in Salt Lake City. And then, too, remember that traveling in the west is comparatively inexpensive. You can stay longer and see more than in most sections of the country.



A glimpse of Bryce, the "Canyon of Fire"

SALT LAKE CITY

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. C-50
Salt Lake City, Utah.
I am planning to visit Salt Lake City and would like descriptive booklet.

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Address .... State ....

(*Continued from page 61*)

"Fah Lo Suee smiled a mocking smile, and:

"'You must be patient,' she replied. 'They have to bring him a long way.'

"I pocketed my pistol and contented myself with keeping an arm around her. It was a natural gesture, but one for which I was to pay a high price, as I shall tell you.

"Two men appeared around the angle of the wall carrying a limp body. They hesitated, looking towards us. Madame raised her hand. They came on. . . . I saw you, Greville, lying on the sandy path at my feet, insensible!

"I continued to clutch Fah Lo Suee tightly, and now I reached for my pistol. I had detected one of the negro bearers looking across my shoulder in a curiously significant way. . . ."

He paused, and struck a match; then:

"It was short warning!" he added. "But it might have been enough. If I had had the pistol against Fah Lo Suee's ribs, today the world would be rid of a very dangerous devil. . . .

"Someone dropped from the wall behind me . . . and a swift blow with a sandbag concluded this episode!"

NAYLAND SMITH raised his hand reflectively to his skull.

"I woke up amid complete silence, my head singing like a kettle. I was slow to realize the facts; but when I did I was appalled. That lonely house is shunned by all, I have learned; for the Sheik Ismail has an evil reputation as a dealer in black magic. I was a prisoner there! What were my chances?

"It was in a cell, Greville—" he suddenly turned to me in the course of his ceaseless rambling walk, "some three yards square. I was lying on the hard mud floor. Not a thing had been taken from me; even my pistol remained in my belt . . . and the sandbag which had downed me lay close by! A subtle touch, that— But tonight I capped the jest! A window, just beyond reach, admitted light. There wasn't a scrap of furniture in the place. It had a heavy door reinforced with iron.

"But, looking at the lock of the door, and taking out my pistol—to learn that the shells had been withdrawn—I resigned myself.

"Perhaps I groaned when these facts forced themselves upon me. You see, Greville, as we entered the saloon I had recognized another undesirable acquaintance. . . . Ibrahîm Bey—Swâzi's twin brother!

"I have known Swâzi Pasha for many years and in my newer capacity at Scotland Yard have had intimate relations with him. Beyond doubt he stands between Turkey and that indeterminable menace some believe to emanate from Moscow and others from elsewhere—but which includes Turkey in its program.

"Recognizing now the fact that Ibrahîm—a cold-blooded sedition monger—was a member of the Council of Seven, I knew! Here was the clue to those mysterious movements—of which you, Weymouth, had news, and which were painfully familiar to myself in the Near and Far East.

"Swâzi Pasha was doomed! . . . so, likewise, was I—the one man who might have saved him!

"You tell me, Weymouth, and you also, Petrie, that you searched the Sheik's house from roof to cellar. One spot of cellar you overlooked—the spot in which *I* awakened!

"I had no means of knowing how long I had been unconscious. My wrist-watch remained but had been smashed, doubtless as I fell. I had no means of learning if the raid had taken place. Two ideas were paramount. First, your fate, Greville. Second, Swâzi Pasha.

"I considered the window carefully. It was some two feet square, protected by rusty-looking iron bars, and from the nature of the light which it admitted I determined that I was in a cellar and that the time was early morning. I determined, also, that the window was inaccessible. A careful examination of the door convinced me that I had no means of opening it. And since not a sound reached me, it was then I resigned myself to that most horrible of deaths—starvation and thirst. . . . *Thirst*, with a moist jar of water standing on the ledge above me!

"From my condition I judged that only a few hours had elapsed, and I detected a sporting gesture on the part of Fah Lo Suee—a gamble characteristically Chinese. If anyone chanced to pass that way I might be rescued! All this was surmise, of course, but I decided to test it. My eyes were burning feverishly. My head throbbed madly. But otherwise I was vigorous enough. Loudly I cried for help in English and in Arabic. Then, I listened intently.

"There was no sound.

"A Buddhist-like resignation was threatening me more and more. But I was by no means disposed to abandon myself to it. To sit down was impossible otherwise than on the floor—and I felt peculiarly limp. I leaned up against the door and weighed my chances.

"And it was at this moment that a good man announced his presence. If not for him, I shouldn't be here tonight!

"I heard the howl of a dog!

"*Said!*

"In that moment, Petrie"—instinctively Nayland Smith turned to his old friend—"the face of the world changed for me! The mood of resignation passed. Standing immediately under the window, I howled a reply.

"The signal was repeated. I answered it. And two minutes later I heard Said's voice above!

"Details are unnecessary, now. He had to go back to the car for gear and a rope. Scrambling down the shallow well with which the window communicated, he succeeded in wrenching the bars loose.

"And so I climbed out, to find myself on the fringe of the palm grove. I can't blame you, Weymouth, for failing to discover this far-flung chamber of the Sheik's house. Undoubtedly it had been designed for a dungeon. I can only suppose the iron-barred door communicated with a tunnel leading to the cellars.

"MY MIND was made up. Beneath my monkish cowl I was an Arab, and an Arab I would remain! I was heartsick about you, Greville, but knew that I could do nothing—yet. Stamboul was my objective. The reason you failed to find the car in the gully was that I commandeered it for the overland journey to the railroad!

"I had realized the efficiency of the organization to which I was opposed. My funds were fortunately sufficient for my purpose and I reached Stamboul a week after the raid on the house of the Sheik Ismail. Officially, I was not present in Constantinople. But I acquainted myself with the latest news in the possession of Scotland Yard—through the medium of Kemal's police. Acting upon this, I checked Swâzi Pasha's journey in Paris. The rest you know."

Nayland Smith ceased speaking, and:

"Something you do *not* know," said Mrs. Petrie from her shadowy corner on the divan. "I have seen *him*—Fu Manchu—in London tonight!"

Nayland Smith turned to her.

"You were never at fault, Karamanèh," he said. "Dr. Fu Manchu occupied rooms next to those of Swâzi Pasha in Paris!"

A taxi hooted outside in Piccadilly. . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

In all this Hubbub about the new golf ball *one Fact stands out*

The change in size and weight next year does not affect the qualities that make some balls better than others . . . .

FOR years, golf balls have been made to a specified weight and a specified size. For years, some balls have been better than others.

And as it is now, so shall it be. The features that make the Kro-Flite a better ball in the present size will make it a better ball in the new 1931 size.

For a simple change in size and weight can't take from Kro-Flite the things that only Spalding *can* put into a golf ball.

Superior manufacturing methods—experience that has been accumulated since Spalding made the first golf ball ever made in this country—knowledge of ballistics, and scientific data on such subjects as the effect of cover marking on the flight of the ball—Spalding frozen core—Spalding patented vulcanized cover—these are the things that *belong* to Spalding. These are the things that go into every Kro-Flite whether it's the present ball or the new size ball of 1931.

And these are the things that make Kro-Flite, present size or new size, the toughest golf ball in the world. These are the reasons why, in tests on the murderous Guillotine, with every ball in the world, Kro-Flite never fails to carry off first honors.

This Guillotine is the laboratory equivalent of the very worst shot in any golfer's repertory. A heavily weighted steel knife drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a viciously topped iron shot.

Recently, every ball that is at present made in the new 1931 size pitted its strength against the Guillotine.

Of them all, the Kro-Flite alone came through unscathed. Most of the others were completely ruined. All were in sorry shape as far as actual play was concerned.

But the Kro-Flite came from under that brutal blade with nothing more than a barely perceptible dent.

Kro-Flite's amazing toughness!

In fact, that same Kro-Flite was in perfect shape to live through a natural life of play. And life to a Kro-Flite is a long affair. For a single Kro-Flite has been known to be hale and hearty at the end of 828 holes of play!

This Guillotine test is an old story. In hundreds of these tests, the Guillotine never yet has won a decision from a Kro-Flite Ball. It never yet has lost a decision to any other!

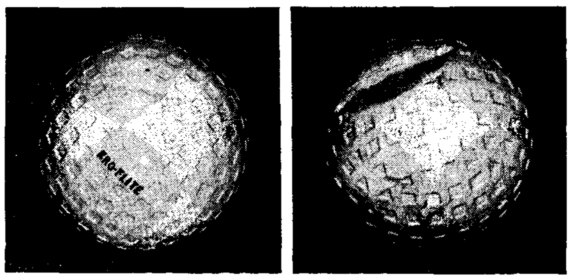
Kro-Flite has distance, too!

In recent tests on the Driving Machines at Chicopee, Mass., Putney, England, and Pinehurst, N. C.—the Kro-Flite once again proved that it is one of the longest balls made.

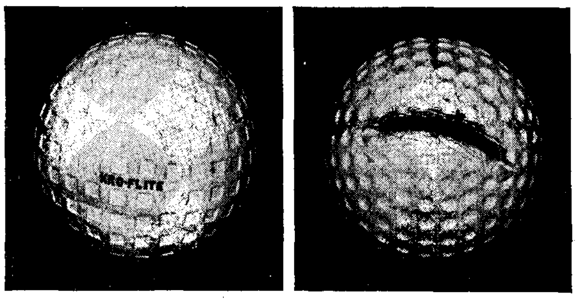
For in these tests as in former tests the Kro-Flite fell but a trifling distance behind its brother, the famous Spalding Ball, the longest of them all!

Truly the Kro-Flite is the only ball in the world that combines first grade distance with maximum durability.

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you with either the Kro-Flite or the Spalding in the present size and weight or in the new 1931 size and weight. Dimple or mesh, plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking. 75 cents each.



Here are the two present size balls that made the best showing against the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite. On the right is the next most durable ball of the few balls that are comparable to the Kro-Flite in distance.



And here are the two balls in the new 1931 specifications that made the best showing in the Guillotine test. On the left is the Kro-Flite, still the Champion. On the right is the next most durable ball of the same group.

KRO-FLITE

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BRAKE LININGS

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

The Last Mile

Continued from page 25

Mile—the desperate mutiny, the men without hope turning savagely on the rest of the world, the relentless encircling of the prison by state troopers, the sweep of searchlights, the final surrender when, with grisly, contemptuous humor, the Killer says, "Well, good-by, fellows, see you later," and, while all the world wonders, walks out into the path of the crouching machine guns—all this derives its strength from the overwhelming conviction of that first act. And it is my guess that this punishing first act could not have been merely imagined any more than Oscar Wilde could have written The Ballad of Reading Gaol from outside its dreadful walls.

By a Dead Hand

We had had death-house scenes before—in Sophie Treadwell's Machinal, for instance, and in the play made from Theodore Dreiser's An American Tragedy. But compared with the stinging reality of The Last Mile these forerunners seem in retrospect like charades thought up for the back parlor. Dreiser went so far as to visit Sing Sing and sit the night through with a man who was to die, but in a sense The Last Mile was written by the man himself. I think anyone must know intuitively that it was no guesswork, must divine that the pen which wrote it had been dipped in a condemned man's pain.

For young John Wexley, who wrote with a sure hand the keen, ship-shape text of that first act, had a collaborator who is dust today in a Texas graveyard. His name was Robert Blake. A year ago Blake was penned in just such a death-house as confronts each audience at The Last Mile. He had been arrested, tried and convicted of robbery and murder, though he contended always that the murder had been done by someone else, and that he himself, spellbound with drugs, had not known what was afoot.

Blake was sentenced to die in the prison at Huntsville, Texas, on April 19th of last year. A week before that date he had had to watch and listen while the man in the next cell was shaved, fed, prayed over and led off to the electric chair. The next day Blake handed to a Huntsville minister who was visiting him a manuscript in dialogue form of what he had seen and heard. We can only guess what impelled him to write this sketch. Perhaps he had to find something to keep his mind and hands busy, and the mere putting of black marks on white paper was an anodyne for his agony. Many a symphony, many a poem has been so born into the world.

One Chance in a Thousand

A week later his own hour struck and he was extinguished by the State. But in giving his manuscript to the pastor he had asked that it be sent to the American Mercury for publication. He wanted it read when the law had finished with him. It would be one way of scoring on the hangman.

When he handed his painfully wrought sketch to the Reverend Mr. Moss, of Huntsville, he must have done so with a sheepishness born of his feeling how slim were the chances that anything would ever come of it. He must have thought of himself as a shipwrecked traveler putting his last message into a bottle and entrusting the bottle to the indifferent sea. He would have been so pleased could he have dreamed what an enthralling play it would suggest, so excited if he could have foreseen the tumultuous first night of The Last Mile.

For his bottle was picked up on a distant shore. The American Mercury clasped it to its hospitable heart and, under the title The Law Takes Its Toll, published it in the July issue. From it one John Wexley took fire. He recognized it as a prelude, an overture written on the theme of despair.

Then came the outbreaks of prison mutiny in New York, in Kansas, in Colorado. The very headlines screamed to Wexley their suggestions of what such despair can beget.

Wexley himself is an adventurer still in his early twenties. At one time or another he has been a floorwalker, a salesman, a New York University student, a waiter, an actor and a bum, if one may so describe a vagrant who in his wanderings has sought the shelter of a score of small-town hoosegows.

Mind you, I do not take such annals of vagabondage too seriously, and sometimes suspect that half the young men in the lock-ups are there in search of copy. Wexley's uncle is the head of the Yiddish Art Theater in New York and he himself had gone back on the stage as an actor in Gorki's play of the underworld when The Last Mile was produced in February.

The Enemy

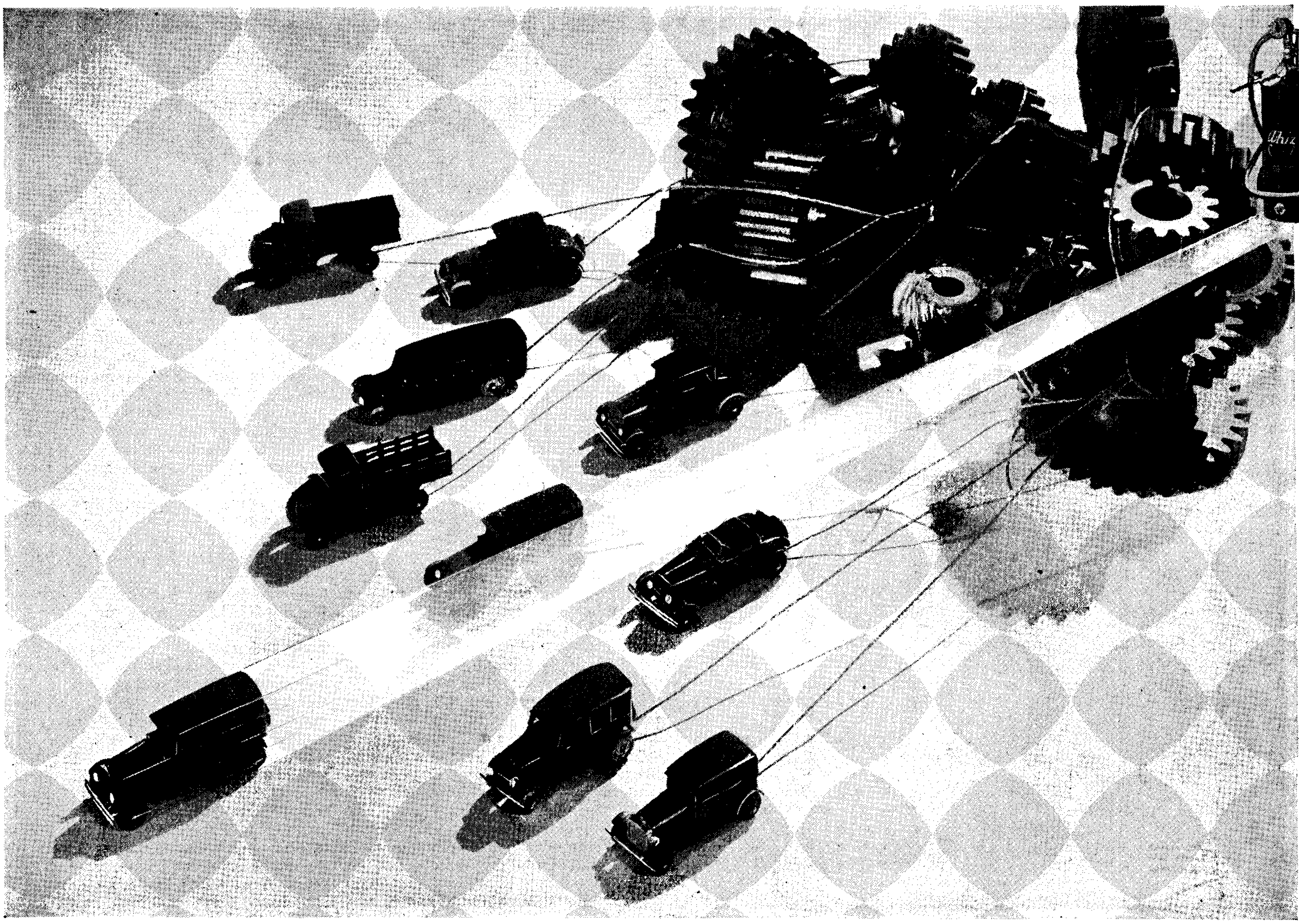
I recommend The Last Mile. To be sure, you may note that this conscientious report can be read as a warning to the fragile and the squeamish that they might better avoid the theater where The Last Mile is playing. From the first there was always a considerable commotion at every performance, the concentration of the actors and the attention of the audience being distracted by the half-smothered sounds of the ushers, busy carrying out such patrons as had swooned away.

Yet by reading between the lines you can see that it is also the report of one who really has small patience with the playgoer who avoids The Last Mile on that account, just as I have no patience at all with those who turn away from the theater where Journey's End is playing, on the grounds that that English tragedy of the great war is too painful. Painful it certainly is. Like its companion piece All Quiet on the Western Front, that play is strong enough to take the wriggling world by the scruff of its neck and rub its nose in the war, where, to my notion, the nose of the world belongs.

Of course there are some people in every land of such record that they are entitled to evade the ordeal of Journey's End. But I do not extend such dispensation to a single silk-hatted legislator who voted for the war, nor to one elderly patriot who in 1917 went about slapping olive-drab backs and saying, "How I wish I were young enough to go overseas!" No, nor to any of us who ever waved a flag or whistled Over There while the troops marched down to the transports.

In somewhat the same sense The Last Mile is painful, and as you watch the bloody skirmish born of its despair, when you see these cornered men, brothers in hopelessness, do battle with the whole wide world, you may even realize that you are witnessing a kind of distorted Journey's End in which the beleaguered cell-block is the dugout and the enemy—why, bless my heart, you and I are the enemy. You and I, my friends, are the merciless Huns.

9 *cars out of* 10 are being held back by faulty gear grease . . . *but few car owners know it*



BEFORE it reaches the wheels, the driving force of the engine must be relayed through gear after gear. If the gear lubricant is good, each gear will quietly and smoothly pass the power load to its neighbor. If the lubricant is stale or faulty, gear teeth will grind and stick. Power, instead of being sent swiftly on to propel the rear wheels, becomes dissipated in heat and friction. Through the persistently harmful effects of faulty gear lubricant, power loss in the gears often runs as high as 40%.

Did you change gear grease on April 15?

Grease which has stood in your car all winter is too stale and too thin to give proper lubrication during the warmer weather of Spring and Summer. And so, your gear grease should have been changed on April 15. It should be changed again after your car has run 5000 miles (assuming that you use a top-notch gear lubricant like Whiz; cheap gear greases only last 2500 miles). And if you expect to drive your car next winter, you should change to cold weather grease on October 15.

If your gears were cased in glass, you'd quickly replace faulty gear grease with Whiz

If you could see how lumpy a cheap grease becomes when it gets inside the gear case, how stubbornly it clogs and retards the gears, you'd always be sure to insist on Whiz. Many of the so-called "gear lubricants" offered for sale are as faulty as the gritty grease they replace, for they consist of too-thin distillation residues which have been artificially thickened by adding tar, asphalt, rosin—harmful adulterants that seriously impair lubrication.

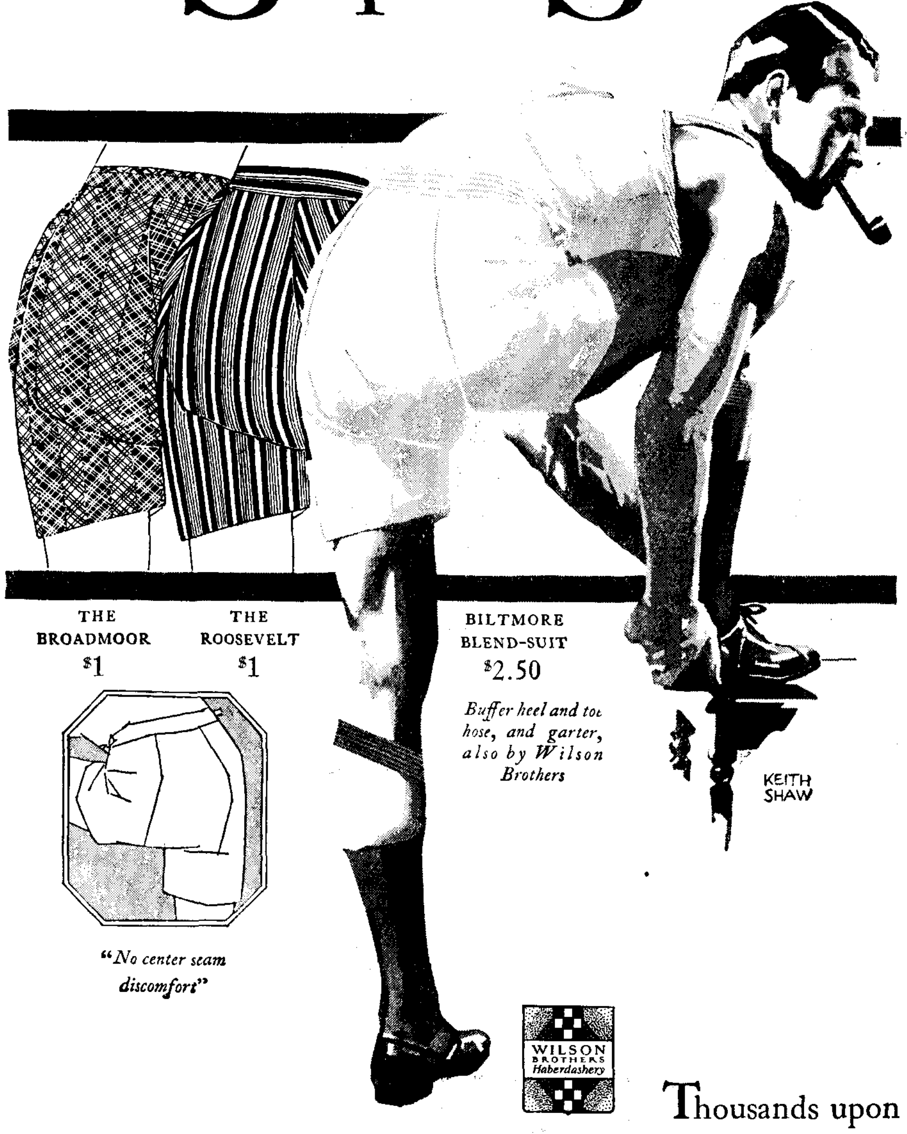
Whiz is the gear lubricant that is blended from the finest oils—just pure oils of wonderful lubricating ability—cooked together for 48 hours. Churned and whipped, in the same way that butter is made from cream, until at last the great kettles are filled with the smoothest, richest lubricant that ever cushioned a gear. It will pay you to visit a Whiz service station today and, for just a few dollars, have your old gear grease quickly replaced with fresh, efficient, economical Whiz. *The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.*

WHIZ

GEAR LUBRICANT

The smooth, creamy gear lubricant that contains no adulterants

Sit Easy . . . in the *new* Super-Shorts



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This ingenious improvement in underwear banished the center seam of ordinary shorts that wedges and binds. A back panel, an exclusive Wilson Brothers innovation, allows generous room for every turn and twist and tug of the body.

Companion of this exclusive comfort is smartness. The fabrics, with shirts to harmonize, will do justice to your taste, will give that inner satisfaction of being thoroughly well groomed.

Ask your haberdasher for Super-Shorts in the Biltmore, Roosevelt, and Broadmoor patterns illustrated here . . . and *sit easy.* Ask too about the new Wilson Brothers pajamas with the same comfort feature, the Super-Seat.

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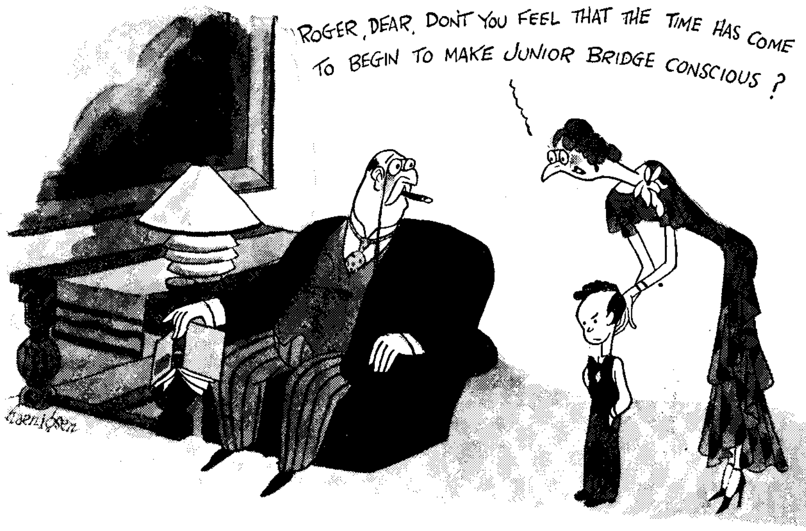


ROGER, DEAR, DON'T YOU FEEL THAT THE TIME HAS COME TO BEGIN TO MAKE JUNIOR BRIDGE CONSCIOUS ?

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 7-6-4-2
H. Q-8-7-6
D. 7-6
C. 8-6-2

West
S. None
H. 4-3
D. A-Q-10-5-4-2
C. A-K-Q-10-3

East
S. J-10-5-3
H. J-2
D. 9-8-3
C. 9-7-5-4

South
S. A-K-Q-9-8
H. A-K-10-9-5
D. K-J
C. J

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, is one I recently dug up from my old notes; and finding it interesting, I selected it for simultaneous play at a number of tables of Contract.

It was originally dealt and played in a one-table game of Auction Bridge, long before the days of Contract.

The Auction bidding, which was quite interesting, was: South one Spade, West two Diamonds, North pass, East pass; South two Hearts, West three Clubs, North three Hearts, East pass; South pass, West four Clubs, North pass, East pass; South four Hearts.

The Contract bidding at all tables resembled the Auction bidding far more closely than is usually the case, the main difference being that the Contract dealers started by bidding two Spades instead of the Auction one. At most of the tables South became the Declarer with a four-Heart contract. A few Wests had the nerve to risk a contract of five Clubs, which they had the good luck to make without difficulty, and one West played at five Diamonds, but failed to get his eleven tricks.

It is interesting to note in this deal how much more effectively West can manage his twenty-six cards with Clubs the trump than with Diamonds.

The Play

When West played with Clubs the trump, his adversaries took in two Hearts and then forced the closed hand with a Spade; but Declarer was careful to ruff with an honor, and after that was able to put East in the lead on the third round of trumps so that the Diamond could come from dummy and catch South's King and Jack. In this way Declarer made five-odd without difficulty. With Diamonds the trump, West lost two Hearts and one Diamond.

When the hand was played by South with Hearts the trump, most of the Declarers failed to make the ten tricks needed for game and contract, because of a little carelessness on a seemingly unimportant point in the play. Of course Clubs were led and South ruffed the second trick. Declarers who played thoughtlessly did this ruffing with the Five, noting that dummy had an entry with the Queen of Hearts and not appreciating that dummy might need two entries. The possibility of this would be remote had West not shown two suits so earnestly, but after West's bidding, the chance that he was Spadeless should have been considered by the Declarer. On general principles it is advisable to arrange for ample entries in both hands; and with Declarer's six-card Five-to-Ten Heart sequence, it was far wiser to ruff with the Nine or Ten than with the Five.

The Heart Declarers who thoughtlessly ruffed with the Five then led the Ace and King of trumps, exhausting the adverse Hearts, and next led a Spade. West's refusal was embarrassing; it was obvious that dummy could be put in with the Queen of Hearts to lead Spades once through East, but one such lead was insufficient to accomplish Declarer's purpose as East would cover with one of his Spade honors and must eventually take a trick with the other. This would give East the opportunity to lead Diamonds, and consequently Declarer could take only nine tricks; losing one Club, one Spade and two Diamonds.

The one or two Declarers who played with care ruffed the second Club with the Nine or Ten of Hearts, and consequently, after West refused Spades, they were able to put dummy in the lead twice—dummy's Heart Eight and Queen being entries over South's Five and Nine or Ten. Two Spade leads through East's Jack-Ten-Five (his Trey having been played on trick 1) were all that were needed to insure the taking of all five Spade tricks. Of course on the fifth Spade North got a discard; but by that time that hand was out of trumps and the Declarer was obliged to lose his two Diamonds which, plus the one Club lost on the first trick, made a total of three tricks for the adversaries but left the Declarer with enough tricks for game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-J-9-7-3
H. 10-7-2
D. None
C. A-Q-10-7-2

East
S. 8-5-2
H. 5
D. 8-7-5-4-2
C. K-J-9-4

West
S. K-6-4
H. 6-4
D. J-10-9-6-3
C. 8-6-5

South
S. A-10
H. A-K-Q-J-9-8-3
D. A-K-Q
C. 3

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol makes men shaving artists"

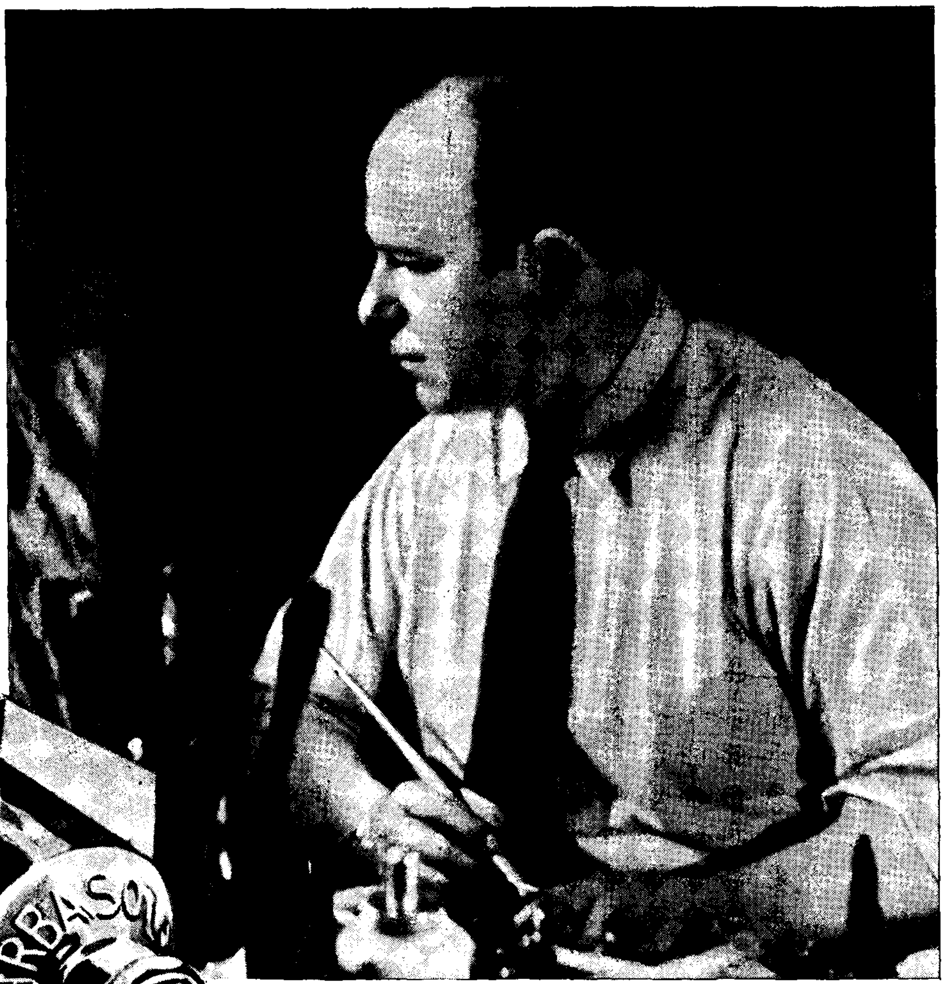
* ***"I like Barbasol because it starts where most shaves leave off. It makes the daily shave a finished work of art without an effort, and every one of us a master craftsman with the razor. There's showmanship in Barbasol—so quick, clean, effortless—it softens the beard like magic and makes you put your best face forward every day; with no brush; no rub; no lather."***

Tony Sarg

TONY SARG

* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

Barbasol
antiseptic beard softener for Shaving
No brush No lather No rub-in
Barbasol
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL
Barbasol
77



TONY SARG, father of the Marionette Theatre in America; noted illustrator and author of children's books; well-known illustrator of humorous stories in leading magazines; creator of animated window displays and gigantic parades; inventor of many mechanical devices and toys, and widely known as a public lecturer.

MEN in the limelight and men in the street—from all walks of life they send us the joyful news that "Barbasol has ended the daily shaving *scrape*"... No more scraping, they say, with this modern shaving cream that makes all beards behave. And to prove they *mean* it, they've made Barbasol the fastest-growing popular shaving cream in America.

"No pulling or scratching," writes R. B. from New Jersey, "Barbasol leaves the skin smooth as can be." And from Illinois, H. C. says, "Can't see why any man should hang on to the shaving brush habit. My face, my time, my disposition are all saved by Barbasol." "Bye-bye shaving brush," writes C. N. G. from Pennsylvania, "from now on—nothing in my shaving-kit but Barbasol." (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Try this method—follow directions and you'll follow the crowd

When you start using Barbasol (better give it a try tomorrow) just remember that you use NO BRUSH, NO RUBBING, NO LATHER. "O. K.?" Now let's GO!

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol with the fingers. (Don't rub it in.) **3.** Wet the blade and—SHAVE.

That's ALL. You don't have to do anything else to get the shaving surprise of your life. No messing around with hot towels, no facial preparation or brushing, or rubbing, or lathering. Barbasol makes the beard soft but *crisp*. The blade slips along *easy*, smooth. Whiskers come off close, *clean*. Leaves your face soft, refreshed. No lotions needed here and—the blades last longer.

Many Barbasol enthusiasts do not wash the face *after shaving* with this wonderful cream. Result: a soft *finish* that leaves your face relaxed and comfortable all day long.

Nobody can *prove* the miracle of this modern shave to YOU. You have to try it on *your-own-face!* You can get Barbasol at any drug store; generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢.

The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol
Skin Freshener
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BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

A new kind of a "Bracer" for men. Slap it on the face and neck when tired. It's a tingling rejuvenator that will make a new man of you, *any* time. Try it!

Barbasol

FOR MODERN SHAVING—NO BRUSHING—NO LATHERING—NO RUBBING

THE BIGGEST THING IN BALL VALUE TODAY

CAN you tell whether a ball is really *good* or not? Then try the **Burke** 50/50 one full round.

Give it the chance to prove that a ball doesn't have to be expensive to be good . . . for this ball costs only 50c.

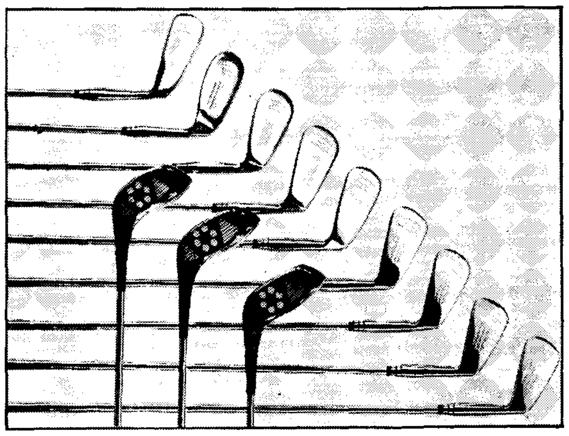
Give it the chance to prove that it has *everything*—length off the tee, line holding trueness on the green and durability.

Give it the chance to prove that it can *cut your ball costs in two* without hurting your game.

At all shops in the new size as well as the old.

* * *

When you see the new Long Burke woods and irons you'll say, "Man, there's a golf club!" Each is mated with the others to give perfect scoring ability. Look for the name "Long Burke" and eliminate club worry.



Free: New booklet, "20 Golf Arguments and the Correct Rulings", giving actual decisions made in curious and perplexing incidents of play.

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Dept. B-1
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Burke
CLUBS · BAGS AND BALLS

Sweet Young Things

Continued from page 26

facile diplomatist, the strongest in the face of bribes, wins out and becomes the favored keeper of the sacred list, the authority in all questions of who's who socially. I can think of no one staggering under a more exacting job.

She has to keep the list reasonably sweet and clean. Not too many crashers and none if possible, although it isn't possible. If crashers do get on, she has to be ready to prove it an inadvertency, and be very careful not to offend said crasher too much lest, in a little while, the crasher does achieve her right to be amongst those present.

Perhaps Mamma specifies that there shall be two parties—a tea for the older and milder, and a dance and supper for the younger set. Both functions are not necessary; but Mamma will have both if her finances are up to it. If not, she'll dispense with the former. So, in this case, shall we.

The Successful Crasher

She lets it be known just about how much she wishes to spend—sets a maximum she will lay out for each item.

For a fee of, say, five hundred dollars the great society agent, this social secretary to the whole social register, will take over the arrangements. She will see the hotel and restaurant people, the caterers, the florists, the musicians, and she will send out the invitations.

Suppose we make a necessarily rough estimate of what Mamma is prepared to spend to give her child the proper start. These are New York rates.

There's the ballroom. About fifteen hundred dollars for that. The music will relieve you of anywhere from eighteen hundred dollars up, according to how long the popular maestro (himself) is conducting and how many musicians there are. Supper will be from three to five dollars per plate, if it's the usual thing. For your entertainers—popular stars of the musical shows—you'll pay from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece. If you don't you won't get them. Your bill from the florist may stagger you, but suppose we put it at twelve hundred dollars. And your bar—the champagne and so on. Well, that's up to you and your bootlegger. Or perhaps you have your own cellar.

Anyway, you see how it is. And you may see how important it is merely to set a limit on how much you wish to spend and then let the wise super-secretary attend to the details. You can make a spectacular mess of it if you don't know.

Now, our débutante has led a somewhat narrow life. If she knows a hundred girls whom she can invite to her party, she is indeed remarkable. As for men, well, she's not supposed to know enough men to crowd a reasonable soda water fountain; and to make her party a success it has to be well manned—overmanned. You simply can't have too many males. But we'll come to that.

So the social secretary-at-large is told just how many people are wanted at the girl's party—say fifteen hundred, just to keep it exclusive. Very well, for so much money, the lists, male and female, are open to Mamma. The impending heroine is regarded as somebody who doesn't understand such things and is therefore kept in the background until that moment when she is to be led to the starting post.

In a certain sense, then, about fifteen hundred selected young people of both sexes are rented to Mamma for her child's party where if it's humanly possible she will see to it that her daughter is the cynosure of all eyes; or, failing in that, the evening's feature for as many as possible.

Although fifteen hundred is the maximum Mamma stipulates, the wise manager never forgets the inevitable party crasher. I have in mind one party, staged for twelve hundred but attended by fourteen hundred. That, to be sure, means looseness somewhere, but it's bound to happen to some extent. If you're a presentable person, well dressed, sober, good looking and, if a girl, numerously escorted, your chances of crashing are quite good, particularly if you have the assurance, the manner, the cool self-possession that gets people by. Above all, have as many good-looking men with you as you can manage.

If you fall short of these attributes of the successful crasher, you are likely to be stopped by the under-secretary, who presides at a table outside the ballroom. She, like her employer, the major-domo keeper of the records, knows just about who's who, and can spot the stranger. Quite courteously she'll ask you to wait a moment, in which event the most sensitive would do well to retreat. She will take your name to her employer, who may say, "Stranger," or "Never heard the name," and there's really nothing for you to do but move on to the next party, where your luck may be better. You're almost sure to crash somebody's show if you can stand the strain.

For some days our débutante's rivals will have been girding their slim loins for the fray. Every fresh recruit to their ranks means just a little more competition for the eligible men who, incidentally, are forever growing more coy. I am given to understand that there was a time when it would have been considered unwomanly, immodest, approximately unthinkable for a member of my sex to engage in a bit of active hunting of her own. I gather that in those days (I have my doubts) the truly desirable girl was content to retire into her maidenly modesty and wait until Mr. Right came along, when Mr. Right would at once drop to his knees with tender importunities.

I have always doubted that such procedure was ever followed with any success. At any rate, all that such tactics would get today's débutante would be a huge amount of spare time.

Collecting an Escort

Of course, if a débutante is dripping with money she is going to enjoy a certain amount of extra attention; but in these golden days when wealth, like society, has gone democratic, money is not a dependable weapon. You simply have to have the votes—the popularity. And if you can't come by it honestly, you have to simulate it.

For example, here's a débutante who has been bidden to the coming-out party we've been discussing. At a tea she is asked by a nice boy whether she is going. She nods her head and he asks her whether he can pick her up on his way there. He is told he can stop at her house at, say, eleven o'clock. At luncheon she meets another boy who asks her the same question. Without telling him she has already accepted an escort, she invites him to stop for her at eleven or thereabouts. A day or so later she has told a third lad that he might call for her about eleven-fifteen. That night a boy in Boston telephones. He is added to the escort. She takes care not to overdo it, and after she has accepted the sixth invitation she quits.

Of course, she may not find six men eager to go to the party with her. She may not have two if she hasn't practiced a bit of come-hithering. But if she's adroit, she will be able to collect quite an escort, granting, to begin with, that she is not the sort of girl men fight to forget, and very few débutantes are.

The larger the number of men she arrives at the party with, the more obvious her popularity. The more popular she is, or makes you think she is, the greater the curiosity of an increasing number of men. And when you have aroused the genuine curiosity of a man, you've something to work on. The important thing, of course, is to ensnare the interest of the man you have already decided you want.

A Bit of Cursing

At any rate, she arrives at the party about midnight surrounded, if possible, by good-looking men. The better turned-out her escort, the more attention it attracts. Or the more numerous. For example, I heard a hundred pounds of débutante declare that her idea of heaven was to be able to appear at so-and-so's party escorted by the West Point football team—in a huddle. And not so much of an exaggeration as you'd think.

Once a member of the party, she disposes of her escort by the simple expedient of abandoning it to the stag line. Now the longer the stag line, the more successful the party. The more often a girl is snatched from her partner in a single dance, the better time she's having. She'll even rejoice that she's been taken out of the arms of the man she'd prefer most to be dancing with—simply to serve notice on him that the demand for her is large and that he'd do well to work fast.

A word or so about the drinking at these débutante parties seems to be in order. A bar, manned by several experienced barkeeps, is almost inevitable. Champagne is the favored drink, but you can have what you want. And necessarily a certain amount of lusty drinking is indulged in.

But it is no more fashionable for a girl to get drunk today than it was in Grandma's day. In fact, a girl who drinks too much and makes herself alcoholically spectacular is not doing herself much good socially. Four or five years ago, it was not at all dangerous to her reputation and program for a girl to get a bit squiffed and sing songs her mother probably didn't teach her, and otherwise notify the world that she was fluffy. But the women are gradually coming back to the belief that the consumption of alcohol in large quantities is a thoroughly masculine occupation, and may be left to the males.

This care the débutante exercises over her personal drinking is not a product of moral awakening or patriotic resolve; rather, it comes of her fear of what the stag line is saying about her. She may deny that she has any yearning for the pedestal, but she'd rather have men look up than down.

True, a few years ago, it was not a bad thing for a débutante to be a trifle rough of tongue. A little bitter cursing was not regarded as a handicap to success. At that time the leaders of the younger set regarded it as necessary to ask you: "Where the hell have you been?" and otherwise make it plain that strong words existed to be used by strong people. I recall, for example, a delightful scene:

A nineteen-year-old sylph with half a dozen cocktails under her corsage decided to inform a taxicab chauffeur how little she thought of him. Naturally I can't set down here what she said. But let your imagination have its way. She made such a husky job of it that, for a minute or so, the taxi driver sat there half-stunned, his jaw sagging and his eyes bulging. But when she paused and was turning away, he stepped from his seat.

"Kid," said he, "if you're through, do you mind if I talk?"

He talked. He gave her a lesson in honest profanity. He gave it as his opinion that she was many more things than she had ever believed possible for one young female. In addition, he knocked out two men who took it upon themselves to deny that she was all he said. And through it she stood there, fascinated. When he stopped, she grasped his hand, shook it vigorously, gave him ten dollars and her card.

"Drop in some day, will you?" she said. "I have a female parent who's wild to meet you."

But disorderly vocabularies have lost their charm. The girls are really quite demure-mouthed these days. It's merely a matter of changing fashions. The conversation—or exchange of lines—is duller to be sure, but it's safer. Besides the boys like it better and that, after all, is what counts.

Now this increasing deference to the stag line has done the men no moral good. Our men are softer inside than our fathers. Young men "go débutante" these days, which is to say that they've decided to join the stag line, hoping perhaps that an heiress will come of it—a rich wife. You can't blame the boys although there are times when you wouldn't mind trembling for posterity if you knew how.

When a young man "goes débutante" it is well to be on one's guard against cruel deception. He is, let us say, a nice-looking, well-put-together college boy. Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth seem somehow to turn out the greatest number. He hasn't any money. He doesn't really belong. But he knows how to dress and acquires a clever line of general small talk that almost any débutante can digest without assistance. He may have as his objective nothing more than a season of light fun; but often he's a deep one. He may have a rich wife in view, or the favor of a débutante whose father will be of assistance in landing him in a fat job. He "goes débutante" with a full complement of ulterior motives.

Popular Boys

Life for him is likely to be congested but not difficult. He starts in knowing that he's in demand—because he's young, good looking, a male and with plenty of time to dispose of. His first move (assuming that he has recently been graduated from college or otherwise disposed of by a socially-approved seat of learning) is to get himself a good address.

For example, there were John and Mark, two highly pleasing youths who had "gone débutante" with such vigor and success as to make them quite the most popular pair of the season. They went everywhere and the girls fought bitterly for their personal attention.

It would have been extremely difficult for two men to have had less money than this pair. I believe John had a job for a while, but Mark always said that he had too much respect for work to tamper with it when he knew his social demands would always be interfering with it.

They didn't need much money. They let it be known that it would be difficult for them to attend parties entailing any noticeable expense. Therefore, at least two or three motor cars were always at their disposal, afternoon and evening. All they had to do was to enter that car which was going to take them to the most desirable tea or party. Simple. They were never without an invitation

(Continued on page 70)

DON'T LAUGH

maybe she can give you a shaving lesson too

I was shaving one morn in the bathroom,
In torture immersed to the brim,
When in walks the wife with a bottle
That switched my frown to a grin!

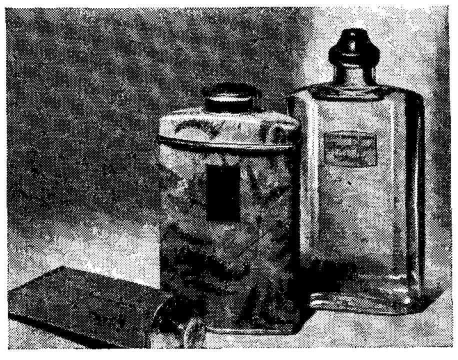
If you had told me two weeks ago that I'd be writing poetry today, I'd have said you were crazy.

Fourteen days ago the missus introduced me to Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion. And look at me now. From George the Grouch, I've become Sammy the Smiler—all on a few drops of the peppiest A. M. bracer this gent has ever known. Cool as an iceberg, tingling as an electric massage—this potion of pep's the swellest skin doctor on the market. And it's styptic, too—heals nicks, cuts and scratches like a specialist. Suspicious like, I asked the wife—"How come you're so familiar with *men's* shaving preparations?"

"Silly," says she, "It's made by Houbigant, maker of the finest women's preparations. There's only one difference between our faces (outside of looks)—you have to scrape yours daily with a razor."

P. S. I almost forgot to mention Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and Talc. If you really want to do a real job, use these, too. The Cream's bursting with lather, also non-caustic and non-irritating. The Talc's like balm—fine, invisible—a man's powder.

Note to Wives: If you want a decent looking and angelic husband—mail the coupon below for free, generous samples—mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern).



Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion

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CREATOR OF TOILETRIES
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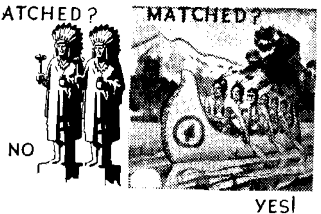
You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State ....


MATCHED?
NO
MATCHED?
YES!

Your golf clubs may *look* alike and still not be truly matched.

Matched
GRAND SLAM
CLUBS mean

Coordination of Hands and Arms, Shaft and Club Head

In addition to being matched in lie and pitch and length of shaft—the qualities you are accustomed to expect in matched golf clubs—Grand Slam Clubs are matched in other qualities, like these:

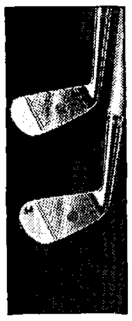
Swinging Weight *Resiliency of Shaft* *Feel in Head*
Speed with Which Club Head Answers Swing

When you put down one Grand Slam and take up another, the club you pick up delivers this message to your hands and arms: "This is the same old club. Just use the same old swing."

Of course it *is* a different club, designed to accomplish a different result, but as far as feeling and your part of the work are concerned, there is no difference.

So accurately are Grand Slam Clubs indexed, that if you want to add a club or replace a club ten years from now, you can duplicate in the new club the exact "feel" of all other Grand Slams.

Our free catalog and illustrated golf booklet will give you a more complete description of these clubs. Write for them. No obligation. Hillerich & Bradsby Company, *Incorporated*, 486 Finzer Street, Louisville, Kentucky.



Grand Slam Irons
No. 3, 155 to 165 yds.
No. 4, 140 to 150 yds.

GRAND
SLAM
Golf Clubs

(*Continued from page 69*)

for week-end parties. They accepted those which came from the most promising prospecting fields, provided all expenses incident to the trip were forthcoming—in advance. And almost always the invitations were so accompanied.

Scarcely a day passed that four or five sweet young things didn't telephone them seeking to add them to parties or escorts. You probably get my idea. Just real popular boys.

Made to Order for the Men

But that doesn't explain all. For example, how they got away with it as far as clothes went. And they were always beautifully dressed—in fact were stag-line models and despairs.

And how did these boys manage such a nice address—an expensive address in a painfully fashionable street?

Perhaps I should be ashamed of myself, but curiosity was entirely too much for me. So with two girls, equally curious, I called at John's and Mark's rooms one afternoon, and quite a lot of the mystery was dispelled.

They lived in two rooms at the back of a stately old mansion, gone to apartments. Two rear rooms, one quite small and the other spacious. But with them lived eight other youths! Eight boys who hoped one day to be as popular as John and Mark; who were studying life at the feet of the masters. All these boys had attended the same college with Mark and John. They were being introduced into the ways of society by men who had genius for it. To make it all the better, most of the eight worked, guaranteeing, amongst them, the rent.

I don't know what became of Mark, but John married millions and ought to be on some bank's roster of vice-presidents almost any time now. The story is not so unusual as you'd think.

After all, I've been too hard on the boys. I should treat them with more understanding. It isn't all their fault that they've gone débutante. The girls insist on spoiling them.

I know a girl who asked her brother, a nice boy in Princeton, whether he could manage to have six or eight of his classmates to tea on Sunday. He promised to do his best—and did so. Just to make sure, he invited virtually every good-looking boy he met, with the result that eighteen or twenty of them presented themselves for tea. The débutante was in a state of high gratification as the boys trooped in, six, eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, eighteen. She had invited no one else.

But when she had a room full of the flower of Princeton, she hastily telephoned three or four girls for whom she had no particular love, but whom she was not above impressing. As a matter of fact, she had had some such procedure in mind at the outset. They arrived, beheld and wandered off to tell an agitated world that it was virtually impossible to get anywhere near Mary Elizabeth's door because of the heavy invasion from Princeton's Ivy and Tiger Inn.

The point is that Mary Elizabeth's friends began immediately to lure her boys away from her, with the result that a merry time was had by all, and the boys were set to wondering how long this had been going on—why consecrate their lives to anything less enjoyable? It's all right for a lad with good strong moral fiber or a stern male parent, but it has its pitfalls. I have seen entirely too many males fail to recover from a few seasons of going débutante.

It's all made to order for the men. Offhand I should say that fifty per cent of the stag line is made up of men who, sound as their connections may be, are not in the social register. Just men, and as such highly desirable. But for a girl to break in is quite different. I don't pretend to know half the arts and wiles practiced by females in their terrific assaults on the so-called charmed circle. Of course much money is used, but money lacks its old power. Too many people have some. Also the spectacular use of money is apt to react on the crasher.

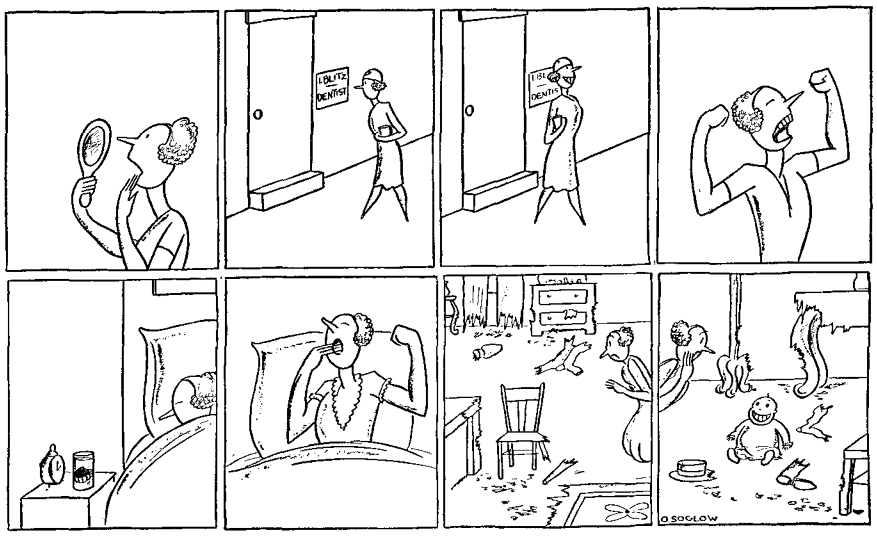
Where money is not just the thing to use, nerve comes in handy. There was the young woman at Aiken who, seeing a highly desirable party approaching, slipped from her horse with fine realism and lay there in the bridle path groaning until picked up by the socially secure people she had sighted.

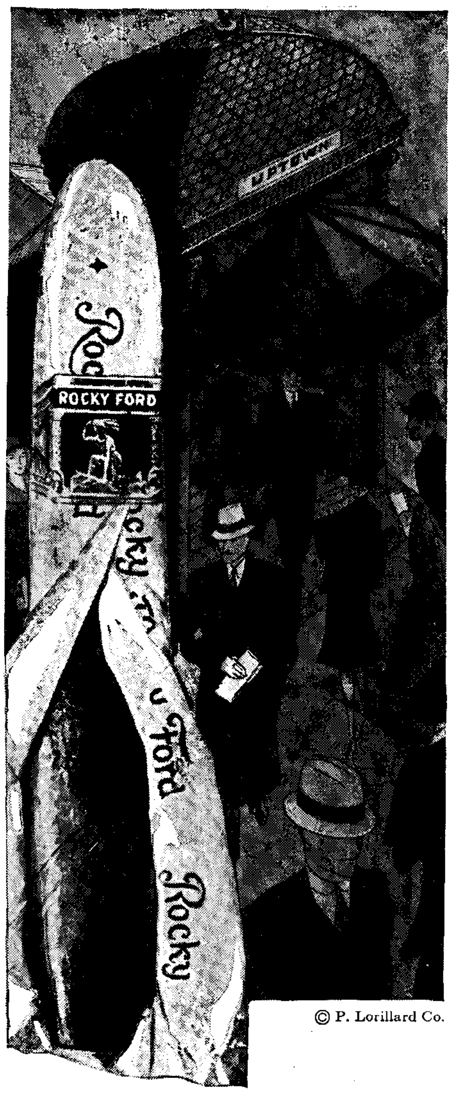
Quit and Go to Work

But nothing desirable came of that tumble from the horse—nothing but two weeks in bed and a ruined campaign. Still, what is an ankle or even a neck if you can get in by breaking them? There are quite a number of otherwise sane people who would have lots of trouble deciding which is the more valuable—a spinal column or a society column.

And all this trouble to be a débutante! Or a Junior Leaguer! I know so many débutantes who, after a few months of stag-line rushes, are willing to quit it for a good job. Well, it doesn't have to be so good either. There are stores and shops and advertising agencies and magazines that are professing to see some sort of value in having the débutante in their employ. There was a time, I suspect, when it may have been difficult to induce the sweet young thing to lend her soft hand to industry; but not now. It is more than the fashion to go to work; to a great many débutantes and Junior Leaguers the opportunity is a godsend.

It gives you reason for speculating on the future. For example, the men go débutante, and the débutantes go to work. All sorts of possibilities in that, aren't there?





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MIRACLES

For five cents, the New York Subway will whisk you the whole length of Manhattan Island. 14 miles in 35 minutes. A modern 5¢ *miracle.*

And for five cents, a ROCKY FORD cigar will carry you through almost 60 minutes of 10¢ cigar enjoyment. Giving 10¢ cigar taste and 10¢ cigar character for a nickel. And that's a modern five cent miracle, too.

A real long filler cigar with a selected Sumatra wrapper. What greater 5¢ value has this Efficiency Age produced?

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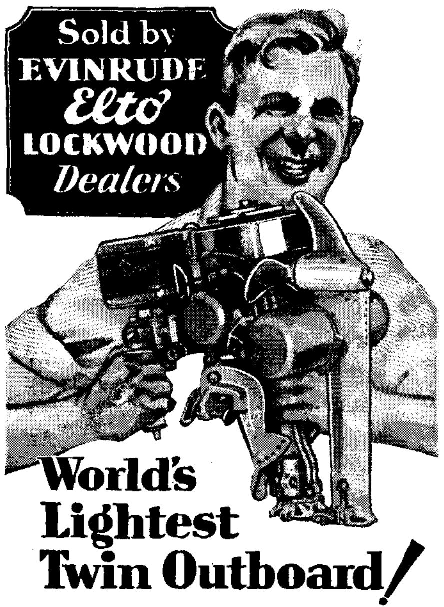
ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough

ROCKY
FORD 5¢
the better cigar



World's Lightest Twin Outboard!

HERE'S the boat motor that all outdoor America is talking about. As "stowable" and compact as a traveling bag—it *f-o-l-d-s*, as shown, to only 11½ x 13¾ x 17 inches. Weighs only 29 pounds—world's lightest twin outboard. Powerful, too — its 2¾ horse power giving efficient speeds on family and fishing boats, etc.

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Steering handle folds down to form a comfortable carrying handle. Twin cylinders, of course, for smooth performance — with an individual silencer for each. Operates 2½ hours on a gallon of fuel. Self steering feature. First to minimize vibration by cushioning power head in rubber. Gas tank in front, thus easier to fill. Automatic circulation of oil to main bearings. The sensational light weight outboard of all time—no other, at any price, compares with it in handiness or putting so much power in so little space.

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Under a new plan, Evinrude, Elto and Lockwood outboard motors may be purchased on easy terms, with down payments as low as $35 and six or eight months in which to square the difference. For full details write Elto, Evinrude or Lockwood Division of the Outboard Motors Corporation at Milwaukee, Wis.

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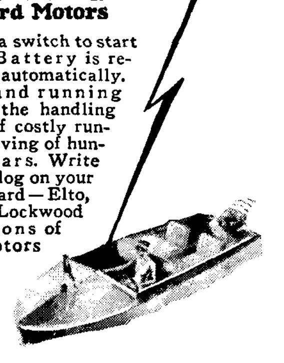
JUST touch a switch to start and stop. Battery is recharged automatically. Have spot and running lights — all the handling convenience of costly runabouts at a saving of hundreds of dollars. Write today for catalog on your favorite outboard—Elto, Evinrude or Lockwood — all divisions of Outboard Motors Corporation.



OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
Ole Evinrude, *President*
5600-27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Isis was a Queen

Continued from page 21

It took some time for this advice to penetrate. Then Jeremiah Flanagan succumbed.

"Guess you're right," he said. "You're the only one who's given me a tumble ever since I came here from Buffalo. Gee, I used to announce some great hours in Buffalo. There was one I did for a guy from the Department of Agriculture who gave advice on how to bring up bulls. He said I got feeling into my stuff."

"Listen," said the practical Miss Morley, "when you sign off tonight don't say Jeremiah Flanagan speaking, say Jerry Flanagan. That sounds much better."

At that moment Mr. Schnitzbaum of Isis Caramels came down the corridor. He paused before the lanky figure of Jeremiah Flanagan.

"You're the announcer for the time in my hour, eh?" he asked Flanagan, sticking out a thumb like a weapon, and not waiting for a reply. "Be careful how you say this word 'Isis'—it's tricky. I been telling Harvey to say 'Ices,' just as if it was a dessert. Don't forget, young feller."

He hurried on, did Mr. Schnitzbaum, plunging into new argument with his wiry band leader.

TWO and a half hours later exactly, Jeremiah Flanagan stood before an announcer's microphone, eyes glued to a switchboard where red, white and blue pin lights would blink signals for him to press buttons and launch against the ears of a continent the vital, musical message of Schnitzbaum's Isis Caramels. Grantham Harvey, magnificent in a tuxedo and gay with additional applejack, swung before the phalanxed bandsmen, talking-script fluttering in a hand that waved to the boys in the watchful control-room—including Mr. Schnitzbaum himself.

Flanagan held up both arms to call silence. He tapped the time gong and with a clear, smooth voice intoned:

"The Isis Caramel Hour, ladies and gentlemen, and Grantham Harvey as your announcer."

The band broke into a giddy salute, and Harvey stepped between it and the microphone.

"Evening, folks," he rippled. "Here we are with another Issis Caramel Hour. Those Issis Caramels. Believe you me they're not like Mother used to make. They're a darned sight better. Cling to the memory, not to the teeth. The band starts with What Ho, She Bumps by kind permission of the copyright owners."

In broke the band and Grant Harvey wheeled away to find himself almost hugged by Mr. Schnitzbaum, who had dashed from the control-room.

"I told you, it's Isis, not Issis," said Mr. Schnitzbaum in a frantic whisper. "Issis is rubbish."

"Okay," said Harvey, smiling.

And in due time he returned to the attack, bold eyes roving the studio windows for admiring faces pressed against curtained glass.

"We proceed with two merry tunes in the Caramel Hour, ladies and gentlemen. Good old Issis Caramels. Never mistake their flavor."

The band plunged into rhythmic uproar. Just as well, it drowned the sputtering of Mr. Schnitzbaum's incipient apoplexy.

"God, Harvey!" he bellowed, all but eating that smiling young man's right ear. "You say Isis, understand, Ices like a dessert. Not Issis. Didn't I tell you?"

At that instant the band stopped and Jeremiah Flanagan tapped the time gong.

"The Isis Caramel Hour," he rolled softly. "I-S-I-S, pronounced as in the word Ices. Please stand by for your local station announcer."

Flanagan's upheld hand checked Mr. Schnitzbaum's angrily admiring prod at Harvey.

"Hear the way that feller says it—that's the way!"

"S-sshh," said Flanagan. Breathing gently into the mike he repeated:

"The ISIS Caramel Hour continues."

It continued. So did Mr. Schnitzbaum, when, not in his next, but in his final burst of continuity, Harvey once more degenerated to the heresy of saying Issis, as a snake might say it without the aspirate.

"You done it right once, why couldn't you do it right at the end?" barked Schnitzbaum in Harvey's left ear under cover of the band's last splurge. "You're either drunk or you're kidding me. I'm gonna—"

"Silence!" bellowed Flanagan in a split-second between switching off the music and giving station call.

"The I-S-I-S Caramel Hour has come to a close," he said, smoothly. "Jerry Flanagan speaking. Please stand by."

He pressed a button, clapped his hands and the bandsmen stretched.

"By God!" blurted Schnitzbaum. "I get that feller to announce the Isis Hour."

Back in the announcers' dressing-room, Grantham Harvey chucklingly disrobed.

"I'm sorry," said Flanagan clumsily when they had the room to themselves.

"For what?" asked the most popular announcer.

"Him wanting me to announce that Isis Hour."

"Buddy," said Harvey, big-brotherly. "Go to it. And listen," his gray eyes enlarged meaningfully, "don't let anybody ever tell you I can't give another guy a break."

As men will when they feel foolish, they shook hands, and felt more foolish.

The following afternoon Jeremiah Flanagan sat in conference. Mr. Schnitzbaum of the Isis Caramel Company dominated the one-way debate—which was all his way. Flanagan emerged after back-patting by the continuity staff and assurance that he'd get every coöperation in copy.

HE AND Miss Morley had lunch in a neighboring cafeteria.

"This *is* your chance, Jerry," said Miss Morley. "Study your lines and put 'em over smoothly."

"Mr. Schnitzbaum tells me to look up this Isis and find out what the word means and get into the spirit of those caramels."

"That's easy," said Miss Morley. "Isis was a queen—a goddess—of Egypt, Say the name slow and solemn and you'll get the spirit. I'll look it up in my encyclopedia tonight and write it for you."

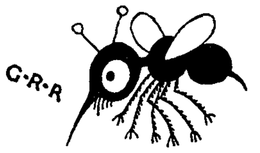
The next day she gave him, carefully typed by her own hand, the dossier of Isis, sister and wife of Osiris, king-god of Egypt, a lady whose wedgelike image is usually distinguished by a solar disk and cow's horns on her head.

With Miss Morley's aid, likewise, he had this morsel of mythology—with side compliments to the caramels—tucked into two or three neat sentences. These he rehearsed, when he found a lonesome opportunity in the dressing-room.

(*Continued on page 72*)

ENTHUSIASM IS NOT DEAD!

Some strange, malevolent virus must have gone the rounds during the World War eating at people's enthusiasms.



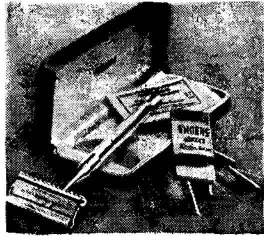
Ever since the war, there has been no use expecting enthusiasm from anyone over the age of four. When the radio came along people just said "uh huh." Even the "See and Hear" signs over the movie entrances have ceased causing any eye-rolling.

In the face of all this apathy, we are mighty proud of the letters that have come to us about the Enders Razor. We never publish any of them because most people today have an idea that *all* testimonials are bought and paid for. But how we wish we could show you our files!

Some of the letter writers praise the balance of the Enders and the ease and deftness with which it wipes off the whiskers. Others wax lyric over the fact that it not only gives you a royal smooth shave, but gets you a little fun while you do it. Still others want to know what we do to our blades to keep them so uniformly and supremely sharp. (Several tests at the factory—one of them on human hair—is the answer.)

If you feel like risking a dollar (it buys an Enders and six blades) for the sake of putting a little joy into shaving, we believe you and your face won't regret it. Who can tell, —maybe *you'll* write us a letter! Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders
RAZOR



The Hair Test
New Enders Razor
with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

THE TWO

ORPHANS

THERE is nothing more wistful and pathetic than a helpless, motherless little dog, whose owner doesn't know about Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Sergeant's Dog Book. Many dogs die for no better reason than that their owners didn't know what to do for them—and wouldn't take the trouble to find out. Did you know that all puppies and dogs *must* be wormed? Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules for dogs and Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules for pups is the safe, effective treatment. Your dog needs an occasional tonic. Use Sergeant's Condition Pills. You can know how to care for your dog, diagnose his troubles and treat his diseases. This information may save your dog's life. It costs a two-cent stamp. Surely your dog is worth that.

Famous Dog Book *Free* ♦ ♦ ♦

Write at once for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains interesting articles on raising, feeding and caring for dogs. In clear, everyday language it explains the symptoms of dog diseases and tells the best treatments. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable animals. A new edition is now ready. Use the coupon.

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In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid food for all dogs and pups. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

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Please send me a free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

(*Continued from page 71*)

At the dress rehearsal for the first Isis Hour to be completely announced by Flanagan, Mr. Schnitzbaum was pleasant, but practical. Imbued with the importance of the occasion—to himself—Flanagan rolled out the mythological tidbits in the middle of the continuity.

"Wait a second," barked Mr. Schnitzbaum, dashing from control-room to studio. "What's all that stuff about O'Sireis? That sounds Irish and ain't got anything to do with caramels."

Flanagan flushed.

"I studied up on this," he began to explain.

"It's out," snapped Schnitzbaum. "Stick to the stuff about caramels—rich in cream, Cling to the memory, not to the teeth."

FLANAGAN told Miss Morley all about it that afternoon, late, before he changed into tuxedo for the great hour.

"Schnitzbaum's paying for that hour," said she, sagely. "Do what he wants you to do."

"But where can I get bellowing about caramels?" Flanagan demanded. "This dope we worked out is great—it gives me a chance to show that I've got something to say and know how to say it. I got into the mood of that name on those caramels—Isis."

"Schnitzbaum wants the cream advertised, not the mood," warned Miss Morley.

Flanagan went away, sulking, to dress. He determined to argue it out with Mr. Schnitzbaum. Before striding into Studio K on Miss Morley's floor he paused at her desk.

"I'm going to do my stuff—our stuff," he amended, "or nothing. I don't want the Isis Hour if all I get is routine announcements. That's flat."

Her cool eyes pondered.

"Mr. Schnitzbaum's a stubborn customer," she said. "I don't think you'll get away with it."

"Well," flared Flanagan, "I'll take a chance."

He strode away. Miss Morley appeared grave for a few moments, then her eyes glowed with bright, eager lights.

Mr. Schnitzbaum was in the studio, loudly conferring with the band leader.

"Ah," he said to Flanagan. "Do a good job tonight, my boy—and it's your hour from now on."

He patted Flanagan's slim back. Flanagan winced. The patronizing impact stiffened his determination.

Schnitzbaum had a final word to say as Flanagan called "Silence please," while the minute hand marched around the clock-face to his starting point.

"Make it soft—nice soft tone, Flanagan," said Mr. Schnitzbaum. "Remember, you're announcing caramels."

"I'll do my best," Flanagan grunted.

He helmeted himself with ear phones as Schnitzbaum retired to the control-room—leaving the studio to do so. Flanagan, gong-hammer poised to sound time at the end of the hour the Isis period was to succeed, saw Schnitzbaum through the thick glass of the control-room, taking position behind the youthful operator at the mixing panel.

"This is the I-S-I-S Caramel Hour, ladies and gentlemen," Flanagan began, making his tone soft, caramelish, or, better still, caramellow. The band leader smiled and Mr. Schnitzbaum beamed as the signature fox-trot thundered over the control-room loud speaker.

Flanagan cleared his throat for the next announcement.

"The I-S-I-S Hour," he began. "The caramel named for a queen and fit for a queen. The band will now play a group of three new numbers—"

Mr. Schnitzbaum still beamed. The band went on. Flanagan broke in again.

"I-S-I-S," said he, crooning the word, "was the great queen-goddess of Egypt, sister of the king-god Osiris. A lissome, svelte and olive-skinned lady—ruler of Egypt, the land of eternal enigma." Flanagan had underlined that word. He repeated it. There came taps at the control-room window. Mr. Schnitzbaum was tapping and frowning. His thick lips formed the command: "Cut that out."

Flanagan named numbers and the band sailed into them. During its playing Mr. Schnitzbaum gesticulated back of the window; but Flanagan purposely averted his gaze. He heard savage tugging at the control-room door. Mr. Schnitzbaum was obviously trying to get out and into the studio. The door was locked against him, and the panel-board operator couldn't help him because if he left the panel he'd lose his job.

Flanagan lifted his hand, tapped the time gong, and flowed on:

"I-S-I-S caramels," he purred. "Their velvet smoothness is as the caress of Egypt's sensuous goddess-beauty—the great Isis. Think of her floating in a royal barge, gorgeous with cloth of gold, ropes of pearls and strutting peacocks. Think of the richness and grandeur of the majestic Nile on which the divine princess of all Egypt rides in the glory of her greatness."

The band again obliged. Mr. Schnitzbaum was battering the control-room window with pudgy fists. Flanagan ignored him. He interposed again, this time briefly—but at the final announcement he poured out all the poetry in his system, ending in a cascade of scintillating rhetoric:

"Isis, golden beauty of a golden age, gives her seductive name to this famous sweetmeat. Isis, who trod on the worshipping hearts of men and took her place forever in the court of eternal beauty. Jerry Flanagan is your announcer."

He switched off the studio. This was just as well. Mr. Schnitzbaum charged in—two hundred odd pounds of the highest dudgeon.

"You loafer!" he roared. "I'll have your job for this. What you think, I pay t'ree thousand dollars to have you spout bum poetry instead of sell my goods!"

Flanagan had two impulses—to smite Mr. Schnitzbaum, or to flee. He fled, without even pausing at Miss Morley's desk. This was just as well. She wasn't there.

HE DID not spend a restful night. In the morning he arose, haggard, and went to the studio to gather his belongings. He had an idea that by the time Mr. Schnitzbaum had his say to those in authority those belongings would not belong in the broadcasting studio.

Slipping into the announcer's dressing-room, he wrapped his clothes in newspaper and was slipping out when somebody hailed him. It was Miss Morley. She stood in the doorway of the wire-room where an all-night operator dozed at his controls. A loud speaker mumbled in the background.

"Jerry," said Miss Morley, "come here."

She was tense.

"Listen to that," she said.

His heart fell. He had expected quick sympathy—and she was interested in a silly, pre-breakfast broadcast.

"That's London, Jerry," she said. "They've got an aviation race for the Schneider Cup going on—it's noon over there. Listen."

Flanagan listened. He didn't care about it and turned away. But Miss Morley clutched his sleeve.

"George—" she raised her voice to the sleepy control man. "Can you put that London broadcast on the air?"

Collier's
Radio Hour

Favorite characters straight from the pages of Collier's live and speak in your living room. Breathless drama, stirring music, famous men and women—weave a magic spell of romance which only your ears can follow.

Collier's Radio Hour brings you the most thrilling and original entertainment on the air today.

STATIONS

EAST
WJZ WBZA WBZ WHAM
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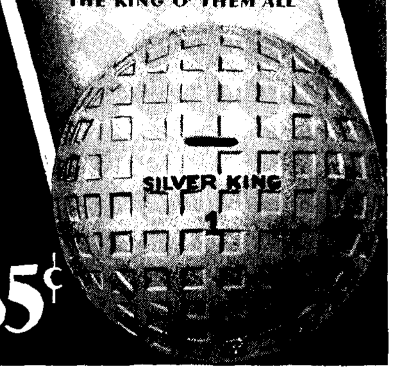
Stations associated with National Broadcasting Company

8:15 P. M. *Eastern Time*
7:15 P. M. *Central Time*
6:15 P. M. *Mountain Time*
5:15 P. M. *Pacific Time*

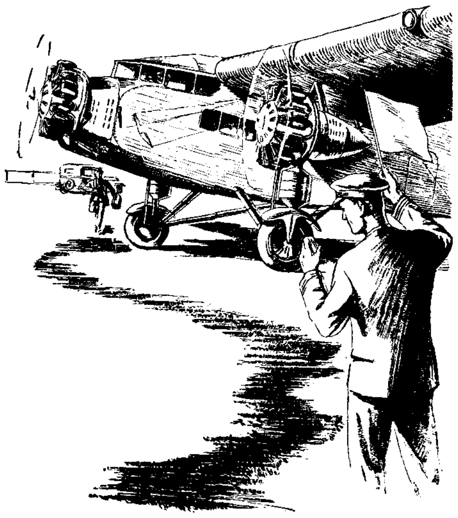
Every Sunday Evening

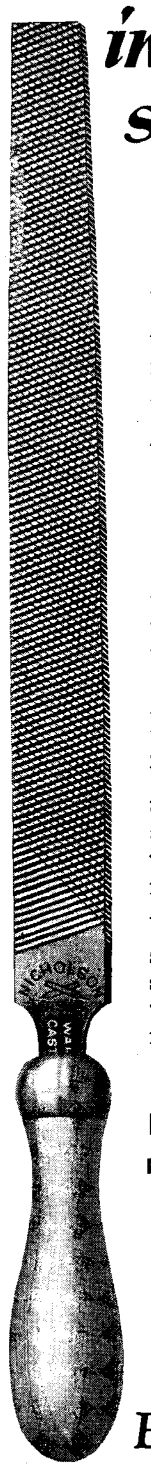
Silver King
THE KING O' THEM ALL



85¢

Sustained Speed with NICHOLSON FILES





From the imaginary starting line

AT the drop of the starter's flag, the transport plane must leave its imaginary starting line and maintain a speed of anywhere from eighty to a hundred miles an hour, to make its run on scheduled time.

Sustained filing speed is just as important to the mechanic as sustained flying speed is to the pilot.

For sustained filing speed, use Nicholson Files. The shape of their teeth gives extra service, the temper of the special file steel means longer life.

You can get Nicholson Files in many shapes and sizes from your hardware or mill supply dealer.

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY
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NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

A File for Every Purpose

"We might filter it from the short wave," he yawned.

"Do that!" she cried, exultantly.

Speculatively amused, the engineer turned a weird-appearing contraption like a compact steel basket with his fingers.

"Jerry!" the girl's eyes glowed. "Get on the air. Announce this Schneider Cup race. Put it on! Put it on!"

"It's time for the setting-up exercises," Flanagan demurred.

"Never mind those," she cried. "They can go on any time. This can't. This will surprise everybody."

Unknown thousands of sleepy citizens, wrenched from beds by alarm clocks and the urge to stretch limbs to tinkling pianos and the bray of powerful voices, were pleasurably surprised at an excuse to avoid physical effort and hearken to the voice of one calling himself Jerry Flanagan, inserting explanatory phrases into a staccato account of the classic Schneider Cup race in far-away England.

ONE of those sleepy citizens made himself known. He was Mr. Manton, pudgy vice-president of the broadcasting company. He called the station and complimented Mr. Flanagan.

But an hour or so later when Mr. Manton appeared at his office, he was not so complimentary. On his desk was a report of savage complaint made by Mr. Schnitzbaum, manufacturer of Isis Caramels.

"Is this correct?" he asked Flanagan, summoned before him.

Flanagan bowed a guilty head.

"What was the big idea?" asked Manton.

"It was my first chance," said Flanagan, slowly. "I wanted to show I had some stuff."

"But not the stuff the customer wanted, Flanagan," said the executive. "That's serious enough. But who locked Schnitzbaum in that control-room so he couldn't get out?"

"I didn't do that," snapped Flanagan.

"Well," said Manton, coldly, biting a cigar. "We'll find out who did."

There was a sudden rush down the corridor. Mr. Schnitzbaum burst into the room. Flanagan edged towards the door.

"Stay where you are," cried Schnitzbaum—he was hectically gay. "Look at these."

"These" were yellow sheets of paper—telegrams. Mr. Schnitzbaum read them aloud. One was from St. Louis, another from Syracuse, a third from Baltimore. All complimented the Isis Caramel Company for putting artistic announcing into its hour—which was important; all were from candy jobbers, which was far more important.

"I guess your idea was right, son," Schnitzbaum said to Flanagan. "Cancel my complaint, Mr. Manton."

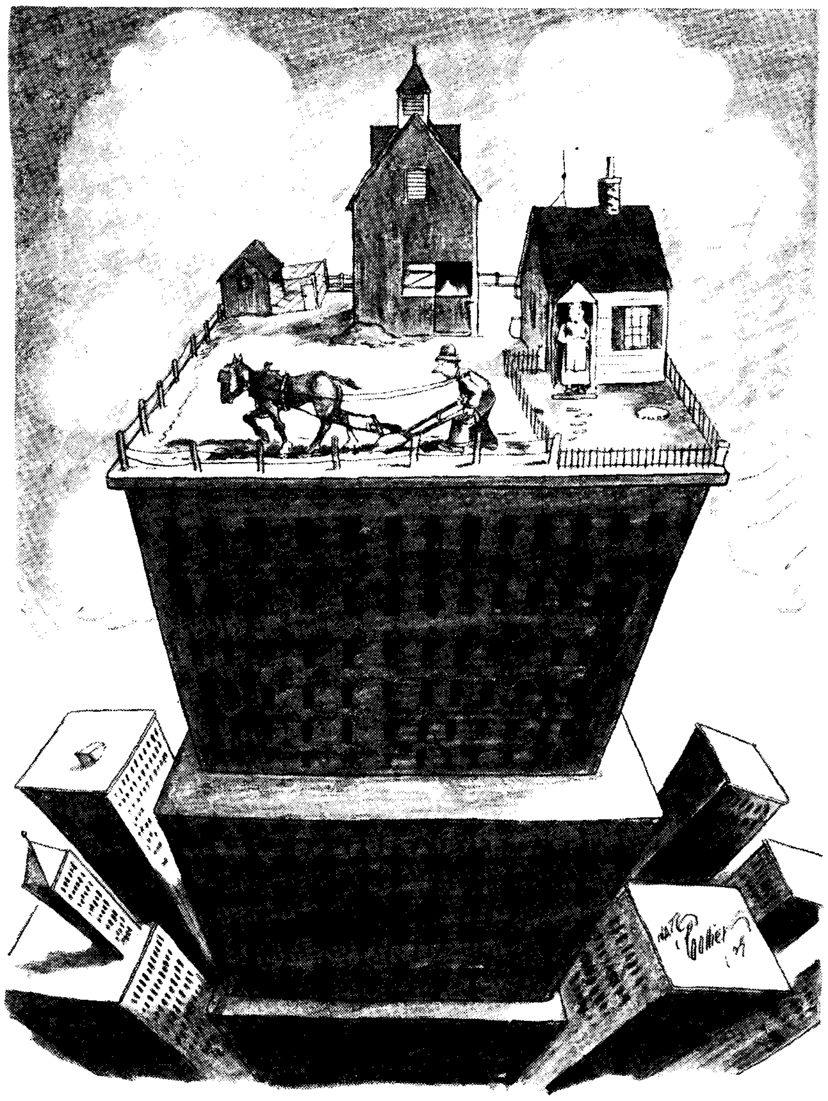
Blushing a shade almost as deep as his hair, Flanagan left the vice-president's office. He found himself sitting opposite Miss Morley at a lace-paper-topped table, ordering breakfast.

"You're a peach," he said, gratefully, and eclipsed her neat hand with a trembling paw. "That London broadcast made a big hit with Manton. And what a break I got in those wires to Schnitzbaum."

"Tell me, Jerry," said Miss Morley, pointedly, "did Mr. Schnitzbaum raise Cain about being locked in that control-room?"

"Why," said Flanagan, wide-eyed, "no. He seemed to forget all about that."

"Just as well," said Miss Morley, coolly. "I locked him in."



"No, Maria, we can't go down to th' city till I get my fall plowing done."

Wood's Moly Shovel
Wood's BIG FIST Shovel

That "Moly" Smile

IT'S contagious . . that "Moly" smile that workmen wear. Why? Because "Moly" (H. K. Wood's mo-*lyb*-den-um steel shovel) is tough and hard as they make 'em . . . *but not on the shoveler.* It has an even "hang" and balance that come natural . . . an extra wide roomy grip that's easy on fists . . . . a patented turned-over step that saves feet and shoes. No wonder workmen like them. You'd grin, too!

Note: "Moly" is the standard of shovel perfection, well worth a few cents more; "Big Fist," champion of the medium price class; "Piqua," for home, farm and other services where low price shovels will do.

The WOOD SHOVEL & TOOL Co.
Piqua, Ohio

Wood's
Shovels - Spades
Scoops

The One-Man Pigeon

Continued from page 9

you even look at that Spanish onion again I'll—I'll—"

"Come on, Jack," says Charley and pulls me out the front door.

You can see, Mrs. Pentwoolder, that I was in considerable trouble in my home life and absolutely for no reason.

When we was riding to the studio Charley says, "You got to fix things up with Valencia, so she won't sue Amalgamated. You've got to use her in your picture and keep her hot about you. Ease along to her the information that if she sues, you probably won't get your contract renewed."

"How do you mean?" I demand.

"JUST that. She could nick us for a lot of money if she had a smart lawyer. He could make her limp and get doctors to swear that she was ruined as a channel swimmer and an actress. You're not going any too good, Jack, and what do you think the New York office would say about renewing your contract if they got stuck for a hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit because you shot a girl and they knew you didn't show any inclination to help square it?"

I just moaned, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

"Valencia is wild," he says, "about some card your wife sent her about Valencia being an old lady. Go over and square it. Tell her the flowers were for your grandmother—tell her that. If that don't work, you'll have to get your wife to apologize."

"*My* wife?" I asks.

"Certainly," he says. "Explain to her how necessary it is."

"Ha!" I says, and my voice was hollow. "You explain."

I was all sweaty. You know how you get, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

I had lost my wife and never would get her back if I ever went near Valencia again. And if I didn't see Valencia I would lose my job. And I already had lost my reputation—with that piece in the paper. And I had not done one thing to deserve all this trouble.

"I'll go to my dressing-room and think it over," I says and Charley says all right, so I did.

I was in my dressing-room wondering whether I better shoot myself or what when Archibald W. Breeze, the fat press agent for Amalgamated, comes in all smiling.

"Hello, Jack," he says. "I hear you're in a jam. Charley Stone just told me everything. Cheer up. Did you see the big publicity I got you in the paper this morning? That kind of stuff is what stars need. Put's 'em over big."

"Yeah? Do you mean to tell me you got that junk in the paper on purpose?" I was about to get up and sock him.

"Well—er, not exactly. I just told the reporters what happened and they went out to see Valencia. Of course I didn't know she was going to pull that husband through the ages line. But don't worry, kid. Your name is in big headlines in a thousand papers today. It's great publicity. The divorce stuff isn't anything. Everybody will forget about that by tomorrow."

"Everybody but my wife," I says. "I suppose she don't count."

"Even your wife. I've got an idea that will fix everything."

"Who are you, Solomon?" I says. "Go away and leave me alone."

But this feller kept on talking and telling me about this swell idea he had and, Mrs. Pentwoolder, it is the honest truth, six hours later I was on a rock about the size of ten acres in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with nobody except a carrier pigeon named Adolph.

This idea of his did not seem so hot, but I could not someway put my finger on the weak spot, and it was better than sticking around or shooting myself. The idea was that I was to disappear for a week. I was supposed to be drowned. My Little Wonder Girl would be ashamed that she was so mean to me when she found out I was dead and Valencia would get a chance to cool off and I would get a lot of good publicity like folks do when they are dead and it will not do them no good.

This Archibald W. Breeze had it all figured out. He knew about this island two or three miles off shore. He had a friend that raised carrier pigeons and borrowed one named Adolph.

He got a lot of blankets and canned food and water bottles and drove me down to the beach and rented a motor boat and showed me how to run it and told me which way to go and pushed me off and before I got on to what a sucker trick it was I had reached the island and unloaded everything and shoved off the motor boat like he said.

After I had been missing a while he would send word to the newspapers and everybody would think I was drowned because they would find the motor boat that I went out riding in. After a week on the island when all the papers was printing obituaries saying what a fine fellow I was and My Little Wonder Girl was wishing I was back and Valencia was a little quieter, I would let the pigeon named Adolph out of his cage and he would fly home. He had a message on his leg and the carrier pigeon man would send word to Archibald W. Breeze who would notify My Little Wonder Girl and they would come out and rescue me.

Everything then would be fine, Archibald W. Breeze said.

Well, Mrs. Pentwoolder, there I was with Adolph. I took him and a can of beans and the water and the blankets up to the middle of the island and fed him through the bars of his cage and talked to him and he said "cuck-a-catoo—cuck-a-catoo" and we had a good time the rest of the day.

That night it was pretty cold but I had plenty blankets and being a cowpuncher I was used to sleeping out and I did not mind it.

I WAKE up in the morning and feed Adolph some corn and give him and me a drink and go down to the shore where I had unloaded the box of canned goods and, Mrs. Pentwoolder, it was gone! So was the place I put it. In the night the island had sunk!

It turned out later it was a tied that did it and me being from Oklahoma where the land stays where they put it, I did not know about a tied and the food was all washed away and here I was without nothing to eat but a pigeon and I had to use him to send for help.

Well, I says to myself, this is one more punk idea—I have not got nothing to eat. If I do not send Adolph for help right away this killing myself will be on the level.

So I take Adolph out of his cage and see that the message is on his leg. It reads, "Help. Send word to my wife. I love her alone. I am on an island two miles off Santa Monica shipwrecked. Jack Gilligan."

"Good-by, Adolph, my friend," I says, and throw him up in the air.

He shoots up and circles around and starts for the mainland. Then he cir-

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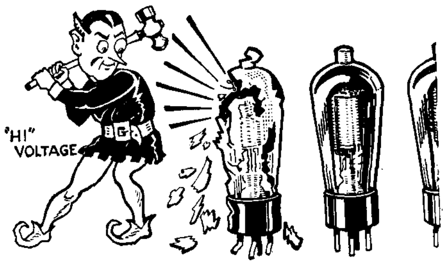

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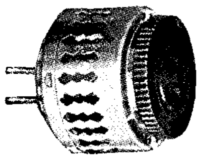

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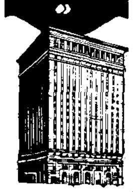

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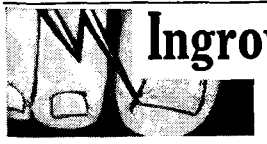

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cles some more and starts back toward me, and at last lights at my feet.

"Look here, Adolph," I tells him. "You are a carrier pigeon and supposed to go home whenever you get a chance. You are behaving like an actor, which never goes home. Shoo!" I says.

He will not shoo.

I kick at him and throw rocks at him and say, "Adolph, you are just committing suicide because if you do not get off this island I will have to eat you," but that did not mean anything to Adolph. He would not get off that island.

Well, I figure maybe I can flag a boat and I take off my shirt and wave it at a motor boat that I see. There is a fellow and a girl in it and they pass right by and wave back thinking I am saying, "I hope you have a good trip," and do not stop no more than the California Limited stops out on the desert when a Hopi squaw waves at the engineer.

It was very discouraging.

TWO or three more boats heave in sight that day and I wave at them but they do not pay no attention. The next morning when I wake up I feel terrible in the stommick having nothing to eat but water. Adolph keeps away from me, maybe understanding that I would eat him if I got hold of him, but he will not go home. He is a one-man pigeon, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

I think maybe I can build a raft. I can swim pretty good, but not two miles, and I figure if I tie some logs together they will float me in.

"I will fool you, Adolph," I says. "I will float to land."

It is a good idea except that there is not no logs on the island. Except for that it would of worked all right.

I was feeling terrible, Mrs. Pentwoolder, you know how it is and the third night I did not sleep much and in the morning I am so weak I cannot even throw rocks at Adolph. I call him nice names and try to get hold of him because he would make me one square meal but he will not come close any more.

All at once I see a motor boat coming my way and I jump up and wave. It keeps on and a girl waves at me and I rush down and meet it and I swear to you, Mrs. Pentwoolder, it was Valencia Madrid in her red bathing suit.

She jumps out and throws her arms around me and says, "My hoosband through the ages."

Maybe you think I ought not to been glad to see her, Mrs. Pentwoolder, but with my stommick I would be glad to see the devil if he was in a boat.

"How did you find me?" I says. "I was shipwrecked here."

"Meester Breeze, he tol' me."

"But it was a secret!" I says.

"Everywhere they are talking that you are drowned," she says. "A man says he saw Mr. Breeze start you out in a boat and I go to Mr. Breeze and say where is my Jackie and he say in the bottom of the ocean and I say you lie! I scream and scream and scream and then he tell me and so I come out."

"Well, that is fine," I says. "Now I can get back to land. I am starving and that crazy pigeon would not go for help." I point to Adolph that is flying over our heads. Just then he takes a close look at Valencia and turns and beats it for California.

"Hey, Adolph," I yell. "Come back here! Never mind about going home now!"

But Adolph does not stop. He does not like the looks of Valencia.

"Gee whiz," I says. "Now they will be out after me. Come on, kid, let's get going."

"We shall not go away from here," she says. "We shall stay here, Valencia and her Jackie. We shall stay here through the ages."

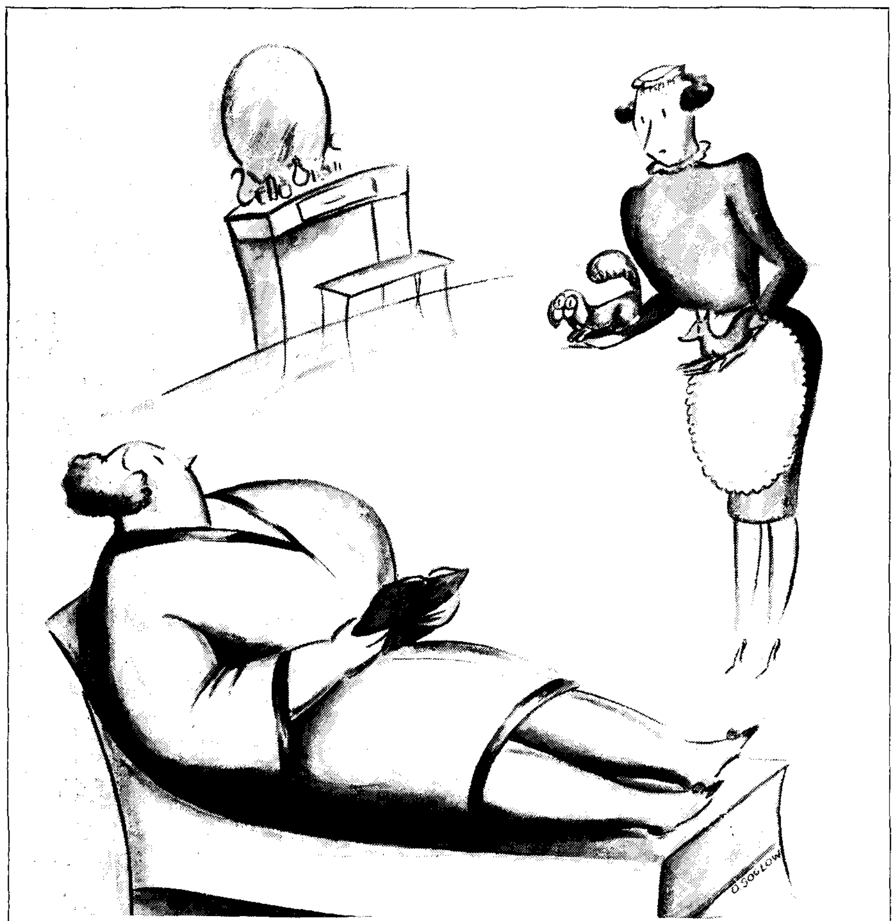
"But look here," I says. "My wife will be out as soon as that pigeon gets home and she will find you and I on this island and then what and anyway my stommick aches and I am starving. Have you got anything to eat with you?"

"We do not need food," she says, "when we have each other."

"Fooey," I says. "Listen, now—"

"I do not care if the whole worl' fin' you and I on thees island."

(*Continued on page 76*)



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(*Continued from page 75*)

"But you're an invalid," I start to argue. "You're wounded. You ought to be in the hospital. You got to be careful or you'll kill yourself. Come on, let's get going."

"You think, too," she screams, "that I am old people! You think like your wife? What?"

Well, Mrs. Pentwoolder, I just sat down and held my head. There never was nobody in so much trouble and through no fault of their own. If that carrier pigeon named Adolph had done his carrying when he ought to I would be back home now.

Here I was on this island starving to death with this wildcat and My Little Wonder Girl and the reporters would find me and Valencia and how could I answer, "What you been doing on this island with that girl for three days?"

I was sunk, Mrs. Pentwoolder.

I decide to get rough and I jump up and say, "You can stay on this island if you want to but I am beating it right now." I run to the boat and give it a push and start to jump in. The wildcat is right behind me, yelling, and grabbing holt of my clothes and as I jump she catches my leg and I fall in the water between the boat and the shore. It is deep water, right up against the rocks and when I come up Valencia is howling bloody murder. I see the boat floating away and I kick off my boots and my chaps and start swimming after it.

"Coom back! Coom back!" Valencia yells.

I swim as fast as I can for a starving to death man figuring that Valencia will dive in after me and I want to get to the boat before she does.

"Coom back!" she is screeching. "You would not leave Valencia here to die!"

I keep on swimming, not getting any nearer to the boat that was being pushed by a stiff wind.

"How weel I get back?" she yells.

"Swim, kid, swim," I shouts.

"I cannot swim," she howls. "I cannot swim!"

Well, Mrs. Pentwoolder, I almost sunk, I was so surprised that this famous channel swimmer could not swim and she was all the bunk.

"Ho, ho," I says to myself. "I have got something on her and if she gets nasty any more I will expose her. Good-by," I wave to her.

The motor boat is getting further and further away. I am getting very tired. I float a while and then swim a little more. It looked like I was through. Maybe, I figure, it would be better if I drown and not have no more worries.

Then something cracks me on the head and it is a big log.

I hang onto the log for hours and hours it seems like and finally I see a boat coming and it is My Little Wonder Girl and Archibald W. Breeze the fat press agent.

They pull me out of the water and My Little Wonder Girl throws her arms around me even if I am wet and says to Archibald W. Breeze, "Didn't I tell you he would turn up, the goof?"

"I love only you," I says to My Little Wonder Girl, and kiss her.

"You're all right, I guess, Jackie," she says. "You're a terrible nuisance, but I kind of like you." She pats me on the shoulder and pulls out a handkerchief and starts wiping her eyes. "And don't think I'm crying," she says right sharp. "That's just the wind that makes me that way."

It wasn't the wind, Mrs. Pentwoolder. She's all right, My Little Wonder Girl is.

WE GOT a cab home. Archibald W. Breeze stayed at the dock, because I had whispered to him about Valencia and he said he would go get her.

Late that afternoon, when I had some food and was feeling better, I went to the studio to see what was what. I thought I better see Archibald W. Breeze.

I went to his office and the door was open and I heard a voice that give me the shivers. It was Valencia. I did not go in.

"My hoosband through the ages," she was sighing. "The gypsy tol' me he would come to me over the sea. You are him, my Archibald. You save my life when that bum cow punch go 'way and leave Valencia to die. You shall marry me."

"But now looky here, gal," says Archibald. "I got a wife and three boys. You can't—"

"Your wife," she says, "she ees nothing, my Archibald. You shall marry me. Eet ees fate. We shall—"

I figure things is all right—with me, anyway—so I go on back home.

So you will see, Mrs. Pentwoolder, how it is with me and pigeons. Lay off me, will you, please?

Yours Resp'y
Oklahoma Jack Gilligan

Steel's the Stuff

Continued from page 13

wanted to go back alone with that bird. Well, let her.

He might as well make himself comfortable. He lay down on his back. It was shady now. At first he closed his eyes—might as well close your eyes when the view is painful—but after a little he found them open. He wasn't looking at Dora any more. He was looking straight up at the cliff above him.

HE FOUND himself thinking, "That's a lousy piece of construction work," and discovered that he was speculating upon the original purpose of a decayed and dilapidated wooden stairway, remnants of which still clung in short zigzags to the irregular face of the rock above him. The upper part was all gone, but the lower half, terminating in a shaky wooden platform about halfway up the cliff, was substantially in place. Most of the stair treads were missing, but the side pieces, built of heavier timber, had outlasted the lighter boards.

It was along about then that Bill noticed three small boys who seemed to be rather gingerly experimenting with these stairs. The boys kept looking up and then at one another, and then they would point. Step by step they were going higher, shinning up the timbers where treads were missing; proceeding slowly, tentatively, as small boys will.

Bill watched them momentarily. Then he sat erect.

"Say," he addressed the group, "those kids shouldn't be up there, should they?" He gestured with his thumb. Everybody looked.

"Try and get 'em down," suggested the young man called Bill Hollister, with irony. "We've tried it before. Yell at 'em and they just give you the razz. Even the park cops don't bother with 'em."

It was then that one of the girls discovered the cat. "Oh, look," she pointed out. "It's a cat—see? It's on that platform, like. Look—just peeking over the edge. The kids are after it."

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was off to one side of the shaky stairs, connected with them by a short trestle, cunningly braced into the face of the cliff below. Apparently the platform had once been an observation point, or else a resting place halfway to the top.

The three small boys clambered slowly up what remained of the stairs and at last came opposite the platform, where they seemed to hold a council of war. Next they could be seen in attitudes of supplication, wheedling the cat to come to them.

"Why don't they go after it?" asked Hollister.

Bill said: "Darn' good reason. I can see it from over here. That trestle is only two stringers; they look like two-by-sixes. The planks at both ends are all gone."

To prove Bill right one of the small boys now seated himself upon the nearer end of one of these stringers, but only after much preparation and hesitation and apparent argument. Presently he started to hitch himself across.

"I don't like that," muttered Bill. "It's all right when it's steel, but not rotten wood."

"I bet he makes it," said Hollister.

They all watched. The boy reached the middle of the trestle where the few remaining boards prevented his hitching himself farther. He crawled up on these boards—and it was then that the nearer stringer gave way. It broke with scarcely a sound; merely a faint dull crack. The small boy teetered, jerked himself sidewise and flung himself bodily at the platform where the cat stood backing away. The boy caught the edge of the platform, froze to it, hanging by his arms. They could see him struggling to pull himself up. The emptiness beneath him was ghastly.

Bill stopped to shout: "Hang on there, kid. Hang on tight." And then he started up the steep slope of jagged broken rocks that led to the foot of the precipice. But Arlingham, who had not stopped to shout, was already twenty feet ahead of him, scrambling, tripping, falling, scrambling again.

Like monkeys the two men went up the rickety stairs, Arlingham on the left, Bill on the right, and Arlingham always just ahead. It didn't matter, though, who was ahead. The thing was to get to the kid before he had to let go.

BILL was winded and his chest was aching when he reached the place where the two other boys were standing shrinking against the cliff, white-faced, completely scared. Arlingham, still ahead of him, was already out on the stringer, seated on it, his legs around it, his hands clutching it firmly. Arlingham hitched himself forward, once and again—and then for no reason he seemed to sag. He leaned forward, went flat, threw his arms around the beam and held tight.

"What's the matter?" asked Bill.

"Dizzy. Can't do it. Can't help it. Makes me sick."

"Ease back," said Bill, who had seen this happen to green men on the jobs. "You're all right. I'll catch you by your belt. That's right. Back again. Once more now." Bill caught him, lifted him, set him against the cliff.

"God, I'm yellow!" mumbled Arlingham miserably.

"The hell you are," said Bill. "You're regular. Wait till I get the kid."

It was easy for Bill to walk the stringer. Of course a rotten two-by-six wasn't a clean steel beam, but this one was only about twenty feet long. In the center it was a little tricky, because some of the boards that were nailed to it hadn't gone down with the other stringer, and they interfered with Bill's feet. It was while he was kicking these boards aside that the rotten beam broke under him.

He was too far from the platform to jump for it. He went down with the timber in a quarter-circle, bringing up with a thud against the tottering framework beneath the platform. Something hit him in the pit of his stomach and took his wind. But that was all right after a second. He looked up, climbed a two-by-six hand over hand, swarmed up over the edge of the old platform and jumped for the small boy's tired fingers.

HE SAT the small boy beside him and then he lighted a cigarette. He said: "Sonny, rest your arms a minute. We're going to use 'em again. Wait a minute. Got a belt on? Fine. That's a good belt too. Good leather. It always pays to get good leather, is my idea. Give it here. Now we hook 'em together—see? That's slick. Run it through the back of your pants now—no, only the back. The front goes around me. See the idea? That's it. Now climb on my back and hold tight around my neck. Leave my arms free and don't choke me. I need my wind."

Now he turned and addressed the group that huddled against the precipice where the far end of the trestle had been. Dora was there, wide-eyed, very pale. Bill said easily: "There's nothing to this. It's just climbing down. Those timbers below are all O. K."

"What about the cat?" demanded the small boy.

"Oh, yeah. Put him on your shoulder," said Bill.

At the base of the Palisades three subdued small boys stared in awe at Bill and were annoyed that a girl with glossy silk legs should be interrupting their worship. Grown-up girls were always horning in where they weren't wanted.

What the girl was saying was: "Bill, I almost died."

He grinned at her. He said: "Well, I guess you had a right hunch about bringing me over here."

She waited a moment. But he didn't say anything more. Then she said: "How about walking home with me?"

"Huh? That river's water."

"I mean down to the ferry, you idiot. It's a nice walk. Just us two, I mean."

Bill frowned. He turned and focused his eyes upon Arlingham. He said slowly: "Wait a minute. I didn't do anything. You get mixed up too easy, Dora. My regular job is walking girders and climbing around like that." He cocked his thumb at Arlingham. "That guy's real. He had the nerve to try something he knew he couldn't do. That takes more nerve in a minute than I'd ever have in ten years. Anyway you promised to go home with him."

"What do I care about him?" asked Dora.

Bill considered this. Presently: "I tell you, Dora. If you and I were in a magazine story we'd clinch and live happily ever after. Or something like that. But life isn't that way, I guess. You see—" Abruptly he reddened, closed his mouth.

"Are you turning me down?" Dora demanded.

"Gee, no."

"Well, then—"

"I don't know," said Bill, and shook his head. "The only thing that seems to me, Dora, is that you ought to have had your mind made up before. You get mixed up too easy, like I just said."

"What do you want me to do?" she stormed. "Never look at anybody else?"

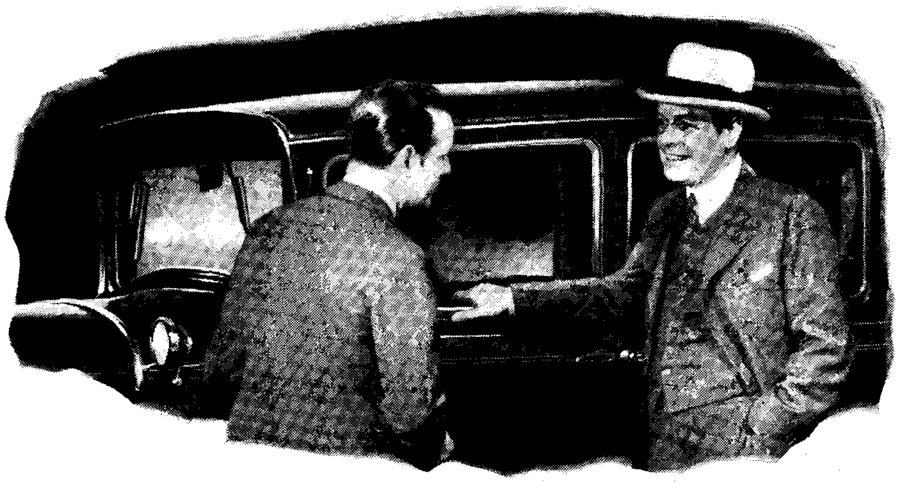
"That's it," said Bill.

"Well, I'll look at anybody I please."

"That's what I figured out," said Bill.

Dora wheeled away in hot anger.

To the three small boys Bill said: "Here, you kids. Take your cat and beat it. And the next time you go climbing around don't fool with wood. Steel's the stuff. It doesn't cave on you."



"You have five days to test the CAR!"

"I can bring it back if it doesn't suit?"

"Certainly, the Studebaker Pledge provides five days' driving trial for every buyer."

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1928 The Studebaker Corporation of America

YOU have plenty of time to learn just what the used car you select will do for you when you buy it on the famous Studebaker Pledge Plan. You can make your own tests of its performance, speed and comfort. And if it does not satisfy, you may return it within five days and apply your payment on *any* car in stock, *new or used!*

Last year, more than 150,000 thrifty motorists bought Pledge-backed used cars. That's because a good used car is always a better buy than a cheap car bought new. Most Pledge-backed used cars have been thoroughly reconditioned to give new-car appearance and performance.

All certified cars sold on the Studebaker Pledge Plan carry a 30-day guarantee. And *every* Pledge-backed used car has its price plainly marked—one price for every buyer!

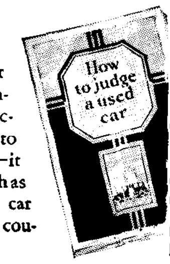
See your Studebaker dealer *first* when you shop for a used car. Get the full protection of the famous Studebaker Pledge—your greatest assurance of complete satisfaction!

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

INVEST 2c YOU MAY SAVE $200

Spend 2c now for your copy of this interesting and instructive booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"—it may save you as much as $200 on the used car you buy. Mail the coupon—*now!*



THE STUDEBAKER CORP. OF AMERICA
Div. 125, South Bend, Indiana

Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Messenger to the King

ADVERTISING, essentially, is the awakening of human desire. There is no stronger force in this new world of ours.

The successful advertisement makes you crave new things. The motive is frankly commercial but the consequences reach far beyond trade.

Though the purpose of an advertiser is primarily to sell his goods, the by-products of his efforts have had prodigious effects upon our opinions, our standards of taste, our habits, and even upon our picture of a good life.

Contrast our familiar life of today with that of any other time and people and you get a vivid impression of what advertising has done for us.

We arise in the morning and we bathe. Why? Merely because soap makers have taught us the importance of cleanliness. Frequent washing is a new habit. Not even nobles and kings of the Middle Ages were addicted to the bath. Queen Elizabeth's courtiers could go days without the benefits of water. We learned the habit from the soap men.

Beards and even mustaches have gone out of fashion because razor manufacturers persuaded us to shave. Forty years ago the man who shaved daily was a dude. Today a beard is a relic. Thank advertising for that if you are against whiskers.

We clean our teeth because tooth paste manufacturers have made us believe in the importance of oral hygiene. They have saved us from more aches than the dentists could cure.

Our breakfast habits are the results of the teaching of food manufacturers. The old heavy American breakfast has gone the way of the hoop skirt. Our health is better. Advertising did it.

The clothes we wear, the houses we live in, the furniture we use, our very conception of a home is the product of advertising.

Motor manufacturers taught us by the printed word and the illustrative picture to desire swift transportation. Millions of us began to want automobiles. The motor car revolutionized our way of living.

We have 19,000,000 telephones because corporations persuaded us that electrical communication was desirable. That, too, helped to change us.

Look at our life from any standpoint and you will find our American civilization is built upon the use of things for which advertisers stimulate a desire in us. We appreciate good music because of the teaching of phonograph and radio makers.

Although in its earliest forms advertising was a two-word notice of seven letters—"For Sale"—modern advertising deals in ideas quite as much as in commodities.

We are interested in new utilities and services before we are in the frame of mind to buy new commodities. We want fast transportation before we begin to shop for motor cars.

Advertising with its subtle stimulation of our wants and aspirations makes us respond to multifarious appeals.

The advertiser contrives the picture and tells the story, and we behave as he foresees we will. He succeeds, however, only when he tells the truth. Sincerity is essential.

No advertisement can be eloquent enough to induce people repeatedly to buy a shoddy article, or to believe a lying story. Man is still a thinking and deciding animal.

What has differentiated our country from all others is the existence of national advertising. Only in the United States have truly national magazines been established. In the United States at least 40,000,000 people, the literate upper third, are magazine readers.

We Have No Provinces

Through the medium of these nationally distributed publications, industry has been able to communicate with the entire American people. Measured by the material standards of living, there are no provinces in America. What the metropolis wants is also current style in the remotest village.

So powerful and persuasive is this new force that the records show that those manufacturers who have appealed directly to the public through advertising have far outstripped their reticent competitors of other years.

Statisticians are able to draw clear and startling lines revealing that those manufacturers who have consistently carried their story to consumers have become the leaders of American industry. Those who stopped advertising stopped producing.

The record is amazing. After all, public demand is intangible. You can't see it nor touch it. You can't even measure the effect upon yourself of reading week after week and month after month the messages sent out by manufacturers; that is to say, you can't measure the effect unless you take an inventory of your possessions and of your desires.

Bankers could tell us, however, that we and so many thousands and millions like us were moved cumulatively by such and such an appeal. The advertisers' imponderable appeal can be weighed and is weighed in the counting house.

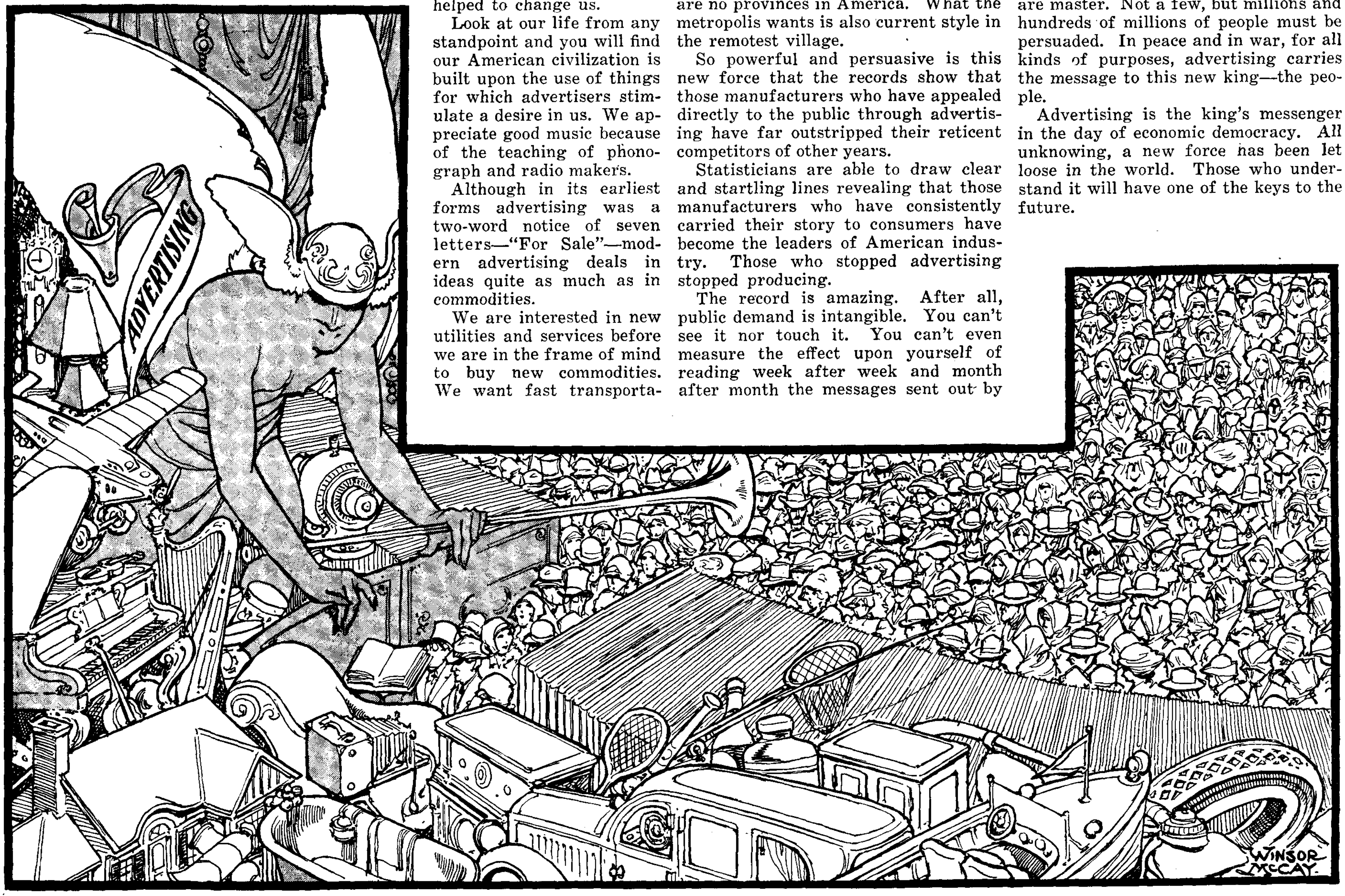
We benefit in a thousand ways. We are trained to demand good products. Given a choice, all of us instinctively demand an advertised product. We trust the known name.

Often the advertised product is cheaper. National demand makes possible mass production and that cuts costs. More directly, by creating a demand, advertising cuts marketing costs and so serves the consumer.

If journalism is the little sister of literature, advertising began certainly as the Cinderella of selling. Now it is the great motive force in our commercial life. It is the life blood of public demand. Our material civilization has been made possible by it.

The old kings and aristocrats have departed. In the new order the masses are master. Not a few, but millions and hundreds of millions of people must be persuaded. In peace and in war, for all kinds of purposes, advertising carries the message to this new king—the people.

Advertising is the king's messenger in the day of economic democracy. All unknowing, a new force has been let loose in the world. Those who understand it will have one of the keys to the future.



“SHA
than th
Alfred, L

“COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE”
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will “Reach for a **Lucky**” instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.

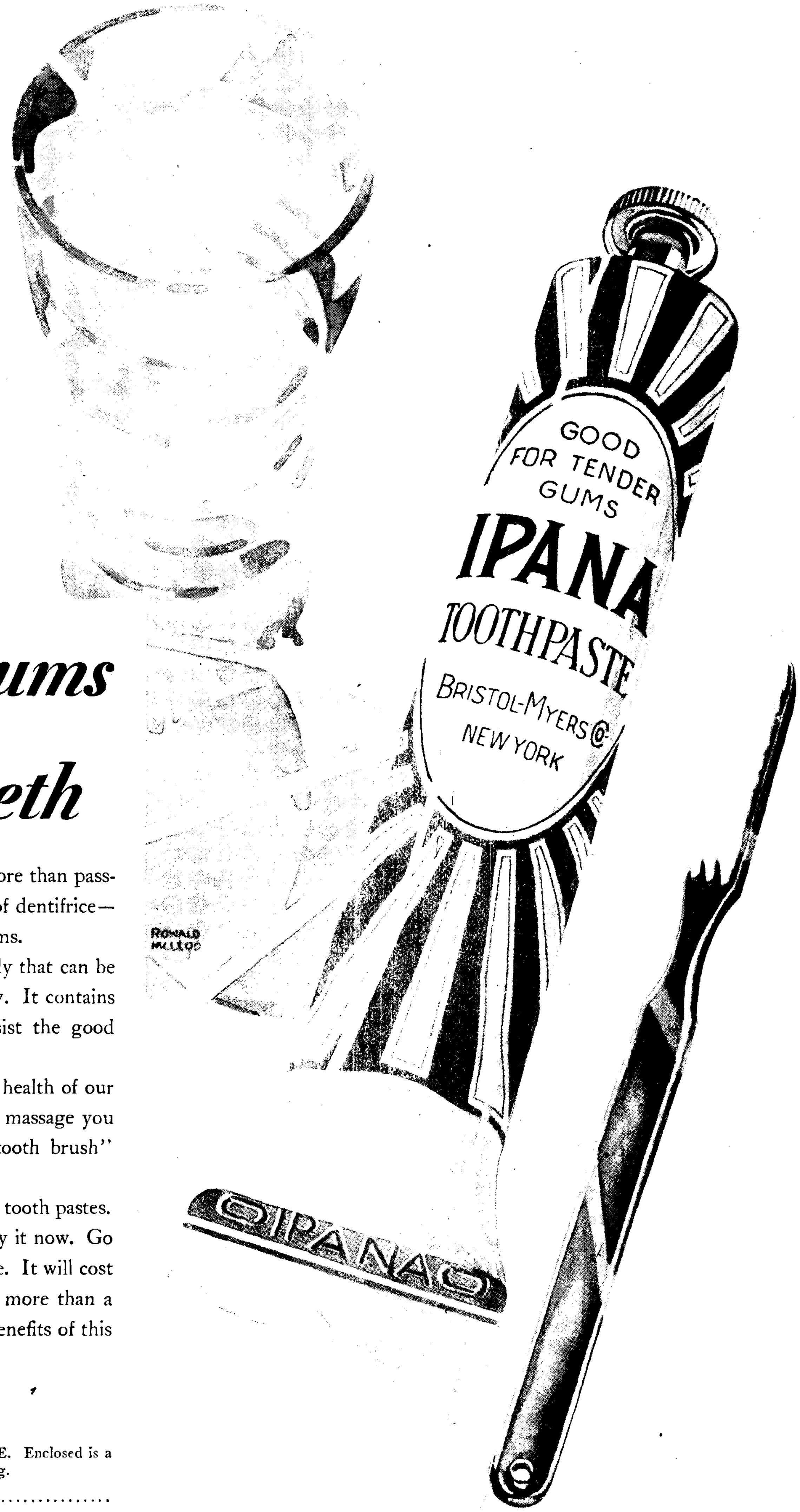
When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY
instead

“It’s toasted”

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
CIGARETTES



Ipana
guards the Gums as well as *cleans the Teeth*

THE kind of tooth paste you use is of more than passing importance. Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice—specifically made to tone and stimulate the gums.

Its ingredients are the purest and most costly that can be bought. It is designed to clean teeth perfectly. It contains ziratol for the benefit of your gums—to assist the good effects of a healthy gum massage.

For under our diet of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light massage you can, as any dentist will testify, defeat "pink tooth brush" and the troubles that follow.

So do not make the mistake of buying cheap tooth pastes. If you do not have the advantage of Ipana, try it now. Go to the nearest drug store. Get the full-size tube. It will cost you no more than 50¢, it will last you much more than a month, and it will acquaint you with the full benefits of this modern and efficient tooth paste.

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-50
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... *State* ....

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